



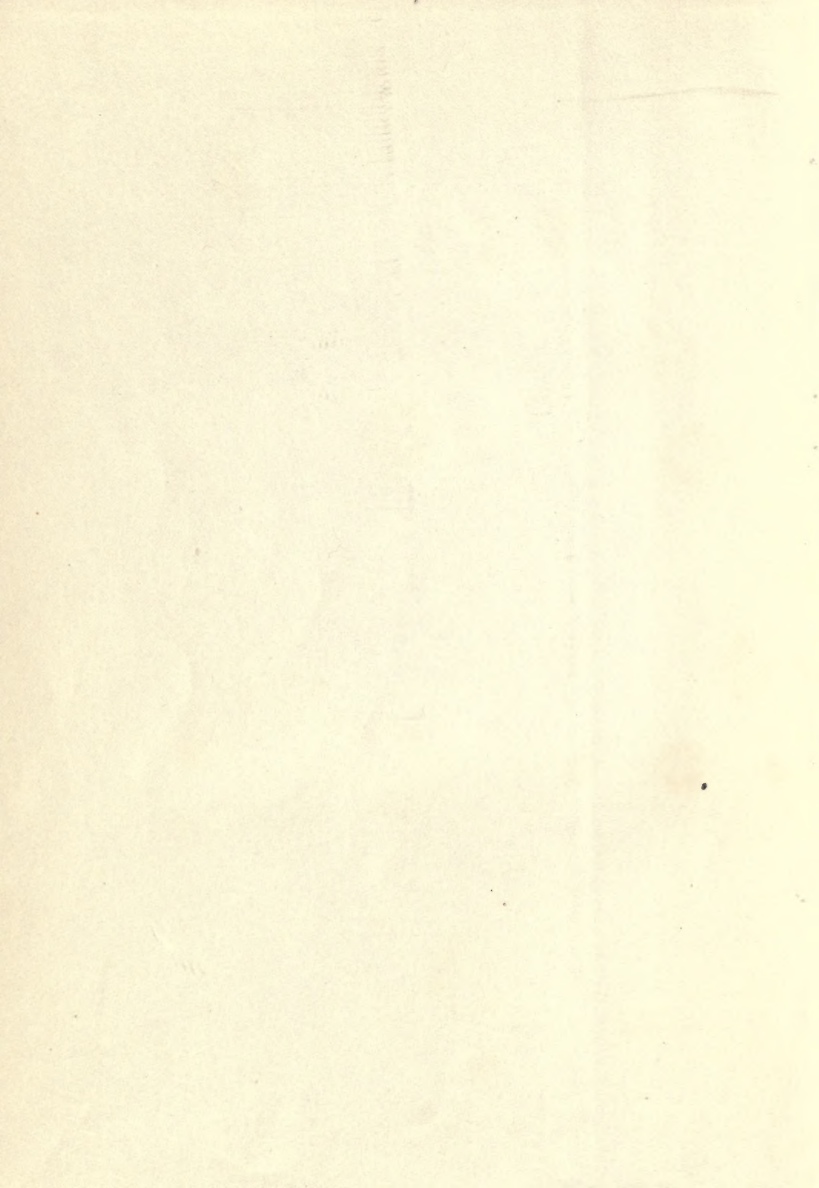
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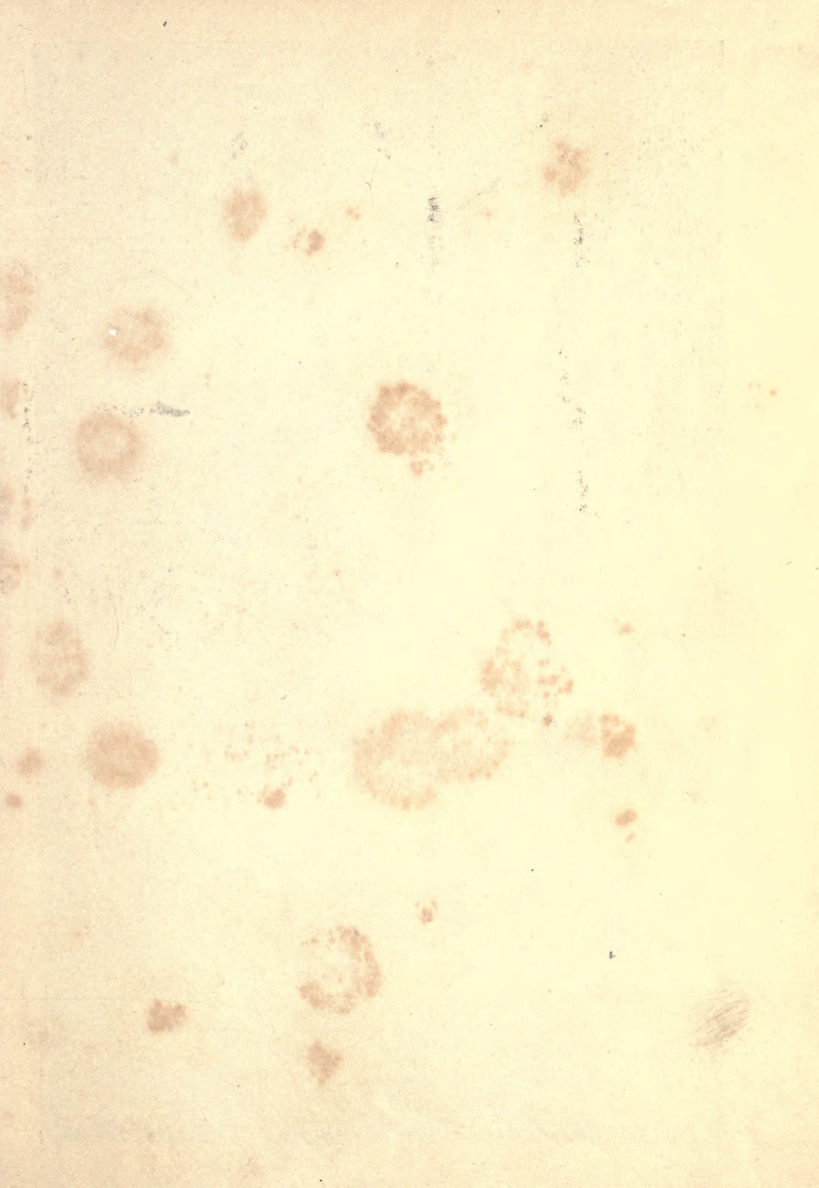
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THE ASSAULT OF SAN JUAN HILL.

—The

CONFLICT with

SPAIN—

~~~~~  
A HISTORY OF THE WAR

~~~~~  
BASED UPON OFFICIAL REPORTS AND DESCRIPTIONS
OF EYE-WITNESSES.



ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES MADE
ON THE SCENE OF ACTION.

~~~~~  
By HENRY F. KEENAN  
(Dunois)

Author of "Trajan," "The Aliens," "The Iron Game,"  
Etc., Etc.

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PHILADELPHIA AND CHICAGO.

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By Henry F. Keenan.

PREFACE.

IN the ensuing pages the reader will find the record of one of the most astonishing transformations in the history of peoples. The plain tale as set forth rivals the enchantments of feudal conquest, when the world made war a part of its daily life. For though in point of time, the conflict with Spain embraced but the duration of three months, the prodigies performed by our fleets rival a century's activities in other times. In an hour almost, one of our fleets conquered an Oriental empire—dating back coevally with the settlement of our own states; at our very doors, in the sea which has witnessed colossal struggles of most of the powers of Christendom, our navy in three hours ended the domination of the once-world power. And if our armies did not equal in these achievements, the marvels of the fleets, they performed wherever called upon, all that a heroic soldiery was ever asked to do. The tale as it unrolls itself from the far-off shores of the Philippines and the coral reefs of the Caribbean, takes on the texture of the most absorbingly thrilling romance, for it involves the dauntless heroism of the knight pledged to deeds of emprise and armies consecrated to peril in every form known in war. It reveals a galaxy of heroes added to the long list whose names shine in the golden legend of our creation and maintenance as a state. From this tale, the citizen of the republic will rise with a new confidence in our system, a new hope in our destiny. For from the opening guns at Manila to the last volley at Santiago, there was not a man under the flag who did not, and does not deserve well, of his country. As much as possible I have striven to let the heroes who wrought so grandly tell the story of their achievements in their own words. From the captivating confidences of the Hero Hobson to the caustic comment of General Miles, the reader will find side by side with the author's deductions and appreciations, the testimony of every actor in the grandiose drama which constitutes the miraculous conquest of three months.

There is no equal period that has a tale of such results to tell; no epic or imagining of what fleets and armies have done that exceeds the intrepidity of our fleets and soldiery. Nor can any other war, from the excursions of the crusaders, to the campaign in Cuba, equal the unvarying chivalry of the great men who wrought in the republic's honor. For what was never before known in war, both the chiefs of the soldiery cap-

tured by our fleets and armies, returned to their homes, testifying in public documents to the chivalrous magnanimity of their treatment, by the men who had conquered them. It is a stirring tale which tells itself and has little need of the artifices of rhetoric—for it recounts valor in every conceivable stress, the qualities in short, which make up a race worthy of its destiny. It is peculiarly mete that freemen battling for the republic, should be the heroes of the scene, for while no commanding figures were discerned for public acclamation, the private soldier, the men behind the guns became the country's admiration, the world's wonder. Instead of one Napoleon, or a score of renowned marshals, every man that held a bayonet illustrated the valor of knighthood, the quality of the freemen in armor. An army raised in a day, achieved the work, hardly hoped for from the veterans of a score of campaigns. Wonder books and fiction cannot exceed in the marvelous, the plain unvarnished tale of a conflict, ended almost as soon as begun—so swiftly accomplished indeed, that the spectators do not yet realize its momentous significance, its unparalleled completeness.



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THE CONFLICT WITH SPAIN.

BOOK ONE.

I.

IT is noted in the history of all peoples, that war serves as a flash light to reveal them to themselves and incidentally to their neighbors. Until the civil war, we were in the dark as to our capabilities for organizing armies, fleets, and the conduct of campaigns. Indeed our jocosse habit of bragging, had long impressed the world with the conviction that we were an incurably ungovernable race, unamenable to the severe discipline rigorously essential in war.

Our earlier conflicts had shown that we had constancy, endurance, and when adequately commanded, most of the qualities that go to make trustworthy soldiers. Even in our infancy we had routed the veterans of European fields; had captured army corps under the most illustrious British captains, had, after years of cruel vicissitudes, finally worn out the British resources. But signal as our victory, in conquering independence, it was held alike by the worsted enemy and the European critics, that Britain's needs in Europe, more than the valor of the patriots, was accountable for the successful issue of the War of Independence.

In the struggle of 1812, Britain was still further hampered by the prodigious efforts of Napoleon, who though rapidly sinking under coalized Europe, made it necessary for the British to keep fleets and armies in Europe, which, free to cross the water, would have made the war life or death to us. But wherever a Yankee fleet, or man-of-war, engaged an enemy, there remained no doubt of the status of our seaman. Under the southern cross, in the purple reaches of the Mediterranean, in the fogs of the German sea, or off the bleak coasts of New England, our mariners left a glowing track of victory, or of valor, that compelled the admiration of the world. Vessel for vessel, our fleets were never successfully resisted, with equal numbers, yard arm to yard arm, no enemy ever escaped capture or sinking.

While Europe suffered the ignominious pillage of its merchant fleets

by the fierce buccaneers of the Barbary coasts, our sailors boldly entered the pirate harbors, burned the corsair treasure places, cut out vessels and extorted treaties of peace, on the decks of our victorious war craft.

The civil war, however, proved that in action, the people of this republic arose far above the energies, resources and audacities of Rome, when she made war a religion, or France, when her legislature decreed victories and won them. Since, as Gibbon acridly annotates, mankind gives more glory to its destroyers than to its benefactors, the tale of war is always the most absorbing, save possibly to the philosopher or the poet. The self revelation of war, is comparable, to that premonitory moment, in which it is said, that on the point of death, a man sees his whole career in an instantaneous glimpse. Until the civil war the lad at school or college, was taught eloquence in patriotism from the texts of foreign speakers; all his ideas of valor were drawn from the spectacular glories of Napoleon, or the classics. The speeches of Burke, Mirabeau, O'Connell; the polished and rhythmic prose of Motley or Bancroft, were the main resources for schools and academies.

But the civil war gave a new cast to even collegiate thinking and admiration. The masterly simplicity of Lincoln, his addresses to all manner and conditions of men, became models for the young. The thrilling episodes of the armies that marched and fought from July, 1861, until April, 1865, replaced the conquests of Italy, Egypt—Europe. The boy began by learning that this republic had been born in war; had worsted its hereditary enemy, the British, twice; had conquered Mexico; had fought from '61 to '65 a war, compared to which all other wars, up to that time were mere emutes; had intimidated banded Europe, from the plot to divide us and forced the British to observe the word, if not the act of neutrality; that we had curtly commanded the strongest military power of that day to withdraw from an usurped sovereignty in Mexico; that in four years, an unmilitary, if not an unwarlike people, had perfected a warlike machine which could have resisted combined Europe.

It was the inculcation of these things in the minds of the present generation that impelled Congress to disregard the prescribed course of negotiation and imperiously command war! A complex and confusing vocabulary of new terms arose in the newspapers. The vain-glorious who spoke lightly of wars as the end and aim of national greatness, were spoken of as "types of Americanism." Careless and ignorant newspapers differentiated public men by this grotesque misnomer, but it be-

came firmly established as a synonym for "citizen" of the republic, more fervent in his patriotism, than his neighbor!

To be stigmatized as "un-American" became the haunting terror of public life; to be termed a "genuine American" was as mysteriously potent as the insignia of the cross in the age of the crusades. Yet the Canadian, the Mexican, the Brazilian, the Cuban, the Haytian, the Argentinos and Peruvians, are genuine Americans! Unlike the Dutch, when the United States of Holland played its great part in the world, we have no race name to designate our disparate social compact. "Yankee" is the nearest we have to a national designation covering all; yet until the war of the rebellion, to call a southerner a Yankee, would have been as deep an offence, as to confuse a high caste Hindoo with a Pariah! Now General Lee, kin of the greatest of the Confederate commanders, glories in the name! Perhaps no secondary incident in the reconciliation of the North and South, is more significant of the effect of the war than the complacent acceptance of a term once used in reviling, as a glory and grace! Phenomena like these must be noted to enable us to comprehend the spirit in which our men took up the cross of war and won the crown of conquest.

For it is a fact of curious import that no great war ever broke out from causes that involved the real interests of a people, in modern times at least, save our own struggle for independence and the French revolution. Even our own revolutionary war did not originate in what would be counted a great cause. The beginning was on a question of taxation—it was only after the passions of the two peoples had become embittered that the struggle involved the vital issue of independence. But the reader will search history in vain for a war that was worth the fighting, all things considered; that is a war deliberately declared and systematically prepared. Wars have been justly fought, when a people had been attacked wantonly, for revenge or conquest or dynastic ambitions. For nothing is ever permanently settled by war that could not have been secured by peaceful means!

By this is meant, aggressive war. When a nation is attacked, of course resistance is the first requisite of patriotism. But peoples like individuals, are rarely attacked, if they mind their own business, save when their territories excite the covetousness of neighbors, or prosperity stands in the way of the imperialistic tendencies of rivals. From 1789 until 1815, the conquering flight of France, indoctrinating the world with the gospel of democracy, was regarded as ample cause for the British to wage war. And until this day, so deceptive is the animus of history, the world accepts

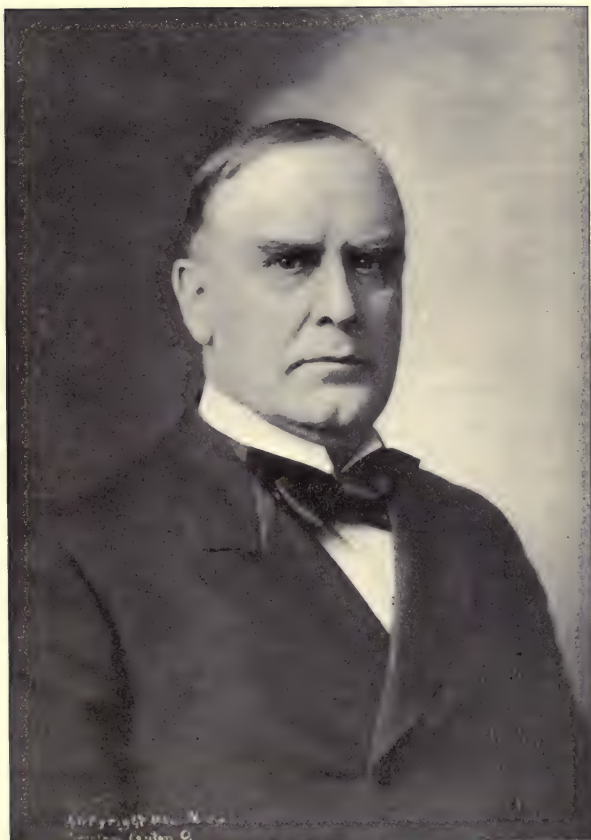
the twenty years carnage, inspired by British greed, as a struggle between freedom and tyranny. It was a struggle between these conditions, but the tyranny was embodied, by the British and their allies, and freedom by the spirit of the French Revolution.

War, however, is a passion like another. All our subsidiary activities, since the close of the rebellion, have tended to indoctrinate us insidiously with the passion for warlike things. During the term that has elapsed since Lee delivered his sword to Grant, the presidency has been occupied successively by men who achieved renown in the army! There has been but one civilian chief magistrate of the republic since Johnson. That is inaugurated—for no one now contests the validity of Tilden's election in 1876. In the Senate and House, the leaders of both armies have constantly held place. In the executive offices of the states and all places of high trust, the military have held the preference! Even in the supreme court, men with military antecedents are conspicuous!

On the ceremonial days when the veterans of the civil war appear, they are acclaimed as impulsively as when in the days of their youth they marched to the field. "Flag Day" has long been a function in our public schools. Officers from our great military institute are detailed at youth's academies all over the union to teach the manual and the discipline of war! In every conceivable way, war is glorified, until a majority of the youth of the land, count all other uses for life tame and distasteful.

The militia of the several states, are made up of the finest flower of the young manhood of the land. Co-existent with this imposing cavalcade, is the never-ceasing clamor of the military for increased battalions; augmented armaments, a larger navy, fleets that shall equal those of nations, whose existence depends upon colossal armadas.

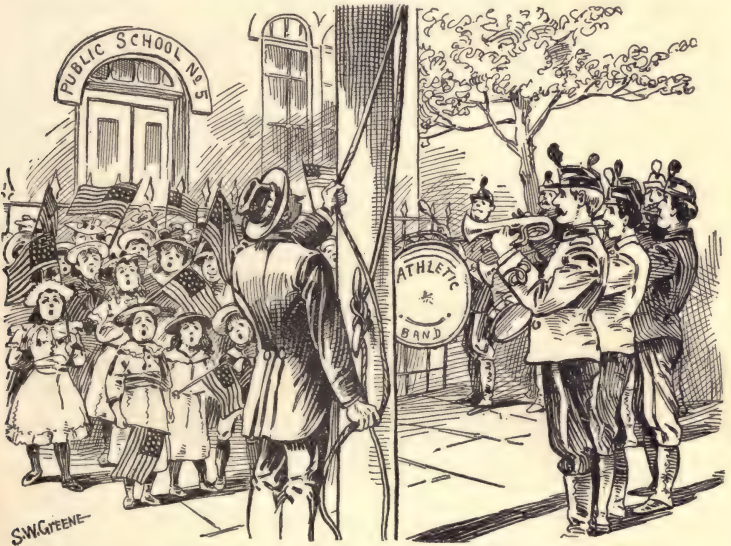
Old as the world is, and many as the wars have been, there is no tale so captivating to a people as the story of war. If there ever were a people secure from the adventures of armies, we were until within the year, emphatically believed to be that people. Our enemies said we were too engrossed in the sordid to take time to prepare for strife, our admirers pointed us out as too happy, too well safeguarded from the snares and menaces of neighbors, too confirmed in the philosophic detestation of butchery to dream of war, save in defence of the national soil. Up, therefore till the very hour, that the amazed Spanish ministry rejected our imperious order to quit Cuba, within three days, war was as little foreseen by the vast majority of the people of the republic, as the blizzard that comes down in an instant upon the Western plains.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.



There had been angry talk of war, with Britain, with Spain, with Chili, in fitful gusts, for years. But the impulse was only momentary. The country paused, berated the power or policy offending us, then plunged into the ways of peace. So recurrent had these almost humorous outbursts become, that our foreign critics cynically took up the tale to point the moral of a hopelessly practical people, so bent on money making that they couldn't carry a great impulse to its legitimate conclusion. Other nations, saying the same things in the press and parliament, about their neighbors, were ready for hostilities before uttering them. But the



FLAG DAY AT AN AMERICAN SCHOOL.

Yankee, it was agreed, whose immortal soul is immersed in "booms" and deals and trusts, pays no heed to his parliament, except when it is considering tariffs or the excise.

From long habit in warlike speech, most of us, had, while not assenting to the acerbities of this criticism, come to regard Congress as a safety valve, rather than a deciding force in peace or war. Nine out of ten, if asked the question, any time before the 21st of April, would have declared that war could not be brought about, except by the will of the people,

vaguely supposing that in some occult way, a mandate could be obtained from the millions, who make Congress and executives.

Hence when Congress gave Spain three days to withdraw from Cuba, there were very few of the citizens of this republic who realized that we had thrown down the gauntlet; that war inevitably followed the decisive action of our lawmakers. The words were but too well understood in Spain. To escape the humiliation of the ultimatum from the despised nation of "merchants," the Spanish cabinet resorted to a not unjustifiable subterfuge; the despatch from our Secretary of State to Minister Woodford, informing him of the determination of Congress, was taken



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD.

from the wire and conveyed to the Sagasta ministry before its delivery to the Legation. In the precedents of international dealing, Spain had but one thing to do. Our minister was handed his passports. This was a virtual declaration of war, for when the tension between powers becomes so strained that a cabinet refuses to hold intercourse with an envoy, he is given his passports to leave the country.

This was early on the morning of the 21st of April. Before night-fall Spain had cause to realize that war was begun. From the Caribbean sea came reports of the enterprise of our cruisers. Swiftly, by

every despatch thereafter the tale of capture was retold. Then arose a furious outcry. It was charged in the Spanish press, and reëchoed in London, that with true Yankee greed, we had anticipated the prescribed forms of war and for the mere "money in it" had begun the spoliation of innocent merchant vessels, sailing the seas unconscious of the state of war.

On the 25th of April, in order to formalize the situation, Congress put on record the declaration that the United States were at war with the monarchy of the Spains. But even then, when the daily despatches brought the country captivating narratives of the prowess of our audacious mariners, the people did not wholly realize that the long-drawn agony that had troubled the counsels of administrations for the last fifty years, was irrevocably submitted to the arbitrament that leaves no appeal.

When the President called for 125,000 troops, a premonitory thrill of the spirit that moved the land in '61, for a moment broke the chill. Then began to be seen the results of multitudes of influences that had been almost imperceptibly at work during the last thirty years. Then the youth, who had been nourished on the deeds of their fathers in the war of the rebellion, uprose as their fathers rose in the memorable days of revolt. Then a condition was shown that never had a parallel in a civilized state. Had the President's call been for a million men, the number would have been enrolled before the machinery could be prepared. Though we are ranked among the cold-blooded and unimpassionate races, the imagination of the multitude, at once caught the import of the struggle. We were going to war for an idea! The profligate despotism that had for a century stifled the energies of an earthly paradise, was to be brought to book for crimes against human freedom.

War had been talked loosely in our semi-jocose way of treating grave subjects, any time during the last thirty years. So far indeed, as cautious observation connoted public sentiment, we were much nearer war with France in 1865, when the legions of the republic were freed from the conquests of the rebellion; again when the British seemed to demur against paying the damages incurred by their aid and assistance to the southern insurgents. War for a moment seemed inevitable when Cleveland brought the British tergiversations to a pause in the Venezuelan scheme.

In all the wars we have ever undertaken overt acts have preceded the formal declaration; that is, the people have taken the matter into their own hands. If the South Carolinians had not fired on Sumpter.

there might have been years of controversy, ending in compromise, but the tragedies of human passion cannot be resisted, when war is in the air. Therefore it may be said that war with Spain came as a grievous surprise to a vast majority of the people.

It was in Congress and the public press, that the enormities of Spanish despotism had been most passionately dwelt upon; the vast majority of the people had but a vague notion of what was going on in Cuba, or what had been going on since we first cautiously intervened in the diplomatic way that nations observe in dealing with questions likely to bring on serious crises. The story of the misgovernment of the island, Spain's first conquest on this continent, had been told and retold so often, that only the political devotee, so to speak, kept track of the dolorous tragedy, as it was unrolled from day to day in the press, and from year to year in volumes of thrilling power.

Rarely, since 1875 had there been a year when the cry of the Cuban "patriot" was not raised; revolt, more or less serious had employed the resources of Spain. Time and again the assistance of sympathizers in the States seemed about to wrench the island from the domination of the parent power. Filibustering expeditions left our shores, and for a time gave the Spanish captains serious alarm. These incursions, sometimes rising to the gravity of international disputes, kept the two cabinets of Washington and Madrid incessantly active.

Whenever this government made remonstrance with Spain at the intolerable condition of the Cuban people, Spain retorted that all the unrest was the work of "Yankee adventurers." In 1875, we barely escaped war over the capture and execution of a band of impulsive volunteers, who set out to rescue the battling revolutionists. But by timely concessions to our demands, successive Spanish cabinets succeeded in staving off decisive measures.

But, during the last ten years a group of daring men arose in the island, who, admonished by the failures of their predecessors, directed their efforts to a campaign of attrition. While depending almost exclusively upon sympathizers in this republic for material, and even men, they maintained an incessant activity about the exposed legions of the Spanish army, that in time wore out the courage of the soldiery and disheartened the efforts of the captains sent to put down the rebellion. But their greatest triumph was in forcing the accents of their wrongs and miseries upon the attention of the whole world, as they had never been heard before. The journals of this country rang daily with protests and these were heard in the old world. Even the atrocities of the Turk, which

President McKinley.

Lyman J. Gage.

J. W. Griggs.

John D. Long.

James Wilson.

C. N. Bliss.

Chas. Emory Smith.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET. Wm. R. Day.

Russell A. Alger



moved the heart of Christendom, could not drown the cry of anguish that finally reached the ears of mankind. In Congress the leaders of the great parties took up the tale. The pulpits echoed it. A distinct sentiment for the rescue of Cuba from intolerable oppression became irresistible.

President Cleveland, in the last years of his administration warned the Spanish ministry that the patience of the people of the United States had been dangerously tried; that it behooved wise men to make such a change in the conduct of affairs in the island, as would insure contentment to the majority.

When assassination had carried off the chief advocate of repression, Canovas del Castillo, the liberal ministry that succeeded, gave the Washington cabinet assurances that the Cubans should have Home Rule, in the form Britain administers the Dominion of Canada. Then followed the Autonomist experiment, but it was too late. The battling minority were unconquerably averse to Spanish domination and the insurrection raged as fiercely as ever.

President McKinley was from the first opposed to the idea of war. He selected a statesman of high character, a jurist of distinction, to go to Madrid as our minister and impressed upon him the necessity of enlightening Spanish statesmen of the dangers they were exposing the monarchy to, by keeping Cuba a perpetual ulcer on the Spanish national body. But, though Minister Woodford extorted the admiration of even the Spaniards themselves, he was unable to make the ministry see that all that was left to the Metropolitan was to withdraw from the island and leave the inhabitants to their destiny.

The heritage of woe left the islanders by Captain General Weyler, was too much for diplomacy to reconcile with the methods of a civilized state. The horrors of his system of crowding the rural population into masses under the range of the soldiers' guns, brought about a ferment of feeling that no influence in Congress, not even the executive, could resist.

While the country was shuddering in horror over the atrocities of the "reconcentrados," the nation was roused to anguish by the sinking of one of our most powerful war vessels in the harbor of Havana, where she was anchored on a mission of peace. Slight events sometimes undo the strongest forces of human calculation. The destruction of the Maine made negotiation extremely difficult for the Washington cabinet. The country believed that the noble ship had been sunk by a Spanish hand; it was never alleged that the hand had been inspired by anybody in

authority, but the atrocity came as a conclusive proof, of all the malignant cruelties so long charged upon the Spanish administration.

Though it did not fire the heart of the republic, as the attack upon the Massachusetts regiment marching at Lincoln's call, in 1861, it made anything like procrastination on the part of the negotiators impossible. When the secret is found out, it will probably be seen that



SURVIVORS OF THE MAINE DISASTER.

(Drawn from life, in the Brooklyn hospital.)

the hand that struck down the great battle ship was dealing the hardest blow to Spain that had ever been struck, since the spirit of revolt arose on the island. For had it not been for this, the president would have had a strong following in his purpose of extricating Cuba from her woes, without the direful expedient of war.

Added to this was another incident, which though trivial enough in itself, swayed public sentiment far beyond its gravity. The Cuban Junta, tireless in its efforts to bring peaceful negotiations to a fruitless issue, managed to get hold of a letter from the Spanish Minister, Dupuy DeLome, in which the President was spoken of in a rather disparaging way and the project of autonomy, referred to skeptically.

The Spaniard wrote, as he supposed, in the inviolable confidence of intimate personal friendship, and unburdened his mind of opinions and inferences that he was forced to keep to himself, in the hostile atmosphere of Washington. Letters of the same character are passing all the time from diplomats to their familiars, or even unofficially, to their hierarchical chiefs. Any volume of personal memoirs of statesmen will show correspondence of the same tenor. But of course the contents are not made known until the incidents, or persons criticized, have passed out of the sphere of actualities. Mischievous as the letter was, the President would have ignored it, had it not been published to the world, simultaneously with



DUPUY DE LOME.

its reception by the Secretary of State. It accomplished its purpose, to the extent its purveyors desired. It made the further presence of the luckless diplomat impossible, and to that extent, lessened the chances of a peaceful solution of the negotiations with Spain. De Lome's successor was at pathetic disadvantage in assuming the momentous mission from which so much was expected.

But perhaps the most conclusive indication of the wholly false attitude the country was made to seem to hold, was in an incident which surpassed in insolent disregard of national comities anything ever done by one people to another since the Austro-British allies murdered the French envoys at Rastadt. A young woman named Cisneros, had been put in an Havana prison for undue activity in aiding and abetting the schemes of the Junta. Volumes of lachrymose twaddle were published in the sensational journals, recounting her heroism, her sufferings at the hands of the Spanish authorities. It was however, never intimated that she was conspiring against the lawful authorities of Cuba: that she was taken with every evidence of her handiwork in evidence. She was put in prison, and as Havana was virtually under military law, she fared as other culprits of the kind ever fare in war. One of the most adventurous of the yellow journals conceived that the invasion of the prison and the rescue of this person would make a sensation. The prisoner was spirited out of the lax keeping of her gaolers and carried to New York in triumph. There was no attempt made to conceal the operation—in fact the desperado who managed the law breaking, made a copious narrative of the exploit. The “rescued” young woman was petted and exhibited in New York; she was paraded to Washington and made the protégé of eminent dames. The wife of the Vice President went so far as to give her a sort of adoption. High personages in the administration felicitated her and her rescuer.

Now, had Spain been Great Britain, would anybody in this country have ventured to do this criminal act, or having done it, would the authorities of the United States admit even tacit sympathy? Suppose, during the Civil War, the British had countenanced the enterprise of a London journalist in entering the “Old Capitol” prison to rescue Belle Boyd, or Miss Surratt, or Miss Greenough? The demand of this government for the restoration of the prisoner and the punishment of the desperado would have followed the first trace of the crime and the criminal. Yet, Spain never ventured to present a word of protest against this monstrous invasion of her sovereignty. So far had we departed from the right view of proper conduct, that scarcely a word of protest was ever raised in press or public. It was plain that a nation compelled to endure such an affront as that, would suffer anything rather than go to war. Perhaps the jingoes and demagogues who continued provocation after this, did not apprehend war, certainly no legislative chambers ever heard such utterances about a neighboring state as were uttered in both branches of Congress, during the two months preceding the command to Spain to vacate her sovereignty in Cuba.

Two distinct currents were marked in the discussion of the course to be pursued by the President. One was voiced by what was called the "Jingoes," the other by moderate men who repelled the very suggestion of war as barbarous. But by far the most decisive factor in the denouement, was a new school of newspapers called fantastically "Yellow Journalism." This extraordinary evolution of the press had arisen suddenly; had dazzled the country by exploits that puzzled the grave and delighted the lax. By every conceivable art, they magnified the incidents attending the rebellion on the island of Cuba, and from the pettiest detail upreared a fabric of atrocity that threw certain elements of the people into a delirium of wrath. The excesses of the Spanish soldiery were exaggerated, the inhumanity of the chiefs surcharged with refinements of cruelty that convinced the reader of the incurable ferocity of the Spanish administration. The truth and the fact were lamentable enough, but these systematic inventions, reacted on the law-makers. It was impossible to deliberate with the dispassionate sincerity such an emergency called for. From all parts of the country, constituents made known to congressmen that war alone could avenge outraged humanity. For months both chambers of Congress echoed the indictments of the press. The foremost advocates in the House and Senate were men who had achieved distinction in the combats of the Civil War.

Against such a torrent the President struggled resolutely. He knew that we were not ready for war. He knew that though Spain had been drained of her lifeblood by maladministration, and almost incessant warfare at home and abroad, she was not an enemy to be attacked with levity. In this attitude the President was supported by the great majority of his countrymen. He was upheld by his Cabinet fervently. Indeed when Congress made further negotiation impossible, two of the members of this body resigned, feeling it to be impossible to give apparent assent to the new departure. John Sherman, the veteran of the Republican party, under plea of ill-health quit the great place of Secretary of State, and the Postmaster General,—Gary, retired to private life. Now every one who gave thought to the Cuban cause, sincerely desired the enfranchisement of the island; but not one in a thousand would have consented to the extreme step of war, if the end could be brought about in any other way. Nor were the men who advocated war in the House, or the Senate, the leaders that the people trusted implicitly in counsel. The veterans of our politics were almost unanimously opposed to war. Indeed the advocacy of a universal system of arbitration, to which all that is most sober in public life had given adhesion, made the very suggestion

of war seem an untimely derision. Nowhere from an authoritative source came a voice for war. On the other hand, the clamor swelled and was apparently unheard or misunderstood by the conservative. So incredible did such an issue seem, that the oldest journal in the metropolis, stated gravely the very day before Congress acted, that such a thing as war was impossible, in this advanced stage of public morals.

An unimpeachable witness—among others the editor and owner of a powerful journal in Chicago, submitted proof that agents of the Cuban Junta had offered him \$1,000,000 in bonds to "Fire the American people over Cuba's wrongs." Nor was there any doubt that the Cuban outcry was almost purely mercenary, where it was not a delusion. If the fomenters could but gain a five minutes' recognition of the so-called Cuban republic, these millions of bonds, distributed where they would do the most good, would be equal to so much money. That was the purpose of the propaganda. How many of the public men who took up the cry and carried on the crusade, were influenced by these bonds, will probably never be known. But of two conclusions the one must be adopted. Either the advocates of aggressive interference in Cuba were venal, and disseminating what they knew to be lies, or they were ignorant and therefore had no authority to speak. The war had not gone on a month before this was made clear. There was no Cuban republic; there were no Cuban patriots; there were no thousands on the island clamoring, suffering, dying, for Free Cuba! There was no executive government; there was no army. There was no considerable number of what would be regarded as reputable citizens desirous of a change.

But the very agencies that should have safeguarded us against committing the error of going to war, were most of them enlisted in forcing us into war. If a statesman in Congress undertook to demand proof of the matters alleged, or pointed out discrepancies, he was jeered in the jingo presses as "The Senator from Spain!" Only the most resolute public men ventured to hold out; these, it is humiliating to say were few. Most of the public men, while privately confessing the action wrong, voted to force Spain to fight, when the time came. Unhappily for the republic, the administration was confronted, by no opposition worthy of even the semblance of tactical deference. In the House the party of Jefferson had relapsed into the keeping of immature nondescripts, who were too dull or too indifferent to look up the party traditions. The mere word war deprived them of the semblance of rational speech. They clamored for war, yet denounced the majority for preparing for it. They professed undying sympathy for the "patriots" of Cuba, but took no action to

prove that there were patriots there. Rarely indeed has the popular system—the government of the people, by the people, made so ignominious a failure, as the Congress of 1897–8. Neither group wanted war; the sane men in both knew that there was no occasion for war but the Democrats believed that they could gain a party advantage by daring the majority to go to war, and then deriding them on the hustings for not daring. It was this double duplicity that finally frustrated the wise measures of the executive and the men capable of thinking calmly.

It is to be remembered too, that most of the party platforms made mention of Cuba in recent political contests. Both the great parties in the last presidential campaign demanded peace and liberty for Cuba, but none of them went so far as to declare for war. The people of this country have come to regard platforms with a good deal of indifference; for parties in power rarely find it expedient to carry out what seems desirable when in opposition. It is too near the event perhaps, to trace minutely the interpenetrating influences which so suddenly transferred the field of action from diplomacy to the field of war.

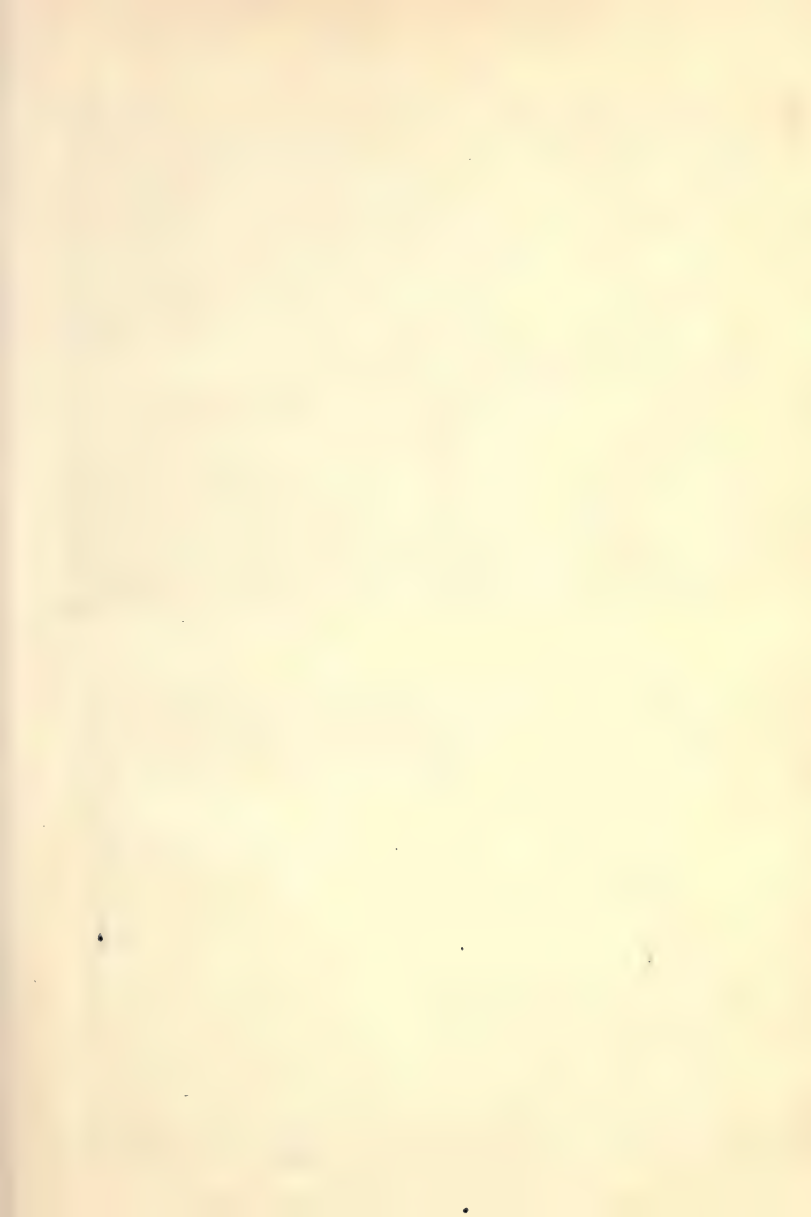
While sympathy, based on every trait that adorns and ennobles human nature, was the basis of the sentiment the country felt toward the unfortunate Cubans, there were unquestionably other and ignoble motives at work to bring on a conflict. Vast commercial interests were involved in the expulsion of the Spanish and the substitution of "Free Cuba." Juntas for the "booming" of the cause of the "patriots," were maintained in many of the great seaports. Bonds to an enormous amount were issued, and so placed as, to influence moulders of public opinion. An immense traffic in arms, stores and supplies, sprung up along our sea-coasts. Filibustering became almost as profitable to merchants in New York, Boston and the southern seaports, as blockade running to the merchants of London and Liverpool during our Civil War. Though the Spanish press, and even Spanish statesmen, made this traffic a constant subject of reproach to our administration, there is every evidence that our officials strove in good faith to suppress this evasion of the law of neutrality. This very necessity was among the causes that inflamed the advocates of war. The activity of the revenue cutters was denounced as a base partnership in the crimes Spain was committing daily on the Cubans. To every remonstrance of our diplomacy against the enormities practiced by the Spanish soldiery, the Spanish diplomats made response that the war would not last a week if it were not supported by Yankee adventurers.

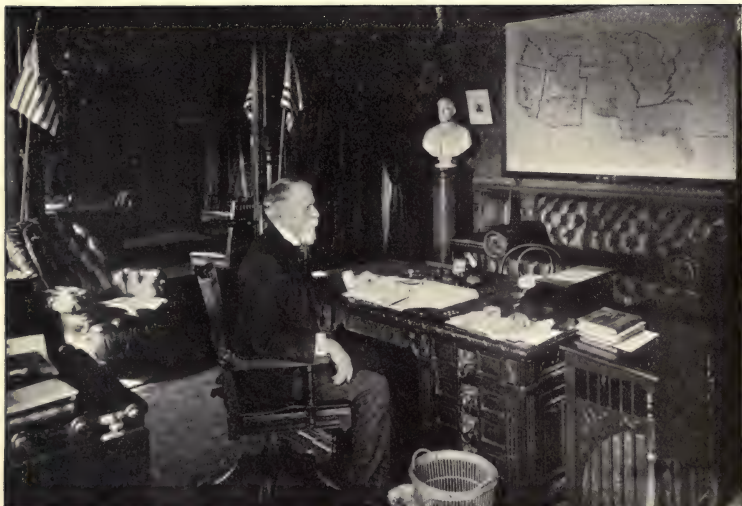
PART II.

BARELY had we embarked in war when its scope and potentialities began to expand. We set out by declaring our purpose to redress an intolerable grievance. To break the ghastly clutch of the dying hand of Spain from the corpse of Cuba. Before the war was ten days old, the same influences and agencies which precipitated the conflict, were engaged in a propaganda of conquest. The preconcert of the cry, the level uniformity of the argument, the shameless appeal to all that is sordid, thoughtless, unscrupulous in humanity, left no room to doubt that some ulterior agency was at work, educating the people of the republic in the way of danger—of dishonor.

Coincident with this cry of conquest, an amazing phenomenon was witnessed in the British press. Where we had always been reviled and disparaged, we were now fulsomely plastered with praise. We were invited to share the grotesque designation of "Anglo-Saxon"—a term evolved from the empyrical formularies of British Chauvins, restive under the historic traditions of the Norman Conquest. We were asked to believe that our seventy millions were really of British fibre and brawn; that British blood comes pure and undefiled from a handful of piratic nomads, who fled from the penury of the Baltic marches, to pillage themselves into prosperity on the island of the Angles. The clashing cymbals of triumph were sounded over a race alliance which should join our seventy millions with the "interests" of Britain; fusion with the Yankees was acclaimed in the Tory presses. A notorious politician identified with recreancy to liberalism, infidelity to his convictions, moral turpitude in the Transvaal outrage, denounced in Parliament as only second to Judas in recreancy, took the stump to convince the British people that all they had to do, was to dissemble their ingrained hate of us long enough, and British power, paralyzed by the union of France and Russia, would again cow the world. The argument was virtually this:

The Yankees are of the same covetous, grasping breed we are; all that is necessary to win them into aids and accomplices, is to flatter their love of glory, dazzle them from the heights of the mountain of predetermined victory, by plausible promises of booty in lands, the loot of all that Spain possesses—perhaps a share in the despoliation of the colonies France has gathered under her flag, during the last half century. Manila, it was artfully held out, would be a noble acquisition for the republic. The





SECRETARY OF WAR, RUSSELL A. ALGER, IN HIS OFFICE.



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, JOHN D. LONG, IN HIS OFFICE.

teeming interests of the United States would find that realm of magnificent opportunities an ideal field for Yankee activities. Britain would look on with benevolent acquiescence while we declared the Monroe doctrine a sham. Coincidentally with this, the agents of the British government sedulously propagated the rumor as semi-official fact, that the great powers, the European concert, were conspiring to limit our operations beyond the waters of the Caribbean sea! Simultaneously with the advance of our fleets, the cablegrams from London were daily filled with guarded disclosures of the heroic efforts of British diplomacy to check the union of the powers. Tales of the enmity of France, Germany, Austria, Italy—all the European powers in short, were poured into our news channels with such assiduity, that for a term the horrified people expected that any hour might bring a declaration of European intervention: the appearance of an allied squadron in our waters, and the enforcement of a peace upon such terms as the European concert might see fit to dictate.

Strangely enough, the jingo press—the very yellow journals, culpable in precipitating the war, were the noisiest in propagating this insensate intrigue. There was a moment when if put to a vote, the Cabinet would have been compelled to accept the yoke of an alliance with the Briton. In every city in the Union, the presses were ablaze with letters to the editor, glorifying the noble rôle Britain had played in the world. That segment of social activity, the clergy, were as history often shows, first to put the seal of approval upon this plausible campaign of hypocrisy and craft. They melted into rhapsodic eulogiums of the “Christian graces” of British civilization, of the endearing ties of kinship that linked the two peoples; of the lingering love in the heart of the people of this republic for the “mother-country.” Meanwhile, the continental powers and social forces, ignorant of the astute campaign directed from and by British agencies, went on treating the war very much as we treat the conflicts that involve our friends and enemies abroad.

Sentimentally, the aristocrats sympathized with a monarchy staggering under the crushing blows of the colossal democracy; even those who approved our intervention to rid Cuba of its curse, were by a readily comprehensible tendency of human nature, moved to sympathize with the “under dog.” But when the agencies of the continental powers in this country, made known to their home governments the malevolent craft, the systematic perfidy of the British propagandists in distorting the utterances and belying the attitude of the powers, it was too late. The belief had been infiltrated into the mind of the people of the republic that in our first venture in a war undertaken from high motives, the con-

tinental nations distrusted our aims, and were only withheld from interference by the sturdy veto of Britain. It was useless for the ministers of France, Russia and Austria to show documents in proof of an inviolate neutrality; of an attitude of absolute impartiality. The British cables were at hand daily to represent the heroic magnanimity of Albion—who stood guardian over the snarling powers. Had it not been for the chivalrous good sense of the British Liberals, within a month of the opening of the war, we should have found our future mortgaged by a bond as iniquitous as it would be futile, with the nation that never kept a pledge, and never succored an ally, the moment her interests made treason profitable.

The party of Gladstone denounced the shameless artifice; they warned the republic that the Tory pleadings were simply to enable the discredited diplomacy of the Tory Cabinet, to take up the battle against a Europe coalized against Britain instead of, as heretofore, coalized with her. A long series of affronts were to be avenged: Russia had eliminated British influence in the East; Turkey had escaped the thralldom of the Crimean war; France is in threatening propinquity in Africa, and resolute for enforcing the fulfilment of the compact for Egypt's liberation. With the forces of the republic to do the fighting, as the continent did, in the campaigns against Napoleon; as the French did in the Crimea, Britain might hope to withstand combined Europe with her fleets, and wear out the resources of the less affluent states. When the time for peace came, she would turn on her "kinsmen" as she has turned on every nation that ever entered into alliance with her, and despoil them of every acquisition held out as a bribe. It was not, however, the transparency of the British machination that checked the impulse to become its victim. It was the extraordinary readiness of our press and public men to fall into the pitfall. With some there can be no manner of doubt the conversion was venal. We have become so habituated to the charge of "British gold," that the term is now derisive. But that British gold made the path easy, and the way shining for the monstrous proposal of union with our hereditary haters and contemners, no one acquainted with British methods doubts.

While a vigilant, satanic, unceasing corps was employed in watching the ill-natured utterances of the continental press, the gist of whatever was acrimonious was carefully collated and telegraphed to London, and there made into paragraphs of studious malignity for our home consumption; the savage denunciation, the brutal innuendoes of the high caste British periodicals were rigorously ignored or explained away.

If there is a journal in the British isles that faithfully voices the inalienable rancor, the inborn hatefulness of the whole British race, it is the *Saturday Review*. A half century ago, Matthew Arnold took up arms to educate that journal in the graces of suavity, or sweetness and light: to turn its tone into the "sweet reasonableness" of the master, in order that mankind might be brought to think less harshly of the British. But he never succeeded. The *Saturday Review* has never treated the people of this republic other than as a vast congeries of ignorant, dishonest, ungovernable and ungoverned social buccaneers. It was our inveterate and calumniating enemy during the Civil War. It never admitted that we exhibited bravery, however constant, in the long war, or a single virtue of a great people during the five years of ordeal, when our institutions were tried as by fire. It vituperated Lincoln, from the day he assumed his burden, until the day he laid it down. It befouled our eminent men; it pilloried our processes as venal, malodorous, anarchic. It lashed the Gladstone government to shreds for assenting to the Alabama award, and has never ceased to stigmatize the treaty as blackmail. In the scale of peoples, it has consistently treated us as a mingling of Mexican and Fijians. When the declaration of Congress, expelling Spain from Cuba reached London, this journal denounced us as thieves and bullies. The war was a speculation of the most abhorrent forces of the most abhorrent people in Christendom. Now this is the real sentiment of seven in ten of the authoritative Britons. Any citizen of this republic who has sojourned in a British city, knows that a hate of hates, a scorn of scorns, animates the Briton in his estimate of the people of this republic. It was but a few years ago that the great shops in London made known that "American trade" was not desired in their establishments—by "American," meaning the citizens of the United States of America.

But a more eloquent testimony of the inexpugnable rancor borne for us, is shown by the methods adopted by the journals and journalists engaged in the plot to captivate our alliance. Such a compact would mean a new career of arrogant, unbridled British domination—for no sooner were we compromised by the bonds of British intrigue, than we should be compelled to transform our democratic civic system into an armed readiness to meet the enemies Britain would on the instant raise for us. We should be dragged into long and exhaustive wars in Britain's interest, in Asia, even in Africa where the British thirst to exterminate the only free people left—the Boers of the Transvaal.

But more machiavelian than this, we should by joining in this nefari-

ous union with a nation whose diplomacy is a synonym for fraud and perfidy, give bonds against a future union with Canada. That immense empire bounding us on the north, and to some extent shackling our expansion, must in the very nature of things unite its fortunes with this republic. Indeed, the jingoes who exulted in the Venezuelan complication, demanded with a perfervid insistence, a campaign for the annexation of the Dominion. The press of the country, if polled a year ago, would have proclaimed by an almost unanimous voice, the vital need of absorbing the last relic of British dominion on the continent, if not in the waters of the continent. The leprous union proposed by the British would have ended that tendency. As yet, we have not been indoctrinated in the practice of despoiling allies, as Britain did Holland, Denmark and Spain. Hence, Canada would be safe under the adage of honor among thieves. For once identified with the British, we should be as the British are, and there is not a literature in Christendom, or paganism either, where the British do not figure as thieves. If the republic could be lured into a treaty of "imperialism," seduced into seizing the Philippines and thus forced to seek British countenance, the future would be easy for the traditional British policy. We should be compelled to seek British counsel and British aid. We should be vulnerable to the attacks of coalized Europe. Above all, we should forever explode the logic of the Monroe doctrine. All of South America would be open to the enterprise of the powers, surfeited but not slaked by the pillage of Africa.

The aim was set forth with characteristic cynicism to Chauncey Depew. This effusive personage deprecated the war for the Cubans, holding it our duty to gain our ends by diplomacy. But in his annual tour to Europe he was taken in hand by the Tory propaganda and to the stupefaction of his admirers came back after a six-weeks' junket in British castles, a convert to war, to imperialism and to the British alliance. He explained without reserve the cajoleries employed. "You Yankees," said the tempters, "have grown too big for your slice of the continent. You must seize the Philippines; you can claim it as we always do when we want desirable territory, on the plea of civilization. That's what we pretend in Egypt, and the game always 'goes.'" It is easy to imagine the leer of the descendants and acolytes of the Pitts, the Walpoles, the Castlereaghs and Palmerstons, as these phrases were sounded in the ear of the Yankee. Depew came home convinced, and set to work at once to propagate the thirst for dominion, the fever of grab, the religion of hypocrisy, that has carried the British on a tide of sordid glory and tarnished grandeur, from the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria.

Never did the fowler set the snare with such contemptuous disregard of the victim's common sense. The presses which had reeked with disdainful disparagement of everything we did or attempted to do; the presses which had glorified Jeff Davis and the slave holders, the presses which had rated the people of the union as a mingling of the ticket-of-leave man and the Irish bogtrotters, in a day, as it were, found that we were bone of British bone, flesh of British flesh. That no wiser saying had ever been uttered than the machiavelian gibe of the time-serving dyspeptic Carlyle, that "King Shakspeare held the dwellers of the United States in as profound allegiance as the cult of royalty itself." The same Carlyle made his estimate of his countrymen as "Thirty millions, mostly fools." Hence, the populace of this country were accorded the privilege of being at one with the thirty millions, mostly fools. But the new ecstasy went farther. The chief of the Tartuffe organs of British guile, found that "Americans shared the hatred of the continent with the British." Now for sixty years the Briton has been loathed in continental Europe. For almost the same length of time the British casuists, recognizing this, have expended volumes in wonder over the fact. Various reasons have been accepted or assigned—sometimes even the true causes have been complacently admitted.

Time and again, you might read in British monthlies that the Briton was, and is, hated because he is hateful. The various states of Europe hate the British because they have at various times made alliance with British cabinets, and in every instance they have been cheated. Denmark hates the Briton, because in a time of peace a British navy entered the harbor of Copenhagen and destroyed half her fleet, and carried away the rest; Holland hates the British, because under the guise of alliance, the British flag was flung out over Dutch colonies, and still remains there; Portugal and Spain hate the British because as allies they robbed and pillaged them; Germany and Austria hate the British, because in general wars, she made these states do the fighting, and when peace came seized all the spoils. France loathes the British, because she subsidized the world to check her liberalizing march; because she sent hordes of assassins to murder French patriots and French rulers; because she never kept faith. Because she has made history a lie and turpitude a religion. Because from 1789 to 1815 the flower and chivalry of France, that fell into British hands were subjected to the atrocities we mean when we speak of the prison ships in which our fathers rotted in our harbors; the massacres of Wyoming and a thousand other martyrdoms, put upon the patriots of the revolution; because during the sweat and agony of

the Civil War, British ships, British guns, British aid were poured out like water to destroy the Union; that a rebel victory at Bull Run or Fredericksburg, was hailed by the presses that now degrade us by their sycophantic cajoleries, which were then most ebullient in pronouncing us corrupt and imbecile.

One Briton, a public man, member of Parliament and editor of a widely read weekly journal—Henry Labouchere, has never minimized the crimes of his country. He had opposed the greed for territory and the oppression of weaker powers, both in Parliament and in his journal. His speech is the delight of the British plain people, for he sets his face against the enormous expenditures the jingo policy costs the British tax payers. He saw the object of "British sympathy" for the United States, and taking the conversion of Depew as a text, he gave us warning. Depew went abroad deprecating any aim in the war, other than the end Congress declared. He returned converted to "imperial" jingoism. Labouchere gives a glimpse of the seduction. Depew was beset by aristocratic wheedlers, who know the weight of coronets and caste insignia, upon certain types of the Democracy. "Keep the Philippines," they implored, "and share China with us." They rallied him humorously on Yankee protestations of fine sentiment, confiding to him, the working of the British system. "That's the way we go about annexation, we protest Christian and civilizing motives and promise to leave as soon as these begin, and then we stay. Christianity and civilization demand it, you know, and we give the beggars liberty, law, justice, and order, which they never had before. It is in your blood, you have come to it honestly, you have aroused this appetite of earth hunger, and you cannot stop."

Labouchere, who has been in public life longer than most of his contemporaries, adds some reflections that touch the British and their methods, with a firm sure stroke: "I do not know who the statesmen were that thus confided in Mr. Depew. Over the dinner table, with the genial American, they laughed at the pleas for grab which they profess in public to their countrymen. They glory in their predatory instincts. They come honestly by these instincts, they boast because it is in their blood, and they advise Americans to show their kinship to us by following our example. There is, however, a fact which both they and Mr. Depew would do well to remember: 'thieves fall out.' 'Share with us China' sounds well, but if the booty were jointly secured, it is probable that the confederates would proceed to fight for the lion's share of it. If the Americans are wise, they will maintain the policy in regard to their relations with foreign nations that has made them the most prosperous

nation on the globe. They would not annex any country, where they would have to rule over subject races. They will claim a voice in any alterations in the tenure of territory on the continent on which their lot is placed, but they will steadily act elsewhere on those sound principles of non-intervention that they have already so conclusively proved are the road to fortune. They are entirely mistaken in supposing that the mass of Englishmen are the cynical robbers that their statesmen have represented them to be to Mr. Depew. They have been temporarily led astray. But there are already signs that they will soon return to the path of honesty and of common sense."

Arguments so crudely base, so cynically rascally were addressed to the groveling and sordid in us that it is clear we are rated of the intelligence of the Pacific islanders, who exchange the sovereignty of the coral strands and palm groves for casks of rum, glass beads, or opium. By some inexplicable process, the correspondents of our chief journals stationed in Britain, became ardent propagandists of the "deal." For it was frankly put upon this basis. You need the markets of China, the Briton urged. If you don't join hands with us, Russia, Germany and France will dismember the ancient empire, and then where will your trade be? Nor in the volumes on volumes of confraternal seduction poured out, was there any argument more valid than this. Nor did the sense of the country seem to detect the shallowness of this prattle. For why should China be any less open to our markets with Russia and France, Germany and Austria ruling the celestial territories, than when ruled by the Chinese themselves?

If we have wares that the millions of the Chinese empire need, they will buy them from us, no matter what power or council of European powers dominate Peking. We sell our wares in Russia, in Germany, in France—why should we find it any more difficult to sell in markets under the domination of these powers? Or, why should we need the Philippines to insure the peaceful entry into Oriental ports? Our interests in Asia remain precisely where they always have been; we have reached a vast trade there, because the people must have what we produce. Could any power or combination of powers impede us—even were they disposed to? But that the British should venture to insult our intelligence by this species of argument, discloses the ineradicable misunderstanding the Briton has always manifested in judging us. He believes that the majority of the people of this republic are knaves, influenced by the temptation that arms the cracksman and the freebooter, and he addresses us arguments, that in old times would be resented as

a cause for war. With honest wares to offer the world, it is a matter of indifference to this republic what powers seize and hold other people's territories. But the Briton urges: "We have discovered the immense potentialities of the United States for reshaping international destinies, and with the discovery has come the realization of the fact that only by the aid of American influence can grave disasters to the prestige and prosperity of the British empire be averted. Moreover, England is willing to pay what she considers to be a fair price for the necessary coöperation. That is the basis of the whole matter. Sentiment has nothing to do with it, and the quicker it is dismissed from consideration in connection with the question of an Anglo-American understanding, the better it will be—for America." In other words, Britain will accord us what she cannot possibly keep from us, if we will aid her to brow-beat the rest of Europe: maintain her supremacy as arbiter of international destinies. If we are the hard-headed, far-sighted race, we get credit for being, the impudent baseness of the proposition ought to be enough to forever end anything but the most formal relations with a power cynical enough to make the proffer, and insulting enough to believe us capable of considering it.

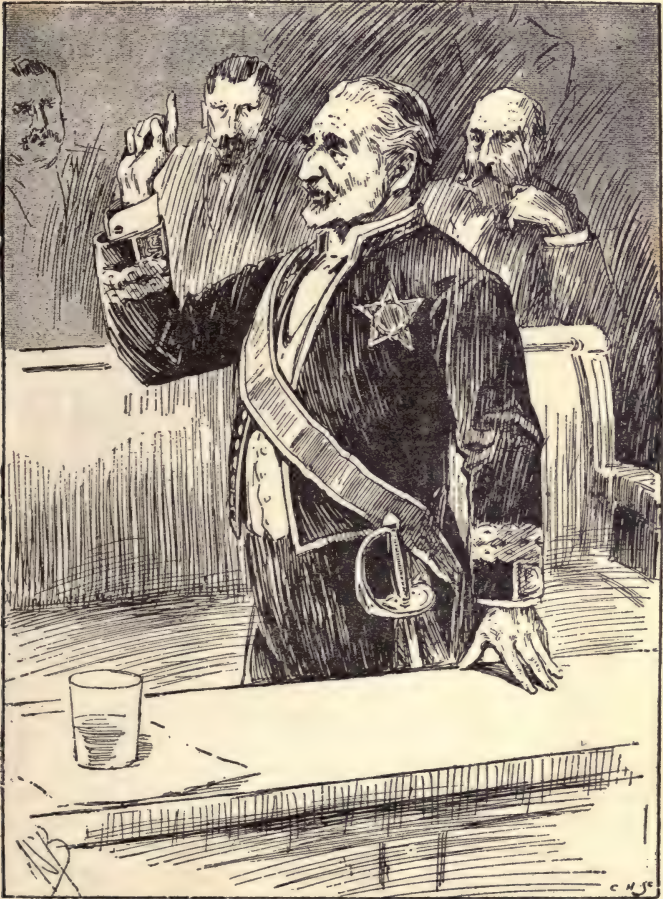




THE KING OF SPAIN AND QUEEN REGENT.

II.

UNTIL the moment the action of Congress reached the Spanish people, no one in the peninsula dreamed of the possibility of war with this



SAGASTA ANNOUNCING A NEW CABINET.

republic. The last to apprehend it, was the Queen Regent and the Cabinet. Sagasta, a venerable statesman who had served all parties and was

known to deprecate extremes, had counselled concessions to the uttermost demands of the Cubans as voiced by our minister. Day by day all that had been denounced in Spanish administration on the isle, was changing. Home rule, as applied to Canada by the British, had been formulated—above all, the odious Weyler had been promptly recalled on the urgent suggestion of the Washington Cabinet. Our proffers to care for and feed the wretched country people, crowded into the Spanish lines called “reconcentrados” had been accepted. So far as the Spanish Cabinet knew, there were no further serious demands to be made. When therefore the command of Congress reached Madrid, giving Spain three days to quit the island of Cuba—there was from one end of the peninsula to the other but one cry, one resolution—to die first. Nor was this considered a figure of speech, by the most patriotic of the people. Spain, as all her children knew, was far from a condition to wage war, even with a less formidable power than the republic. For years her treasury had been drained by colonial wars, by the creation of a navy adequate to her colonial needs, altogether out of proportion with her revenues: by revolution at home, and insurrection abroad; by the maladministration of the finances, by political jobbery, by the dynastic necessities of a semi-alien sovereign to secure by bribery, what other rulers hold by loyalty and patriotism.

Carlism—the century curse of this kingdom, kept the Court and Cabinet in apprehension. At best the Spanish race have mistaken their tradition for actualities, since the reign of Philip II. Under his hide-bound bigotry, the Spain of Charles V., the Spain of heroic achievements came to an end. She had eminent men in her service for many a day after, but the morale of the nation suffered an eclipse, as visible as it has heretofore been incomprehensible. Strangely enough the decadence began from above; a long series of semi-imbecile and wholly profligate kings germinated the seeds of decadence, which spreading from court to camp, from camp to cloister, gradually impregnated the race. Neither art nor science in any of the varied fields that began to thrive exotically elsewhere, remained in Spain. Decay was as manifest in the humbler arts of industry as in the sublimer reaches of the plastic arts. Since the sixteenth century, Spain has produced no great pictures, no statuary, no eminent embodiment of any of the masterpieces that multiply among perennially thriving peoples. In war, the Spanish armies sank to derision, her fleets, never victorious save under exceptional circumstances, became a nullity with the opening of the eighteenth century.

Yet, curiously enough this people mistaking its past achievements for

present actualities, brought the career of the world master—Napoleon to an end. It was the stupefying surrender of a French corps d elite, at Baylen, that aroused Europe to the fact that the master of victories



DON CARLOS.

was vulnerable, that he could be beaten in arms, if a whole people resolved it. It was the Spanish people who wore the French out, by the endurance of four years of disaster on every field they fought. Three

hundred thousand of the soldiers who had conquered every army in Europe, were decimated. The Spaniards won what is called in sublime irony, "the war of independence," by very much the same tactics in which the Cubans wasted the armies of Spain's greatest warriors during the last ten years. Wherever they stood up in battle before the veterans of Napoleon, they were routed like herded cattle, but in the depths of the forest, from the secret paths of mountain and defile, in the narrow streets of the tortuous mountain towns, the deadly stroke of the guerilla picked off the unconscious soldiery. Though nominally master of every city and strong place in the peninsula, or the strategic points, the invading army was never secure, except in its camps.

Nor was the war of independence the only memory that stood as an actuality in the mind of the Spaniard. Cortez, Pizarro, Alva, Ganzaga—the great captains, were in the minds of the million, living personages to-day. Though he may be unable to read or write, the meanest peasant from Andalusia to the Basques, knows the story of the great conquistador Cortez, the ungovernable boy, who, fleeing from the trammels of the law sought glory and gold in the Eldorado Columbus had just given to Spain. How he had impressed his courage and ability on the viceroy of Cuba, who was in need of a submissive lieutenant to blaze the way for a secure conquest of the fabled Mexico. How with 500 men, Cortez landed on the Mexican shores, astutely availed himself of the superstitious awe of the people, who believed the strange white beings gods, pushed on through he swarming millions to the capital of the Montezumas; dominated these wild and credulous children of the sun. How when the truth dawned upon them that the whites were mere mortals, and they arose in vengeance, Cortez with his 500 held them at bay and though half his force was slaughtered in the "sad night" of destruction, snatched victory and conquest from the very jaws of ruin.

Nor was this prodigious story the only one that the Spaniards counted among the evidence of Spain's superiority. The annals of no people reem with more audacious enterprises, more constancy in every conceivable danger and hardship. Scores of historical masterpieces in every tongue are devoted to the stirring tale. The humblest Spaniard in common with the proudest, could not conceive the inheritors of such ancestors, such traditions, vulnerable to a race of yesterday, as it were. What though there were seventy millions of people in the arrogant, parvenu republic; could such a race pretend to give law to the inheritors of the men who had conquered the masters of the old world and made the new? Add to this, that reading as we know it, does not exist in the peninsula.

That learning, education are prerogatives of the rich, the well born. That newspapers are rare and costly. That the mind of the Spain of to-day, is the mind of the Spain three centuries ago.

When a people are dependent for arms, for every article of commerce, when their ships are built in foreign dock yards, their railways constructed, operated by foreign artisans and foreign capital, their mechanic arts carried on by strangers, even their hostleries and pleasure houses managed by foreign syndicates, their mineral wealth exploited by outside companies, even their vineyards in the hands of aliens; it is not hard to prophesy the helplessness of such a people in the operations of war, now reduced to an exact science.

Since the day Spain accepted the alliance of the Briton, her decadence has been steady, insidious, decisive. For the "war of independence" carried on by British treasure and manipulated in British interests, was but the transfer of the destinies of Spain from the constitutional liberalism of Napoleon's well-meant usurpation, to the maleficent despotism of Bourbonism, under the tutelage of British greed and duplicity. The British alliance in Spain, as everywhere else that this unholy bond has been formed, has brought rot, decay and extinction to all nationality. It was a British alliance that wrought the destruction of Holland; it was British alliance that dragged France to the abyss of anarchy from 1815 to 1852. It was British alliance that blotted Prussia from the map of Europe in 1805 and Austria from 1797 to 1815. It was by alliances with her destined victims that the British succeeded in seizing a third of the colonies of the globe. But of all the victims of British alliance, Spain is the most warning example, for every step in the decadence of the people is clearly traceable to British instrumentalities in specious forms.

To the student, there was the pathos of the inscrutable in the causes and passion that thrust this republic to the front as the instrument of Spain's last devastation. For even the most ardent friends of Spain felt from the first, that the perishing people of the peninsula—sixteen or seventeen millions—were no match for the seventy million robust antagonists, the war made us. There were exhaustive arguments and studies in foreign periodicals demonstrating the inevitable outcome of the impending conflict. The republic of course, must carry her point in the end. But the earlier stages of the war would witness destructive overthrows of the republic's fleets; of her armies by disease in the swamps of Cuba. For a year at least, it was circumstantially prefigured, the republic would have to learn war at the hands of her weaker foe; on sea and land she would be overwhelmed by the superior fleets and the better dis-

ciplined soldiery of the Castilian elite. The array of the Spanish fleets on paper, overtopped all the republic could muster in majesty and science. The trained ranks of a regular army, that had lived on war, would rout the raw levies—howsoever brave—hastily called from the pursuits of peace. Our great seaboard cities, it was mathematically demonstrated, would be either leveled or ransomed within ten days of the opening of hostilities! The points of vantage on our coast were pointed out, where the invincible fleets of Spain, in the early days of the conflict, would entrench bases for supply and even recruiting stations for the army and navy.

For among the extraordinary delusions holding the fixity of an axiom in the foreign mind, was the conviction that the population of this republic was not of the homogeneous texture that makes the multitude patriots, that inspires men to quit home, wealth getting—all the ease and ends of life, in short, to defend the flag, to illustrate it, if need be. The ablest polemicists, the most admired philosophers, made this mixture of races, this disparity of citizenship, one of the fatal drawbacks to vigorous and sustained effort on the part of this country. Indeed the universality of this belief—that the peoples of this republic—who have not even a generic name; who have no country in the sense that, the Frenchman, Italian and Spaniard have their “*patrie*,” the Germans, their “*fatherland*,” could not be brought to face the self-sacrifices of war, the immolation of soldiering or sailing, colored the judgments of our critics. The generality of this belief and its serious utterance, are another testimony to the superficiality of general knowledge.

The most cursory glance at the history of the republic, from the infant efforts of the colonists, to the prodigious enterprises of the Civil War, would have admonished theorists of this text, that no struggles in the evolution of peoples, demonstrated more devotion to all the symbols of citizenship, country, than the unanimity shown by the men who make up this nation; whether the volunteer be native born, alien, or the descendant of an alien—no state—since the foundation of Rome, has ever evoked the devotion of its citizens so impulsively as this.

Nor once since the formation of the republic, have we a record of a treason among the trusted men of the republic. What race, nation, or cause, since recorded events have been trustworthily reported, can show a similar testimony? No one ever heard of state, military or administrative secrets, sold to foreign powers, from any official source in this country. History could have refuted this argument of Europe, that we were bound to pass through defeat to ultimate triumph, but our history

does not seem to have interested the foreigner. Nor is this surprising, for we are separated from the continental peoples by the barrier of language—all that is known of us on the continent, is caught up from British renderings. Now, though we use the same tongue as the British, we are as little known to the majority of the islanders, as we are to the Germans, the French or the Russians. Such history as the continent reads concerning the United States, is translated from British texts. Any one familiar with the appreciations of this republic, and its manners, institutions, habits, tendencies, government and administration, as set forth in British works, is not surprised at the grotesque misjudgments passed upon us by continental critics. Until within a few years—coincident in fact with the President's message on British rapacity in Venezuela, British discourse on the republic and its people, was a mingling of derisive misinformation, ironic tolerance or insufferable condescension. It is no crime in the Briton to know little or nothing of the republic or its people, but it is in keeping with his world-wide status in perfidy, that he reproduces us to the rest of the world, without warning the reader that his assertions are conjectures, his deductions half truths, his estimates partial.

It is easy to comprehend why the British should estimate us in fantastic disproportion. We are a new people; our history is humdrum; there are none of the scenic situations in our development that a European people presents. Our political intrigues involve no possibility of war. What is, or is not done, in our Congress is a matter of indifference to statesmen, guiding other peoples. The success or defeat of one or the other party in our elections, bears no ulterior relation to other powers. For an instant, our assertion of the Monroe doctrine aroused the supercilious interest of Europe. Journalists were despatched from over the water to report just the sort of folk we seemed to be. Gushing evangels of "kinship" were delegated from London to melt the sensibilities of "the better classes" of the States, by the proclamation of the love the British people felt for their "Yankee cousins." But, as the yellow journals of "the mother country", as the Anglophiles are fond of styling Britain, protested British love, the "nobility and gentry" made manifest the contemptuous scorn in which we are now and always have been held by the ruling caste.

It was largely by depending on British estimates of the people of the United States, that the Spanish people and Spanish ministers played the

fatal game of temporization. They had learned from British diplomats and British presses that we were ineradicably corrupt; that our politicians were braggart irresponsibles; that the multitude were so intent on heaping up millions, they would not stop for war, even if the Congress and the President should have the courage to declare it. Down to the last penny in our treasury, the last bolt in our war ships, the Spaniard got his information from British presses, British publicists, and British agents. It was an unquestioned acceptance of this voice, that led them into the fools' paradise of confidence, which made the Spanish masses turn in execration upon the British, so soon as the war was declared. Then the Briton revealed himself; the presses scolded the Spaniard for dreaming of war with such a treasury as the republic had at its disposal. They pointed out the impossibility of meeting such an adversary on equal terms. They reminded Spain that the Yankees were of British kin, and that the race was always victorious at sea. The wretched Spaniards began to catch a glimpse of the abyss they had dug for themselves.

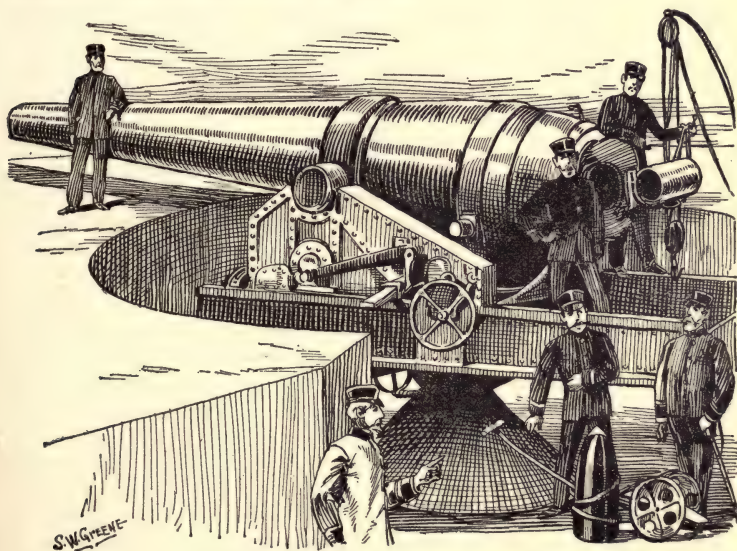
But there were other powers that had sometimes shown generosity. France had gone to war for ideas; had fought to give Italy unity and freedom; had shed blood in rivers to free Poland, had never, in fact, refused to aid the overmatched. Then too, the French were kin; they were of the same ancient stock—that is to say, the two peoples could be traced to a single source, called in the confusing jargon of the learned,—“Latins.” France too, or her financiers, held millions on millions of Spanish bonds; French skill, taste and enterprise were in exploitation of nearly every branch of domestic handicraft in the peninsula. France surely would—the Spaniard believed—fling the tri-color out beside the livid oriflamme of Castile. But, while the ranks of pleasure, the bankers and journalists, fell into fervid exclamations of sympathetic admiration for the harassed cousins across the Pyrenees, the sober peasantry, the hard-headed bourgeoisie, the rank and file of the Democracy, turned away in silence. It was hard to be unneighborly they said in dumb show—but France as a republic could not give more than platonic sympathy—even to a cousin. Then a Minister of the Queen arose in the Cortes—with a Jeremiah lament, that impressed the nations. Europe, he declared, had lost its soul. There is no longer a sentiment of chivalry; the adoration of might has obliterated the very idea of the profit of right. Europe wants cent per cent., for whatever she does. We must go with our hands full and pay a big price if we expect help.

Just what Spain took in her hands when she appeared in Berlin—this generation will probably not know—but Berlin seems to have found the handful nearly enough—for thereafter the master of Germany did every-



THE SPANISH RESERVE FLEET COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL CANARA.

thing but send men and fleets to support the lavish hand. Not that the Powers were not in sympathy with Spain; when the time comes to disclose the official documents—it will be seen that every Cabinet in Europe, from the Thames to the Neva, was of one mind, so far as partiality for Spain went. But—the spoil to be gathered afterward—divided the harmonious concert. By concessions in China—the Russian bear and British lion would have roared together behind the Spanish plume. By breaking the compact with Russia and joining hands with Britain, France might have shared the Philippine conquest with the preacher of “Anglo-Saxon” solidarity. But Spain could not prevail on France to break with Russia for the doubtful boon of sharing British gains. France had experienced the lack of equity in British alliances, and refused to join the plot. But from the very blackness and depths of defeat and affront,—British diplomacy plucked the imposing semblance of a masterstroke. As if by magic, the whole world awoke one morning and found this Republic enamored of Great Britain. The tale is as humorous as Shakespeare’s analogous miracle—Titania’s infatuation for the ass!



COAST DEFENCE GUN AT CADIZ.

PART II.

IN the grandiose pageantry of history, there is no host legendary or ideal that stands out more impressively than the groups who wrought Spain's earlier destinies, and impressed her supremacy on two worlds. From the almost fabulous conquests of Ferdinand and Isabella,—to the subjugation of the two Americas, the Spaniard illustrated every trait associated with heroism. Under the sceptre of Charles V., more than half of Europe paid tribute to the genius of Spain. Like Rome she established her religion, her language, her laws, over unknown lands and peoples—a million fold more numerous than her own children. From his sombre cell in the Escorial, Philip II. sent mandates to his lieutenants—who ruled the then unknown continents of North and South America—even the Philippines now at the disposal of this republic.

The dynastic wars of the eighteenth century began the demolition of this colonial world empire. The seating of a French Prince, the grandson of the Bourbon King Louis the XIV., stimulated the jealous rage of Britain, Austria and the Stadt-Halter of Holland, the crafty Prince of Orange—who by arts and conduct little in keeping with his professions, gained possession of the British throne. The Continental Powers were intent on crippling the European extension of French domination, while the British were bent on appropriating the American possessions of the decaying Spain. When the war ended, the French Prince was left undisturbed on the throne of the great Emperor Charles—but all coveted parts of the vast possessions of the crown had fallen into British hands.

When the Napoleonic wars began, Spanish power and Spanish administration were the scorn of Europe. The Bourbon monarchy, pendulating between the caprice of women and the ineptitude of monks, ennobled the worst Moslem regime by contrast. A Bourbon King invoked the army of Napoleon to curb the plotting of the heir to the throne. In contempt of law, policy, and even personal honor, Napoleon set the dynasty aside and installed his brother in the palace of the Hapsburg Cæsars. His methods of doing this were of a piece with the substitution of the Houses of Orange and Hanover, for the Stuarts in Britain—but he neglected to cover his designs with the panoply of religion and liberty, which the Britain flings over similar predations. The Spanish, who loathed their imbecile kings, were inflamed to expel the invader—even though that in-

vader had begun the work of political, social and religious reconstruction that would have made Spain a well-governed, enlightened and liberal regime. But it was to the vital "interests" of Britain—her oligarchy and her traffic, that Spain should be kept in political and social bondage. British subsidies were poured in Klondike streams into the treasuries of the provincial juntas, which claimed to embody the patriotism of the Spanish people. To the subsidies were added armies—such as Britain had never before organized, even for the crushing of our forefathers. By attrition, by fomenting the passions of the people, by coalizing Europe, Napoleon was diverted from completing the military conquest of the peninsula, and finally when swirled into the campaign in Russia, the British, with all Spain swarming in arms about Wellington's army, were emboldened to face the depleted ranks of France, and drove them over the border.

From that day to this, British intrigue has held Spain as firmly in the grasp of British interest as Australia or Canada. During the campaign from 1808 until 1813, the British laid claim to supporting and upholding the Spanish people in their efforts for independence; they formed the wild enthusiasts that flocked to the Spanish standard in their own similitude. They breathed the breath of national life into them. They denied the armies, they organized every able-bodied man on the peninsula—including Portugal—the first attribute of soldiery; they protested that no Spanish army, whatever its number or howsoever well equipped, could be brought to stand a volley from the French, no matter how inferior in numbers or lacking in supplies. British reports were laden with the fanatic savagery of the Spaniards, gentle and simple. Yet Napier, the standard historian of the Wellington campaign, puts on record that the British soldiery—whenever it was victorious in town or camp, outvied savages in the excesses committed on women and property.

Every great power in Christendom maintains officers at the capitals of other states, to keep track of the status of military and naval invention, increase in fleets, armaments, and the whole field covering efficiency in war. Now—when war was declared, our administrative bodies were not certain of the proportion of the fleets, nor the effectiveness of the armaments that could be put to immediate use by Spain.

It was after 1868, when the Spanish naval system went to pieces from the dry rot of maladministration, that the government took in hand the re-creation of a navy capable of safeguarding the monarchy both at home and abroad. The dockyards of Spain and the mechanical ingenuity of the people were unequal to carrying out the decrees of the Cortes. The

building of the vessels was therefore turned over to the dockyards of Britian, Italy and Germany. In the course of ten years, more than a hundred fighting craft—from armored cruisers and battle ships to torpedo-boats, were turned over to the Spanish marine. They represented at the epochs when completed, the very farthest advance in the perfection of fighting machines. In the rating of navies, the maritime forces of Spain have been given rank after Germany and Italy. The battle ships and cruisers were accounted as effective as any similar vessels in the British fleets, which are conceded precedence above all the powers both in number and destructiveness. While the perfection of the Spanish ships was universally admitted, there was, even before Dewey's and Schley's demonstration, some doubt as to the efficiency of the officers and crews to handle mechanism requiring qualities and aptitudes so unlike the proverbial gifts of the Spaniard.

But while this was admitted, it was universally held that the possession of a crushing preponderance of torpedo vessels would make it perilous for the fleets of the republic to stand up before the enemy's war ships—even in equal numbers. It was pointed out by military writers, that the efficiency of the naval army had been greatly impaired by the drastic abolition of privileges, brought about after the revolution of 1868. Since that time the nobility, the wealthy in the coast provinces have not contributed their due proportion to the marine service. Hence, a large proportion of the seamen and many of the officers, go on board the ships from the interior, with no sea habitudes. Every Spaniard is bound to serve with the colors after the age of nineteen, and it is made optional up to a certain number whether the conscript shall join the land or sea forces. Hence, while implicit confidence was generally expressed, by European critics, in the intelligence, skill and patriotism of the naval hierarchy, there was an admitted uncertainty as to the plain tar.

This doubt was more than justified in the combat which involved the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago. Our sailors found guns loaded and ready to fire, and other evidences of slack discipline and half-hearted endeavor. But Cervera and his staff supply the most explicit evidence. They declare that the officers were compelled to humor the gun crews with draughts of brandy, and stand over them with drawn cutlasses to keep them working the batteries. There are other and more significant circumstances to account for the astounding collapse of the Spanish sailor while fighting his ship.

The official caste of a Spanish vessel preserves all the odious abuses that have been abolished from the navies of other and freer countries. The tales

of inhumanity related of the tar's life on the conquered fleets, revive the excesses of old time British barbarism. Every ancient punishment identified with the brutalities of the navy, still holds a place in the discipline of the Spanish fleets. From the moment the sailor sets his foot on the vessel, often entrapped by the petty officers, he is made to feel that no daring, no devotion to duty, can bring him into anything like equality with the officer. He is regarded as of another class of the human; he is made to do the duty of a menial—from the caring for his superior's shoes, to washing his soiled linen. For the slightest infringement of the capricious and onerous regulations of the ship, he may be strung up by the thumbs, lashed on the naked back, or confined in an airless chamber, and fed—by a refinement of cruelty, on salt fish, until, mad with the delirium of thirst, he is haled out to take his chances of recovery, through burning fever.

So ill is the fame of the treatment of the common sailor, that of late years the Spanish Admiralty have been compelled to wink at a very general practice of what is called "shanghaeing," that is the systematic search for stalwart youth, the leading them to places of depravity and hustling them on board ship, while in drunken stupor. This would hardly be considered a promising novitiate for a sailor,—but two-thirds of the crews that manned the ships of Great Britain down to within a half century, were obtained in this odious way; with men thus impressed, Nelson won the combats that Britain reckons her chief glory. Yet with all this in mind, the critics of Europe professed the conviction that our improvised sailors would prove no match for these Spanish serfs. Nor is it unlikely that the knowledge of the status of the Spanish common sailor, gave Dewey and Schley and our commanders everywhere, the confidence that seemed recklessness. They knew that crews hating their officers could not be made to fight, as the humanely treated sailors of our navy fight. But to the Spaniard, the navy, in some occult sense typifies his religion,—his ancestry—the enshrined heroic phalanxes—from the dim beginning of the race until its apogee under Charles II.

The naming of the ships attests at once the idealism and the credulity of the Spanish mind. Of old, the names of the Armadas embraced the rubric of the saints. A British Admiral attacking a Spanish fleet in the last century felt as if he were invading heaven—for the names of most of the saints could be found on the Spanish hulls. The present fleets however, embalm the secular worthies of the race, from that wondrous hero Pelayo, to Don Antonio D'Ulloa—whose namesake went down in the harbor of Manila. Don Antonio was a scientist, who in moments of leisure, commanded his

country's fleets and administered her colonies as viceroy. He was



BOW OF THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

governor of Louisiana during Spain's occupancy of that colony, but his

memory is cherished as the man who founded the observatory at Cadiz and the conception of the only important engineering works of a remarkable character on the peninsula.

The Spaniard acquainted with the history of his country, must have reflected on the irony of the naval nomenclature, when he read of the fate of the Almirante Oquendo—in the surf of Santiago. Oquendo is a name that holds about the same place in Spanish naval glory, that Farragut does in ours. Three generations of Oquendos distinguished themselves in the Spanish naval service, between the middle of the sixteenth and the middle of the seventeenth century. The Oquendo family belonged to the province of Vizcaya, and the second vessel of the fleet, strangely enough, bore the name, and went down with the Oquendo. The great Admiral, the father, held a place in the "Invincible Armada" corresponding to that of a commodore. He commanded the Guipuzcoa squadron. His son Antonio was ten years old at that time; at the age of twenty-six, in 1604, he commanded a squadron which destroyed a fleet of British corsairs. Three years later, Almirante Oquendo wrought havoc among the Dutch ships of war that were convoying the East India merchant fleet past the Spanish coast. In 1631 he gained a great victory over the Dutch Admiral, Adrian Hanspater, off the Argentine coast, and according to Spanish authorities, a Dutch fleet which Oquendo successfully withstood in the French Channel some years later, outnumbered the Spanish, by five vessels to one. Antonio de Oquendo, as well as Miguel his son, were and are regarded as the type of the Spaniard that gave Spain the world.

But the vessel that Spaniards of all ranks and conditions regard with reverence is the Pelayo, the monarch of the Spanish navy—commemorating a character, half historical, half mythical—the founder of the Spanish nation. Beyond the Cid—beyond all the great captains, monarchs and conquistadores, Don Pelayo holds the reverential devotion of all Spaniards. He appeared in the seventh century, when Spain was the prey of the Moors. He is variously set forth as of the Roman race that peopled Spain, and the Goths that poured in from the Pyrenees frontier. Pelayo made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and on his return found that the Moors in their conquering northward march, had subjugated his birthplace, the Asturias. He breathed the vigor of resistance into his clansmen. He raised an army and defeated the pagans. His victory was entered in the records of this time as "Miraculous," because the Moors were more than a thousand to Pelayo's one! He was elected king by the Gothic nobles, and from that kingdom comes the dynasty of to-

day. It is further of record, that Pelayo was the first Spaniard voted the right to use the title Don—hitherto employed only to designate saints. Spanish kings are always to this day called Don—as Don Alfonso XII. The Carlists pretenders adhere rigidly to the Don, and the title is inseparable from their name, whether ruling or conspiring.



TORPEDO BOAT IN A GALE.



THE BLOCKADING FLEET LEAVING KEY WEST FOR CUBA.

III.

WAR once begun, invoked as the majority believed, recklessly, the country began to consider with poignant questioning the character and resources of the antagonist we had challenged. Thirty years of controversy in the press, heated declamation in Congress and on the stump, had not disturbed the ancient admiration of the cultivated for the splendid qualities that had made Spain mighty and admirable in other days. Indeed, outside the ebullition of demagogues and the repulsive jargon of jingo presses, there was never a rancorous feeling against the Spanish people. Our literature from the first gropings of our earliest writers is filled with appreciation and even reverence for the master minds, and masterpieces of Spanish art. Next to Shakespeare, the genius of Cervantes finds its warmest and most generous admirers in this country.

The historical studies of Prescott, of Washington Irving, Ticknor, to omit scores, have made the Spaniard of the past two centuries much more kin to us than the races on the British Isles, who sometimes acknowledge kinship when the condescension may serve a purpose. Nor can it ever be forgotten that in our struggle for life, Spain was only second to France in the material aid given our forefathers. Indeed, had the Spanish court refused to add the weight of Spain's alliance, France might never have ventured to send her armies and fleets so far from the kingdom. Nor was it forgotten that in the court of Spain our modest envoys, both before and after the war, received distinguished consideration, only second to that lavished on Franklin in the court of France. That the Spanish monarch and Castilian grandees suspended the most cherished forms of etiquette to make easier for our homely diplomats, the onerous burdens they encountered in Europe. That personal amity existed between Washington, the Republican leaders, and the successor of the Hapsburg Cæsar. The curious too, recalled that it was to the intervention of this good-natured monarch, we owe the domestication of that grotesque but invaluable beast of burden—the mule, for it was from his royal stables, in Andalusia, that the first of that hybrid race came to this country, a present to General Washington, sent on the suggestion of Lafayette. Nor was it forgotten that after our independence had been wrung from the hateful shackles of the arrogant Briton, our ministers

forced to endure endless affronts from the British courts, were upheld and vindicated by Spanish confraternity. But it was in the pages of Spain's history, that the mind of the people became imbued with what may be called identity of sentiment. The illustrious men who ventured into the new world, now dominated by this republic, seemed in some incommunicable way, our own ancestors.

The conquistadores—from Columbus to Cortez, from Cortez to De Soto, are enshrined among our national worthies under the majestic dome of the nation's capital. The deeds of these great men are part of our heritage. Cortez is as much the wonder and delight of the children of this republic, as Daniel Boone or the stalwart yeomen who illustrated the settlement of the great West. A boy of this republic would hold it shame not to know the thrilling story of Cortez, the Arabian tale of Pizarro. The first sentiment, when Spain stood before us as a foe, was the consciousness of the task of confronting a race capable of the deeds recorded of the conquistadores. Even though diminished in numbers, despoiled of her world realms, the victim of political bravos and childish bigotries, to the imagination we were going forth to battle with a race that had conquered every people in the world in other days.

The presses, the reviews teemed with studies of the available fleets and armies of Spain. This was taken up all over the world. It was the emphatically expressed opinion of experts and amateurs that the first action at sea, if not on land, would go ill with the improvised army and navy of the republic. The comparison of the available war forces did seem appalling, when set forth by men trained in analyzing the effectiveness of armaments. It was agreed from the first that the conflict would be mostly on the sea. There was never an idea expressed, either in Spain or Europe, that the monarchy would attempt the invasion of the republic. Cuba was by common agreement recognized as the battlefield, but even in that field it was maintained there would be little beyond a blockade, the island being in the nature of a fortress, assailable only by overwhelming fleets, whose business it would be to starve the garrison into surrender.

The conviction was nowhere disputed in Europe, that the republic would make no effort to carry hostilities to the Spanish mainland; it was even held improbable that the naval operations would extend beyond Atlantic waters. In this preconception of the field of operations, certain obvious advantages were universally conceded to the enemy.

Spain's fleets were more numerous, her great battleships, some of which had been viewed with awe in our own harbors, where the workmanship of the

foremost yards of Europe in handicraft and invention. Her marines had long been trained in the handling of these mighty forces. Her officers were reckoned among the most accomplished in Christendom. Almost constant warfare, during the last ten years, had given their rank and file, the experience which alone can make the operations of fleets certain or effective. In Havana, and its ideal harbor, Spain possessed a base, perfect for defence or attack. Her ships, gathered under the impregnable walls of Morro Castle and the ominous miles of forts commanding the water, could from the outset compel the naval movements to take such form as the Spanish Cabinet might seek. This republic could be put on the defensive; never certain whether the squadrons of the enemy were to strike at our forts, or, by manœuvring with the advantages of greater celerity, draw our fleets into ambush and destroy them in detail. For, added to other advantages, all the more formidable ships of the enemy were reputed greater in speed, by several miles an hour, than the swiftest of our defenders.

The navy, at the immediate disposal of the administration, was more formidable on paper than in arms. All the world could see what we had, for the status of both army and fleet is presented yearly, to the uttermost detail, to Congress. The list comprised four armored battle ships of the first-class, launched and ready—five under way. Two armored cruisers of the second-class. Two armored cruisers of no class; one armored ram. Thirteen protected cruisers—that is partly covered with steel; seventeen gunboats; five torpedo boats. Beside these there were six monitors, designed more for coast defence than actual action at sea. But beyond these the sea administration had the potentialities of an almost indefinite auxiliary navy. For no sooner was the war a fact, than private individuals crowded forward to put strong and fleet vessels of the most modern type, at the service of the authorities. Equal to this significant augmentation, great liners, that had attained world-wide fame for the speed of their journeys across the ocean, were quickly transformed into formidable cruisers, as was shown on the Cuban coast; they answered admirably to supplement the regular battle fleets. Indeed, one of the incidents that gave the country immense gratification was the disabling of the Spanish torpedo boat the Terror, by the guns of the transformed American liner St. Paul, under command of the captain of the Maine—Sigsbee. Every naval expert in the world had looked forward to the havoc bound to be wrought in the unwieldy vessels of the new type, by the torpedo craft, swift sailing, slight in structure, but armed with appliances that once launched at an ironclad, no armor could resist. The

incredible conquests achieved by our fleets, hardly won more attention in Europe, than this slight encounter of the St. Paul and the Terror. For it was accepted as evidence, that in the hands of a resolute commander, the iron masses that make up the modern war ship, are not necessarily at the mercy of the torpedo boat. This however was a rash assumption, for



"ST. PAUL" DISABLING THE "TERROR."

our Cushing demonstrated that in the hands of a resolute man the torpedo is fatal. Of late years there had been immense interest shown in the new navy. The "White Fleet" had been pictured in every journal in the country. Every schoolboy could possess photographs of favorite vessels. The manning of the ships too, had aroused state and civic sentiment. Most of the vessels named after states and cities, had received services of plate to enable the officers to fitly entertain at the ship's tables. These gifts were made up from contributions representing all grades of the life of the republic. The creation too, of a naval reserve, at which the wise in the old world, jeered unceasingly, made the extemporization of a marine as facile as the creation of an army.

There were both high inspiration and vague apprehension in the horizon

of hopes the commanders of our fleets carried into the operations with Spain. They were inspired by the unbroken record of valor in our navies—from 1775 during five wars—or sea campaigns. In all of these our mariners had maintained an incontrovertible superiority over every adversary encountered. The Continental fleets, though contemptible in size, and few in number, wrought a havoc in the ranks of the British in almost grotesque disproportion to their bulk in build. For the sailors were untrained, the vessels improvised, the armaments haphazard. Yet the figures collated at the end of the war, revealed the surprising fact that the volunteer fleets, comprising privateers mostly, captured eight hundred of the enemy's vessels. By the computation, agreed upon as a fair average, fifteen men to a ship, the total number of prisoners could not have been under 12,000. This was wrought by a force that never exceeded 5,000 men. Among these 12,000 taken by our navy, there were at the lowest estimate, one thousand regular soldiers, the flower of the British army, whose capture by the land forces would have ranked as a decisive victory. But the record of actual battles at sea, when our navy was an inchoate experiment, compares with the marvels of the campaigns with Spain. John Paul Jones, no matter what the disparity of forces, the inferiority of his ships, never hesitated to attack a British ship, wherever encountered. The history of no navy records a triumph so striking as the victory of the *Bon Homme Richard* over the British ship *Serapis*. In all that makes seamanship admirable, the infant attempts of the republic rank with the finest achievements known in sea literature.

It was in 1812 however, that the fleets of the republic eclipsed all rivalry—taking the proportions into consideration. Though inferior to the British in number and armaments of vessels, our successes at sea were only second to the record made in the late war, and strangely enough, our most striking victories were won at a cost always in amazing disproportion to the casualties suffered. During the two years and five months the war lasted, the Yankee fleets, cruisers, and privateers captured fifteen hundred vessels from the British flag,—with more than 20,000 prisoners. Conditions considered, this is even more striking than the destruction of Spain's fleets, by Dewey and Schley—for Spain never presumed to the rank of the British on the seas, even in the days of her might.

In 1812, Britain was the undisputed mistress of every navigable sea in the known world. She had by the foulest of foul play, destroyed the navies of the lesser powers, and by the genius and sometimes perfidy of her admirals, crushed the fleets and suspended the marine growth of her

only rival—France. She was as indisputably master of the sea as Napoleon was of the land. British journals, seamen and military men, hailed the war with the "Yankee vipers" as the signal to "redeem the error"—committed in 1781—when a weak ministry conceded the "rabble" of the colonies—independence. The republic was to be crushed in a campaign, its derisory navy swept from the seas by blank cartridges. During the thirty months this war lasted, there were eighteen engagements fought: the despised Yankees conquered in fifteen. But even more ominous than the defeats the British sustained at the hands of our mariners, the disparity of the losses numbed the British. Though not quite so marked in the disparity of the killed and wounded, as in Dewey's and Schley's combats, the British losses were frightful as compared with ours. The results of every encounter of our men-of-war and the British, were marked by slaughter on the enemy's ships and but trifling loss on our own. But the British were unwilling to draw the same deduction that they pronounce to-day—namely that the "whelp of the lion shows the origin of his superiority" as one of the London Reviews summed up the battle of Santiago.

In the famous action between the crack British frigate *Macedonian*, thirty-eight guns and the United States, forty guns, out of three hundred men, the enemy's loss was thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded—while our loss was seven wounded and five killed. The difference of two guns in our favor, was more than compensated by the more effective ammunition of the *Macedonian*. Indeed, the larger number of guns on the United States war ships of those days, was generally condemned as an error—for it made the ship unwieldy and more difficult to manipulate at a time when sails were the single locomotive power. The validity of this criticism was soon shown by the diminution of the number of guns. But every encounter told the same tale. When the *Frolic* was taken by the *Wasp*, the British had fifteen killed and forty-seven wounded out of 487—our "*Wasp*" had five killed and five wounded. When our *Hornet* vanquished the British *Peacock* in eleven minutes, the list was, five killed and thirty-three wounded out of 130 men, while we had but three men slightly injured. The tale might be carried to every encounter with nearly the same result. All Britain made an outcry when these astounding discrepancies leaked out in the press. "London"—*The Times* of that period solemnly announced, "was covered by a degree of gloom, painful to observe." Disasters on land, the British had long been accustomed to bear, but to be beaten at sea, by a despised and derided republic, the "scum of Europe," as British publicists were in the habit of designating

the colonies, rankled for many a year in the mind of the privileged classes.

But the remedy was soon found. I question whether one in a thousand of the people of this republic, however proud of the record of our ancestors—knows that the victories won by our forefathers, were if not on equal terms, in most cases at a disadvantage to our marines. The British writers and naval pundits at once took the matter in hand. The naval histories embalming the operations of the fleets, explain the humiliating show made with the king's navy, by alleging superior tonnage against the unfortunates, in every instance. Hence it is so written and so accepted. That is, every conquest made by the United States ships, was due to the heavier build of the winning vessel. Then it is set forth circumstantially that in every instance where the Yankees came out best, the British ships were old, rotten, inadequately manned or shackled by untrained crews. In a comprehensive history of the United States navy, Maclay has taken pains to go to the fountain head of evidence in the matter. He accumulates proof on proof to show that the British record is a tissue of falsehoods; that in every case the United States vessel was older in build and less complete in equipment. In the tonnage pretext—which the general reader accepts, because the explanation is rather technical, the British claim is squarely in the teeth of the facts. To palliate their defeats and the enormous slaughter wrought among the crews, the accepted historians assert that the Yankee frigates were from forty to fifty per cent. larger than their conquered antagonists. This was plausibly shown by the method of measurement in those days. Half the vessel's breadth at the broadest part was taken as the depth. Three-fifths of the breadth was deducted from the length of the hull, the remainder was multiplied by the breadth and this result divided by ninety-five. By this method the United States ship was in every instance shown to be of greater proportions, and for this reason.

From the very beginning of our naval construction, New England and Baltimore shipbuilders discovered a genius for the improvement of vessels. The form indeed of "The Baltimore Clipper," as well as the New England "Sea Bird," was known wherever the sea carried the navies of commerce. It was on these docks the long graceful curving lines of our ships first took form. By cutting off all the structure between the water line and the keel the Yankee craft gave the appearance of solid lines down to the bottom, whereas, in fact, they slanted off even with the water line. The British vessels, on the other hand, were built on the old and ugly lines, which are illustrated by a canal boat. It requires no technical

training to perceive the differences in weight. A Yankee craft, to all intents and appearances as heavy as a ship of the same size built squarely down to the keel, was, in fact, not much more than half the weight, for she had two of her angles cut off. But the falsehood did its work. Even the warmest champions of our 1812 heroes, have conceded that the ships were heavier—because the historical lie stands sealed by the official imprimatur. This fantastic method of measurement was adopted by experts, to rob the United States of the credit, won in the encounters with British ships, and as it is difficult to comprehend, and ostensibly perfectly above board, the British contention has gone into history; even writers on this side of the water, adopting the plea. But the rule of measurement thus applied to war vessels, was devised for custom-house purposes, to guage the collection of revenues. For this use it was perhaps fair enough, but it was grossly misleading in measuring the proportions of United States vessels, even merchantmen. The plan of the British frigate showed that the extreme length of the deck was maintained nearly the whole distance between the bow and the stern. The rake of the stem and the stern posts of the Yankee frigate was uniformly greater than in the case of the British. From measurements taken at the custom-house in Baltimore in 1812, it was made plain that a merchant vessel built on the plan of the British *Macedonian*, registered 300 tons and was able to carry 400 hogsheads of tobacco, while a ship of the same tonnage, but built on the lines of the United States frigate, could carry only 100 hogsheads. It is true that the United States forty-four gun frigate in the war of 1812 was from ten to fifteen feet longer than the British thirty-eight gun frigate, but owing to the rake of the stem and stern posts in our vessels not an extra gun could be put into the broadside, there being just fifteen ports in the side in both ours and the British ship.

Another matter upon which some stress has been laid by the British, is the heaviness of the metal carried on our frigates. It is a fact that the United States vessels were armed with twenty-four pounders on the main deck, while the British ships carried only eighteen pounders. At the time of the war of 1812, however, the use of twenty-four pounders, as the main armament of frigates, was largely experimental, with the weight of experience and authority against them. British commanders insisted that twenty-four pounders were too heavy and could not be worked as effectually as eighteen pounders. It was clearly demonstrated that our three frigates of the forty-four gun class, were overweighted, and the experience of the first battles in which they were engaged, disclosed the truth to their commanders. In the first actions of the war, the *Constitution* carried



THE BLOCKADING FLEET OFF HAVANA.

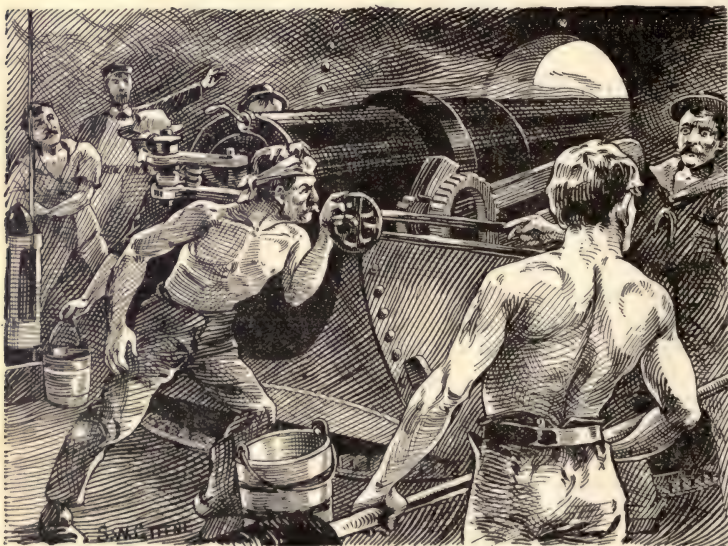
fifty-five guns in all, with a total weight in shot of 1,401 pounds; before the close of the war, her armament was reduced to fifty-one guns, having a total shot weight of 1,287 pounds. The "United States" in her action with the Macedonian carried fifty-four guns to the enemy's forty-nine, but on returning to port six of the United States guns were discarded, as it was found that their great weight had caused the frigate to become "hogged," or broken-backed. The third of these frigates, the President, also reduced the number of her guns to fifty-two, but even this was not sufficient to prevent her from becoming "hogged." Overweight was the cause of her being overtaken and brought to grief by a British squadron in 1815.

The Yankee ships and Yankee crews of 1812 overcame the British enemy for just the same reasons that they would to-day. Because the ships were better built, but above all, because every shot fired from a Yankee deck, represented a man who had a right to himself; every man was fighting for his own and his children's heritage, while the Briton was fighting for pay, for a sovereign he had never seen, or might ever hope to see; for a constitution which took no more note of the man or the mass, than the ukase of the Czar or the irade of the Padishah. Not a man, however humbly employed in the republic's marine, forgets for an instant, that it depends on himself whether he remains in the galley or mounts to the bridge; a rail splitter was president of the republic; there is no insuperable obstacle to a stoker taking the place occupied by James A. Garfield, driver of a canal team. The outworn phrase that began to fill the British press—"the man behind the gun," has a vastly different meaning from that inferred. When the man feels that he has a right in himself—the gun is part of him, but the man behind the British gun, has never felt that, and he never can.

Uplifting as the retrospect of the early wars, there were still more grandiose pictures evoked in recalling the stupendous burdens borne by the navy in the Civil War. The deeds of Ellet, of Dupont, of Foote, in the early days of the war, when the navy was almost held in derision, until Grant's forces were rescued at Belmont, Shiloh, and aided to victory at Donelson and Fort Henry. These inland prodigies could not be imitated or emulated in Cuban waters. With this double sentiment animating officers and crew, there was still another, and this weighed with poignant pressure on the thought of the whole country. The stupendous fighting machines we had fabricated during the last fifteen years were objects of unknown force. The mere manning of these involved the technical familiarity with abstrusities hitherto associated with expert crafts-

men, trained in engineering and the mechanic arts. What certainty that the various corps of skilled artisans would be able to keep presence of mind, during the pandemonium of actual warfare? Even the least imaginative could invoke the actualities of the crash and carnage of battle; in the meeting of two iron and steel masses, vomiting tons of metal, whose mere impact crushes the stoutest shield. Masses that would plough through yards of masonry; masses hurled three, four and five miles over the surface of the water as surely as in other days the puny missiles of the six pounder, were sped.

Nor were the horrors involved in the new life at sea for a moment forgotten, or ignored. Masses of 300 to 700 men sealed under iron rafters,



WORKING THE BIG TURRET GUNS ON THE IOWA.

iron partitions, iron gangways, and even in the calm watches of the night immured in the foetid atmosphere of an iron vault. With such constraint, with such vicissitudes, would the old-time constancy and valor avail to keep the body of men equal to the unspeakable ordeal of combat? When the fatal hour arrived, when the demoniac hail pattered on the decks, could human nature find physical reserves to support the superadded

strain? Millions put themselves in the sailor's place; they saw the distant outline of the enemy's squadrons barring the blue horizon; they heard the venomous screeching of the trial shells, searching for the range. They felt the agonizing expectancy, when, everything breakable, inflammable, cleared from the adamantine decks, the sea soldiery, swarmed to their allotted places; here a group at the guns, there a reserve aligned in ranks to fill the places of the dead and disabled. The very ship seems instinct with the coming death. The thrill and throb of the engines enter into a frightful rhythmic sympathy with the awful crisis. From the faces of the men, great beads of sweat roll down in streams, while with lips compressed, each fated figure waits his prescribed function. The captain of the ship stands in the place of terror, the tribune of the deck; about him the lesser officers wait immobile. The guns, as if endowed with consciousness, lunge far outward, spying the point where they can carry most fatal destruction. Everything is glowering—formidable—the enginery of Pandemonium—waiting the signal. In this prelude of tension, that no words can make real, sea and sky seem blurred, by the apparition of the potential ministers of slaughter. It would be a relief to the waiting man, to feel the shells strike the iron ramparts, to get a touch of the reality; all thus far is of the supernatural.

The conviction that suddenly flashes into every man reared in peace, indoctrinated in the amenities of the creed of Christ, is that the ocean is a dream, that he cannot in reality, be sailing the summer seas, in search of other men nurtured in the same doctrine, to slay; to be slain; to inflict all that earthquakes, storms and natural agencies visit upon the helpless. This fleeting, whimsical ratiocination, is the supreme agony of man in battle—after that the ferocious instinct of slaughter holds him as in a fever. For with the bidding to let loose the thunder of the guns, a contracting condition comes in instantaneous swiftness. The exhilaration of being a vengeance, an instrument of a people's wrath, exalts the feeblest, stimulates the ardent, to another sphere of fairly preternatural effort. The shock of the speeding mass of metal, as it quits the brazen maw of the gun, induces of itself, an electric current, as the ship staggers under her own vitalities. A fierce joy displaces this sombre tension of the long expectancy. The words of command, no longer the perfunctory monotonous of death, but shrilling with a meaning, that portends, death or life, subdue the apprehensions and swiften the movements of the thunderbolt launchers.

To this phantasm of the imagination—the millions added the down-pour of lead; the din, infernal, and malignant, of the shells bursting

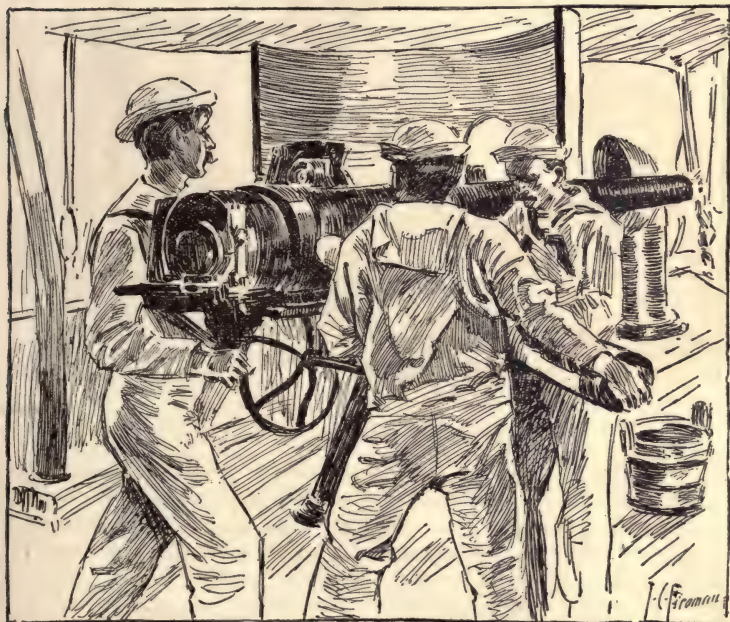
where the massed men are plying the guns. Appalling as these spectral anticipations—there were even more grewsome deeps in the minds of the families—who had brothers, sons, or kin on the terrible structures, that preserve and destroy. In the sirocco breath of the engine caves, nude figures are seen feeding the roaring furnaces. They are far below the



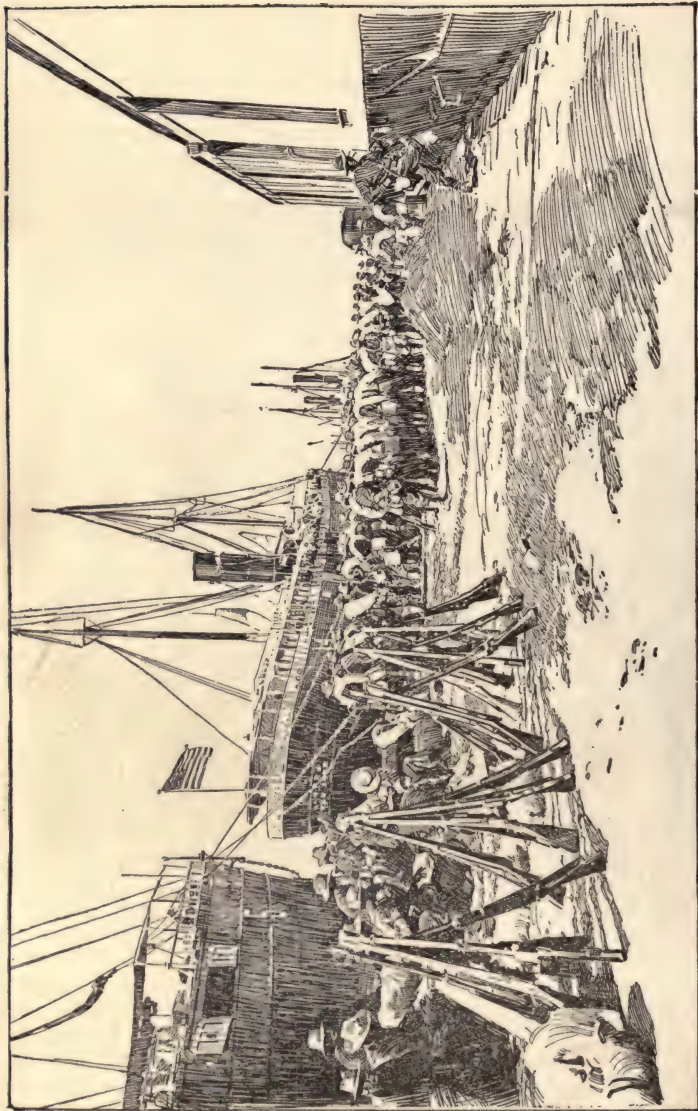
RAPID FIRE GUN ON SHIPBOARD.

water's level; hundreds of tons of metal are above and about them. Every thrill through the fuliginous mass, may mean death in the most atrocious form to these grimy gnomes. What after all is the heroism of a Hobson, the valor of a Dewey or a Schley, to the inconceivable constancy of these perpetual immolators of self? Is there not then something incomparably rare in the patient devotion of that amazing body of men, who alone make it possible to put the exquisite inventions of science to the deadly uses involved in war? Heroism can take no more awe-inspiring form than this abnegation of the brave in the deeps of the iron hulks, denied the sustaining sunlight, the companionship of the common avengers and defenders. He cannot even know whether death is coming by shell or torpedo. He must wait until the waters gulf him in the briny

maelstrom. Not many bethought themselves of these momentous factors in the prevoyant anguish that hovered over our fleets, as they gathered in Cuban waters. And while the actual destruction was spared our kindred, the horrors herein adumbrated, were actualities on the magnificent ships of the wretched Spaniards; indeed these imaginings ten fold inluridated would but feebly reproduce the inferno of each of the ships that our guns battered into tortured masses of shapeless ruin.



LOADING A GUN ON THE TEXAS.



EMBARKING TROOPS AT TAMPA.

IV.

BARELY had the word of war been spoken when the malevolent influence of the "yellow" press began to make itself felt in the conduct of affairs. There were millions who remembered the disasters forced upon Lincoln's administration by the clamor, "On to Bull Run!" In the history of the Crimean War, Kinglake devotes a section of unequalled brilliancy to the influence of the press upon a nation at war. He describes with absorbing and sustained force the gradual shifting of the initiative from the grasp of the departments of State, to the editorial

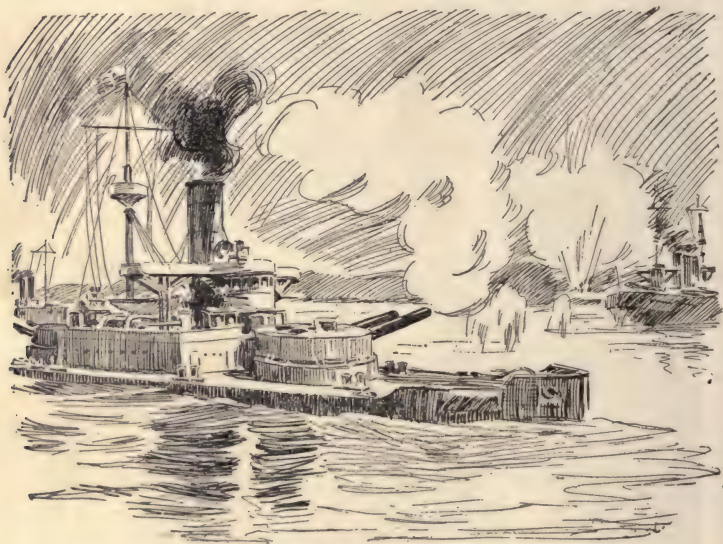


VOLUNTEERING IN NEW YORK.

sanctum of the *Times* newspaper. Commanders in the field, councils, every responsible source of action, worked in paralysis compared with the potentiality of the Orphic utterances of the press. Before a squadron could be reasonably expected to be ready, the yellow press began a vocif-

erous demand for action, for results, for the doing of things that would enable "enterprise" to publish "extras." Insensibly the disposition of the people was influenced by the incessant iteration.

The troops called out by the President were so-to-speak as naked as the newborn babe. Everything had to be done to give them a semblance of cohesive force. It was necessary to assign camps accessible to the various groups of quotas. Chickamauga, identified with one of the momentous battles of the Civil War, was selected as the rendezvous for the middle division of the Union. The daily papers were filled with the admirable disposition of the youth of the land to take up the burden of battle; thousands in every state offered themselves to the recruiting offi-



THE "PURITAN" IN ACTION AT MATANZAS.

cers. The people, thrown into alarm by the vehemence of the press, vaguely felt that the recruit was a soldier the moment he signed his name to the muster-roll. The yellow press daily proclaimed that the navy was ready and able to "end the war in a week"; that the 200,000 men had nothing to do but march to the sea and sail over to Cuba. It was even argued in the noisiest and most potential of the metropolitan presses, that



COMPANY DRILL AT CAMP ALGER.



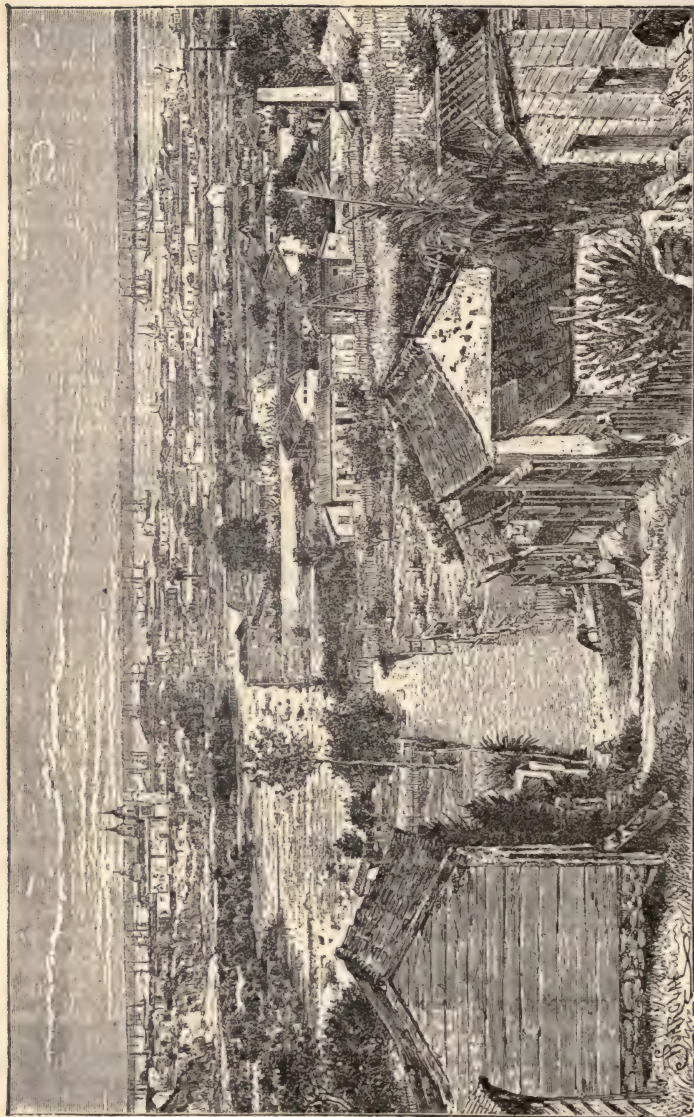
there was no use for the calling out of the soldiery; that the navy was equal to the conquest of Cuba and the Spanish holdings in the Caribbean Sea.

When, on April 24th the fleet made a slight test of its guns at Matanzas, there was a furious denunciation of the administration for withholding the tars from "real war." The President was represented as bent upon a "kind-hearted war" in which there should be merely tentative bombardments of fleets and strong places. Much was made of the fre-



SPANISH PRIZES IN KEY WEST HARBOR.

quency and facility of the captures on the high seas. The whole country was thrown into merriment by the audacities of the hastily-improvised cruisers and blockaders, attacking the most formidable of Spanish craft and dragging them into port as prizes. Indeed, for a fortnight the southern ports were incapable of harboring the immense fleets of mer-



VIEW OF MATANZAS.

chant vessels, that fell a prey to our energetic craft. The incidents gave rise to embittered controversy abroad, where it was sneeringly deduced that the mercantile spirit of the Yankee was, as usual, the preëminent



CAPTURED SPANISH OFFICERS ON THE "NASHVILLE."

phase of the conflict. By international law, an enemy's ships, when war is declared, are entitled to thirty days' warning. We, on the contrary, had barely broken relations with Spain, when our ships swarmed in every

avenue of commerce, to surprise vessels whose commanders had no suspicion of hostilities. Sordid calculation of the "money in it" for our sailors and our treasury filled the presses. For a time, it would have been natural to suppose that the war had been declared to enable our fleets to accumulate prize-money!

Meanwhile the harassed administrative bureaux were straining the new and creaking machinery to make soldiers out of the admirable material proffered. But soldiers cannot be made by mere de-



LIGHT AND HEAVY UNIFORMS.

crees. The regimenting and brigading, the mobilization of 200,000 men can only be rightly done in prescribed ways. In other countries, these ways have been prepared for years—where people live as in an armed camp. With our small, but ample army of 25,000 men, we have no machinery for putting four times that number in military harness. Everything was to be done. Uniforms were to be made, the innumer-

able requirements of men huddled in masses and obliged to supply themselves with food, covering all the needs of life, in short. Even the transportation of these hastily formed bodies of troops presented difficulties. The railways could not supply trains promptly; groups of men were shifted and sent astray, when the camps of organization were located. It was found that there were no provisions for shelter, uniforming, even drilling. The regulars were hurried to the deadly sand-dunes of the Florida coast, ready for actual service; but alone, it was held they were unequal to attacking the least of the Spanish strong places.

In this interval disputations arose in most of the states over the terms upon which the militia might be made use of to serve under the President's call. The rank and file of the state troops in every case waived all rights to immunity from foreign service, and eagerly demanded the privilege of upholding the republic wherever her interests were at stake. In the war bureaux at Washington it was seen that an early movement would be perilous; that aside from the always present danger of the Cuban climate, it would be murder to dispatch untrained ranks to encounter the veterans defending Cuba's strong places. Coincident with difficulties and embarrassments inseparable from the extemporizing of so large an army, one of the most vicious defects of our system came to add to the confusion, inefficiency and benumbing fatalities of the situation. The place-hunter, denied the usual spoils of office in the civil service, insisted on having the officering of the new levies.

We had costly lessons in this very evil during the Civil War. We had seen presuming politicians in command of regiments, brigades, army corps, departments, in a million posts requiring the training and experience of men educated in our military schools; it was supposed that the administration thus admonished would stand between the soldiery and these soulless cormorants. There are volumes attesting the thousands slaughtered on every field of the Civil War by the intrusion of political adventurers; the lessons had been so deeply impressed that the country heard with a shock of indignant disbelief, that senators and representatives were making it impossible to carry on the war, unless commissions were given to "workers," relatives, and influential nobodies. The country was swarming with the graduated men, who had devoted years to the study and practice of the art of war. There were enough accomplished graduates of West Point to officer a million men safely and competently. Not one in a thousand of these men, eager to return something to the republic in zealous, enlightened devotion for the education given, could even get a hearing. The rich sons of affluent politicians, the profligate

kinsmen of war-time personalities, were given staff appointments, places the most difficult to fill, and upon whose proper filling depends the safety of the masses sent under fire.

The lamentable effects became apparent in every attempt to move the inchoate legions. Indeed, the picture given of the hopeless tangle at the various camps, became so disheartening, that the executive departments were constrained to promise that no more of this murderous nepotism should be carried on. But the country remarked that in every batch of appointments sent to the Senate, the "political pull" still made itself felt, and made itself felt to the end. Naturally, there was delay, confusion, hardships in the mobilization of the army, for the indispensable machinery was defective from its inception. The pictures that reached the country from Key West, Tampa and other points of rendezvous, gave promise of the disasters that signalized the years 1861, and '62. Even when experienced men were put in place, the selections seemed based on other than consideration of fitness for the peculiar campaigns involved.

The administrative officers were in many instances long past the age of vigor. Veterans from both the Confederate and Union armies were promptly named, but they were frequently men who had not been identified with happy campaigns or individual initiative; on the other hand the most eminent of the groups who had conducted armies with precision and success were passed by. Under these conditions, the armies assembled in Florida and at the rendezvous in the interior, did not impress the solicitous as likely to meet the crisis. But with these shortcomings and vices, there were imposing evidences of the devotion and constancy of the soldier, that to a great extent made up for the lack of leadership.

Perhaps the most significant demonstration of this spirit of the country was the organization of a regiment which became the joy of the paragraphers and the pundits of the press. Theodore Roosevelt, a rich young New Yorker, who had figured frequently as a reformer in the insurrections of New York City politics during the last decade, resigned the responsible place of assistant secretary of the navy, to become a subaltern in a regiment designed to do and dare. Under the characteristic designation of the "Rough Riders," Roosevelt almost in a day, gathered the most disparate groups of the republic's adventurers. The recruits came from the scholastic seclusion of Harvard, from the wild life of the plains, from the gilded clubs of the metropolis, the Capauan splendors of millionaire palaces. The cowboy and the dude, the pioneer and the dilettante jostled each other in the ranks that were formed almost in a day. The gathering of this unique organization, the roster of its bizarre personalities, was read

from day to day, with delight and laughter. The drilling and disciplining of the mass, the Croesan gifts of the privates to the regiment, the readiness of the aristocratic contingent to fall into the squalid details of camp life, made a page of piquant interest for the whole country.

Roosevelt, himself, was the most interesting figure; a man of letters,



A GROUP OF ROUGH RIDERS.

eager, impulsive, absorbed in everything he undertook, he was indulgently admired by even those who distrusted his sagacity or opposed his ideals. He was the chief of the jingo voices in all international ardors. He had been the candidate of his party for mayor of New York. He had been put at the head of the metropolitan police commission on the overthrow of Tammany in 1895—and made the life of his compatriots gay by his original administration of this apparently uncongenial post. He had written voluminous pamphlets in a semi-historical vein, on the settling of

the West, and had made himself the idol of the groups that demanded a big navy, a big army—everything big in fact that the tax payer distrusts.

In his new endeavor, Roosevelt brought the same irrestrainable energy to the task that had given him eminence in other enterprises. He mastered the rubric of the tactics and set to work to drill his motley legion with the assiduous delight of a Prussian martinet. In the long journey from the regiment's rendezvous, at San Antonio, Texas, to Tampa, the rough riders were a magnet to the inhabitants from far and near. The farmers and villagers who had read for years of the "400" of New York, flocked to the railway, to catch a glimpse of the scions of these mysterious potencies, transformed into private soldiers of the republic. The famous athletes, the notorious cowboys, the equivocal of mining camps and Buffalo Bill shows, were no less embodiments of wonder to the country through which the squadrons passed. In every city they were fêted, caressed, glorified. But for that matter, no body of men bearing the insignia of the republic were neglected, as the trains bearing them, dragged an uncertain course to the decisive point of embarkation. We shall see them in the strain and storm of cruel trial, and find that the touch of one hand, impressed some of the rare qualities, that make steadfast troops—but even in the almost bouffe heroism, we shall likewise see that soldiers are not made, officers are not created by mere proclamations.



INSPECTING A DYNAMITE GUN.





CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY.



COMMANDER ASA WALKER.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER JOHN E. PILLSBURY.



COMMANDER BOWMAN H. MCCALLA.

BOOK TWO.

I.

ON the Sunday morning of the first of May, the war being nine days old, a thrilling rumor stopped the groups wending their way to church. Across vague leagues of sea and land, from the uttermost width of the globe came a tale of conquest. The flag of the republic had been victorious in a combat upon the fortunes of which depended a vast colony. The distance, the mystery of the ships engaged, the sum of death and destruction, were for twenty-four hours a poignant anguish to the electrified people. Gradually, the country learned that the almost unknown squadron of Commodore Dewey, stationed in Chinese waters, had in obedience to a curt order from the navy department, sailed from Hong Kong, sought the enemy at his strong place and fought him until not a vessel was left to fly the enemy's flag. There had been light talk and fanciful conjecture in the public prints, on the possibilities of our Asiatic squadron doing something to make the Spaniards uneasy for their last and most splendid possession in the East, but the most sanguine never ventured to hope that the first blow of the war would result in a conquest, such as great powers consider ample gain for a long campaign.

Many causes had combined to bring about an increase in our Asiatic squadron, even before the authorities had any clear apprehension of war. The late astounding aggression of Germany on the territory of China, in a time of peace, had suggested the need of ample sea power to safeguard our immense commercial interests in Oriental waters. The threatening complications between Britain and Russia, gave promise of a partition of the unwieldy domains of the Celestial empire, such as the world has been witnessing in Africa. It is inferable too, that the sagacious statesman at the head of the navy department, had a prevoyant instinct in the matter, when he selected the men and the craft for the station. Whether fortuitous or designed, the republic was miraculously served. One of the decisive victories rarely achieved in war, was fought and won, almost before the republic had adjusted its armor for the fray. To the country, the news came with all the fascinating unexpectedness, that made the new world conquests tales of marvel to the Europeans of three centuries ago; when successive caravels, brought to the monarch of the Spains, the title deeds of lands far surpassing his inherited realms in extent.

It is on record that Dewey himself, accepted the Asiatic billet with re-

luctance, counting the Atlantic as the only chance for the fleets, in the by no means probable event of hostilities. It was set down to his credit, that having the right to an Atlantic assignment, he magnanimously yielded to the request of a brother officer, whose term was nearing an end, and hoped that if there were need for action he might have a chance to wind up his career gloriously.

Hong Kong is a world harbor; seized by the British in the first epoch of European predation upon China, the port is open to the commerce and navies of the world. In this harbor, Commodore Dewey waited with a sailor's impatience, the fateful word that was to launch the wondrous "white squadron" against the unknown. The crews of the great ships, the hierarchy of the officers, every man on the vessels—longed for the word war. For the idleness of an international harbor becomes irksome to the tar. He loves the sea—even in the inhuman tenements assigned him in modern war structures. Hong Kong is a tropic port, and the lassitude of the climate begins to tell after a short sojourn. It was noted by the curious, that Dewey had become deeply immersed in the charts of the China Seas; that like Napoleon, before the Italian campaign, he studied them by day, and meditated them by night. It was not however, until the brush of the painter was called in to transform the beautiful white surfaces of the fleet into a repellent nameless drab, that even the almond eyed navvy, knew that there was ominous work ahead, when this portentous transfiguration eclipsed the glory of the fleet. When Dewey on his own responsibility—anticipating the future, with the wise prevoyance of a prudent executive, bought out of hand, a British steamer from Cardiff, freighted with 3,000 tons of coal and a vessel of a Hong Kong house, laden with provisions; the very powder boys knew that war was to be the wear very soon. Dewey's fitness for the post he had taken with reluctance, was never more consummately shown than in this commercial diplomacy. He assured breathing space for his enterprize and really augmented his force by two powerful auxiliaries—for the entire crews of these vessels to a man took service under the flag of the republic. Then came a breath of the far-off land—home. The McCulloch, a revenue cutter, employed by the Treasury Department on missions far removed from war, suddenly appeared among the fleet, shrilling salutes to the enraptured tars. In war, the President may make use of these pacific craft to supplement the fleets, and when this vessel appeared, every blue jacket on board felt that he was sure of the deadly chance he had been eager for. It was this swift craft, that on the 26th of April dashed up to the flagship, to deliver this fateful message:

“WASHINGTON, April 26th.

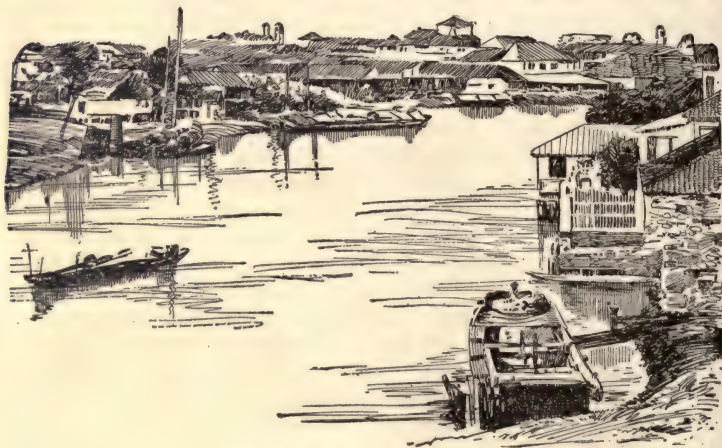
“DEWEY; Asiatic Squadron: Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet, you must capture or destroy them.

“MCKINLEY.”

It is not often that the President of the republic thus puts his signature to a command. Only once during the Civil War did Abraham Lincoln perform this function of his constitutional prerogative—when on February 1862 he ordered all the armies of the United States to move. But no order ever given was so completely executed. The Spanish fleet was both destroyed and captured. Dewey's comment as reported by a witness at hand, portended—what was to follow: “Thank the Lord,” he ejaculated, “at last, I've got the chance, and I'll wipe them off the Pacific Ocean.” The squadron was lying in Chinese waters when this curt mandate reached its commander. For under the laws of nations, neither belligerent is permitted to make a stay of more than twenty-four hours in a neutral port. Dewey had taken refuge in the nearest haven to Hong Kong, Mirs Bay, and that Celestial harbor was thrown into a panic by the stertorous outburst from the ships, when at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 26th the commodore's war pennant fluttered out from the mast head. This was the seaman's signal that the ships were no longer panoplied by the safeguards of law, that at any moment, they must be ready to defend themselves,—three miles from neutral shores. It meant war; and among the masses imprisoned in the iron hulks, there was the exultant delight of the human on being liberated. Every mile the ship sailed now, meant the growing peril of bomb, torpedo, and ram, but the sailors hailed these dangers, as others hail redemption. On the instant, as if impatient to taste to the full the liberty to slay and be slain, the fleet, nine vessels in all, made straight eastward, where the enemy was known to be. The commodore's flagship—the Olympia, led the way, followed in order by the Baltimore, the Boston, the Raleigh, the Concord, the McCulloch, the Petrel, and the two improvised transports Zafiro and Nanshan.

This fleet was familiarly known in every sea port of the republic. It had been reproduced in illustrations for every reader of newspapers, to the uttermost hamlet from the Canadian frontier to the Rio Grande. Every man of eminence on each ship had been photographed and pictured, until they were as well known as family friends—in every household in the union. The journey, made in the tension and hopes of conflict, was not precipitate—for though on fighting bent, Dewey was full of the wise precaution of the strategist. The squadron was subdivided into scouts and

guards. These vessels entered and scrutinized the sizes and purport of the harbors, likely to be tenanted by the enemy. Subig bay, a sheet of water, only second in importance to Manila itself—was entered with every precaution suggested by naval craft. It was half hoped that Admiral Montojo would be found there, as the harbor offered many advantages for a battle. But Subig was empty of war vessels. Dewey indeed, drew augury there of the inconceivable unpreparedness of the enemy, for it was not known to the few ships encountered, that war was on. Under a yellow moon that seemed to the watching mariners a fantastically erratic balloon, the fleet quit Subig harbor the last day of April and skirted down the Philippine coast, in thrilling expectation. Every officer in control of each ship, knew to a dot on the chart, just what must be met; the only conjectural point was, the number and place-



GENERAL VIEW OF MANILA.

ment of the infernal machinery, prepared for the ships batteries. Would they begin abreast the harbor of Manila—Spain's most affluent spot in the splendid colony of the Orient? The harbor in peace, is reckoned one of the most inviting in that strange eastern archipelago. Shaped like a vast balloon—swelling to twenty or thirty miles in width at the upper, or northern part, the navigable waters decrease toward the neck or entrance where the island of Corregidor blocks the mouth, ideally placed by nature, to supplement the defensive works of art. The land,

coterminous with the narrow neck, rises on each side into gigantic palisades, commanding the approaches from the open sea. From these sentry-like acclivities, the ground rises inland in mountainous ranges—far into the interior—of the island of Luzon. The ancient city of Manila, the emporium of the vast Philippine group, is built upon a flat plain, between the upland ranges and the curving bays, twenty-six miles upward and northeastward, from the narrow passes on each side of the island of Corregidor. The city was originally built upon inlets from the bay, the largest called the Pasig river; which accommodates good sized craft. In effect—the arms of the bay make the city almost as detached in quarters as Venice. The original settlement was made on an oblong island south of the Pasig called “Old Manila—or Binondo.” This mass of tenement is a perfect reproduction of the mediæval Spanish walled



CAPTURE OF CAVITE ARSENAL.

city. It is compactly circumvallated from its neighboring suburbs, but modern artillery has made these walls mere monuments of the past, as they are no defences. Ten miles south by west, of Manila, the real defences of the place are located at a military and naval settlement—Cavite. The place is admirably chosen for its purpose. An arm of land

stretches outward and upward, like the claw of a lobster, completely sheltering a small sheet of water, capacious enough for twenty fleets. Since the attempt of the Germans to seize the Caroline group, Spain has made unstinted efforts to erect Cavite into an inexhaustible defence, both in provisions and appliances for any emergency. For four years, no stranger could get within observing distance of its carefully guarded walls or its imposing arsenal. It was the tale throughout all the eastern seas, that Manila could never be successfully attacked, so ample were the precautions of the home government. And had the Spanish authorities supplemented nature—Cavite could only have been taken as Mobile or New Orleans were, by patient approach and deadly grapple—if even



SPANISH ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS, MANILA.

these could have won over such enginery as modern science puts in such profusion at the disposal of the defensive. But the ominous points of contact for such an enterprise as Dewey's were the islands, Corregidor and Rulacabilla—square in the mouth of the narrow entrance to the harbor. Corregidor rises from the water six hundred and fifty feet skyward—the second island is less lofty by perhaps a hundred or more feet. These islands, provided as any of our coasts were armed, could have stopped a fleet a hundred fold more powerful than Dewey's. Indeed the

completeness of the prodigious armaments on these heights was told all over the Orient, when the first signs of war arose.

Add to this the interminable chains of mines, torpedoes and other infernal agencies, and Dewey's hardihood can be comprehended. That momentous Saturday night, as the squadron steamed toward the unknown, Dewey called the illustrious company commanding the several ships, to counsel. The group comprised, Captain Charles V. Gridley, of the flagship; of the Raleigh, Captain Joseph B. Coghlan; Boston, Commander G. F. F. Wilde; Baltimore, Commander Nehemiah M. Dyer; Concord, Commander Asa Walker; Petrel, Captain E. P. Wood; McCulloch, Captain D. B. Hodgson. Dewey made known his plan of operations succinctly and confidentially. He proposed, he declared, to carry out the President's order. He directed the captains to slip into the bay past the islands under cover of the night, and then make at the Spanish squadron, wherever found. They were cautioned to extinguish all lights, and pay no heed to shots fired at them in passing. It was after midnight when the captains were rowed back to their vessels. The large moon suddenly slumped out of sight, and the sea was a wilderness of misty darkness. The audacious armada was soon at the crucial juncture of fort, fleet and mines. The commander took the place of peril, as his old tutor Farragut used to do. The Olympia steamed in spectral majesty under the sweep of the Corregidor guns, and the rest of the line followed. The lights on the island were plainly visible, when the men were called up to wash and get a staying draught of coffee. The silence of the hour—neither night nor morning—made the ship's noises so distinct, that they grew into volcanic uproars in the excited minds of the crews. It seemed as if the mighty throbblings of the engines must be audible even in Manila, thirty miles away.

For hours, which seemed ages, the ships crept along until they came into the channel, moving in single file, and without a sound on board, except quiet orders and the throb of the engines and thwacks of the screws. In that still air, it seemed impossible to escape the vigilance of the forts, yet the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston passed without even the challenge of a hail. The batteries of Corregidor and Caballo were mute, although the flagship passed well in range, with the Baltimore, following still closer inshore. It was incredible to Dewey and his commanders, that the garrisons were at their posts and awake, for it seemed that a fleet stealing into an enemy's bay never made so much noise. The flotilla would all have been inside—squadron, supply ships, and convoy—without the Spanish guards receiving the faintest intimation of its ap-

proach, if it had not been for a fireman on board the McCulloch. Possibly her commander had some idea that he was running behind and told the engineer to put on a little more steam. It was supposed that the men at the boilers got the idea that this was needed, and, throwing open the furnace doors, a few shovelfuls of soft coal were dumped in. Up from the smokestack of the cutter went a great shower of sparks. "If some one doesn't see that, the whole island must be asleep," an officer on the Olympia exclaimed. Some one evidently did see it, but even then the answer did not come instantly, for some minutes elapsed before, out from the west there came a bugle call, then a flash, and then the rolling boom of a great gun. Between the flash and the report there should have been the drop somewhere of the shot that went with them, but nobody in the fleet ever saw or heard anything to prove that Spain's first gun in the battle of Manila Bay, fired anything more than a blank cartridge. Twice more the battery fired, and somewhere astern of the McCulloch, there was a great splashing of water, but there was no ball felt anywhere near the line. Up to the third shot with its answering splash, no reply was made by the invading fleet, but with the third shot, and sounding almost like its echo, there was a roar from the Concord. In what particular part of the fort that shot hit, no one knew. Then further back, the Boston took up the signal and sent in an eight-inch shell. Still further to the rear, the McCulloch having started the *mêlée*, continued as if for diversion. The batteries kept on flashing and booming a few minutes longer, and then became silent. There remained the torpedoes and mines with which the entrance was strewn, and Admiral Montojo's fleet rushing out to ram the groping vessels. But it is recorded by a participant, that the unanimous feeling was, that if mines were there, they were there, and that was all there was about it. Still in the deep darkness just before the dawn, the adventurous ships sailed implacably onward. Commodore Dewey was talking in an undertone to the rebel Philippino, who was acting as pilot. The figures of the men could be seen standing silently at their posts, up and down the ship. An officer analyzing the sensations of that crisis of the advance, declared "This invisible fleet ahead was a test out of which no man came without a sigh of relief. It is a hard thing to whisper an order, I know, so perhaps it is not to be wondered at that there should have been a break, or vibration in the men's voices, as they passed the necessary word from mouth to mouth. We were all keyed up, but it was not long before the fighting string in every man's heart was twanging and singing like that of a taut bow."

Never in the history of desperate enterprises, was the flower safety

more daringly plucked from the nettle danger. It was known that the Spanish fleet, in numbers, largely outnumbered the craft at Dewey's command. A victorious captain-general had just subdued a prolonged outbreak on the main islands, and it was generally supposed that the arsenals of the harbors were amply guarded, and the stores abundant. It had gone forth too, that a deadly system of mining had made the harbor of Manila impossible to navigate, even were there no fleet to impede the entrance. It was true, as a matter of fact, that Admiral Montojo's vessels were more in number than the squadron of attack, but there the comparison ends, for one of our battle ships far surpassed any two of the Spanish. In guns, in all the appliances that make fighting machines effective, our less numerous squadron was immeasurably superior. In another respect the disparity was more vitally apparent. The conduct of the Yankee crews, the inventive fertility of the rank and file, the quality, which is often spoken of as "moral stamina," made our fleet incomparably more than a match for an equal number, even on superior fighting machines. This, however, could only be a hope, not a reliance in Dewey's calculations when he set sail from Hong Kong.

The last great colonial empire of the world possessions of Spain, were within three days' steaming of the cosmopolitan haven of Hong Kong, long held by the British. Pendulating between revolution and anarchy, the tribes of this vast insular empire had been draining the life-blood of the monarchy for years. Pro-consuls had been sent out, as to Cuba, had waged ruthless war for a season, and returned to the metropolitan, proclaiming peace. But barely had the word reached Madrid, when revolt was reported; new bands were in motion and the Spanish masters in a panic. The distance from the seat of government, the immensity of the area of the islands, made it difficult to frame effective action from Madrid. Had the affairs of the colony been in the hands of strong governments, capable administrators, the problem was great enough to tax the sagacity of the most enlightened and accomplished statesmen.

But, as in Spain where a succession of adventurers succeeded in cabinet after cabinet, so in the Philippines, adventurer after adventurer took up the heavy burden of administration, and failed. The causes of these failures are precisely those that brought ruin upon Spain herself. Indolence, ignorance, rapacity, the cynical venality deplored by every thoughtful Spaniard. Captain-general after captain-general followed each other at stated intervals, each returning to Spain enriched by his pro-consulate! But even the fatuous misrule of the Spaniards would not have brought about rebellion, if outside nationalities had not set the discontented into

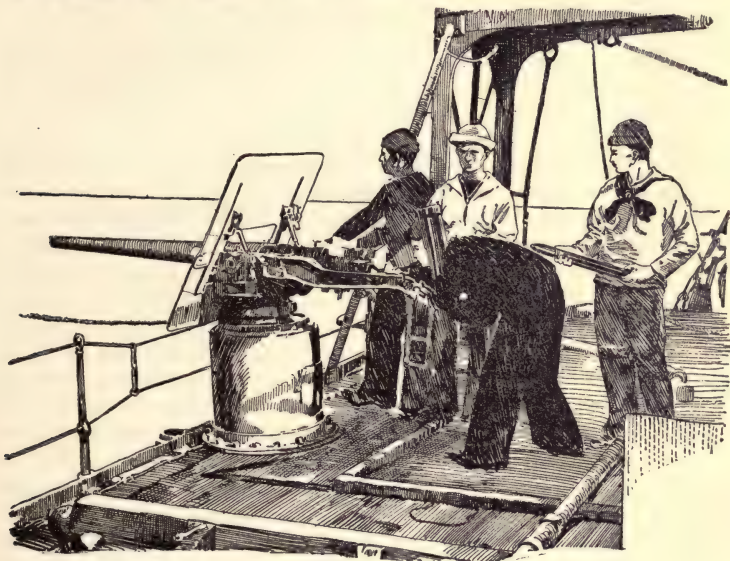
active revolt. There are no natives capable of aspiring to independence, none that have the remotest conception of self-rule, or rule of any kind, save the bludgeon or the bow string. But the Japanese, the Chinese and even some of the more restless of the Western states of Christendom, kept the natives in activity, with the purpose of wearing Spain out and seizing the coveted territories.

Bismarck began the policy some years ago, by a claim on that group of the Philippines known as the Caroline islands. He naïvely professed that he had no idea they formed part of the possessions of Spain; that they were lying unclaimed by any competent authority, and that Germany needed them! Spain flew into a passion. Europe became interested. Britain saw that her predominance in the Orient would be put in jeopardy. Spain was therefore encouraged to arm, to resist, and Britain would stand by. Bismarck had no motion of going as far as a general war. He saw that if he persisted in seizing the islands, that he would have to fight the British. He was given a chance to withdraw without letting it be seen that he was driven out; the matter was submitted to the arbitration of the Pope, and as prearranged, the pontiff reaffirmed Spain's title.

Dewey knew that his ships were perfect, in so far as they represented what has come to be known as a "class" of fighting machines. They had never been tried in action; it was problematical whether the most accomplished of the trained craftsmen could really guide and manipulate the million niceties of invention that make the handling of a battle ship, the work of a scientific adept.

As war reveals a people to itself, battle discovers to men, faculties they are hardly conscious of. To manœuvre a stately battle ship, under the rubric of the rules laid down in the school of the mariner, is far from doing the same work in the stress of conflict. For not the least of the demand upon the sailor or soldier, is the denial of curiosity! He may not stop to watch the thrilling phantasmagoria of strife; he may not even follow the meteoric parabola of the ball he speeds to do deathly work. The shouts and cries of command or pain, the hoarse cheers in the pandemonium about him, the echoing voice of stertorous defiance in the murky deeps beyond—these he may not linger to take count of. He must push hand, limb, body, sight, every faculty that differentiates the man from the machine, how much soever of a prodigy it may be in complicated workmanship. He is lost in the savage exultation of death; but he has none of the gluttonous delight of his ancestor, the redman, whose blow preceded the triumph of the scalp—the ecstasy of his enemy's dying groan or servile surrender.

Dewey's fleet had just enough ammunition to fight one battle, if the resistance were not prolonged. This however, was not known to the sailors, though the veterans must have divined it. Hence the daring of the attack reaches the stage of heroism—known as the forlorn hope—for had the Spanish fleet, resisted long enough, had Admiral Montojo been able



WORKING A FIVE-INCH RAPID FIRE GUN.

to shelter his vessels as he could have done, or as Dewey would have done, had the emergency required it; our fleet would have found itself in the enemy's harbor, four thousand miles from coal and ammunition!

Dewey had taken all the precautions his daring implied. He had informed himself of the enemy's resources; he knew to a gun the armament that would resist him. He had such charts and outlines as it was possible for agents of our government to procure. But he couldn't foreknow the absolute poverty of the arsenal; the treasonable lack of precautions in the vital defences of the harbor of Manila. It is a testimony to his heroism that he went to his work anticipating all the dangers that skill, prudence, scientific knowledge and ample warning foreboded. He expected to pass as did Farragut, his ancient commander at Mobile, miles of

water strewn with torpedoes, nets to impede his vessels, guns banked on the island of Corregidor, commanding the entrance to the bay, as effectually as Staten Island guards the approaches of New York. For Manila, as the chief city and naval entrepot of Spain's Oriental Empire, was naturally supposed to be ready at all times for just such an onset as Dewey meditated.

The recent war between China and Japan had illustrated the defects of great ships alone, as protections to harbors. Admonished by China's collapse, it was only natural to suppose that Manila would present an aggressive defence redoubtable to the strongest squadron that Britain herself could bring to bear. All this Dewey counted upon, when after the fateful sail across the Yellow Sea, his squadron came in sight of the island of Corregidor. He had timed his approach to the crucial point, at an hour when he would have the cover of darkness. But in the hands of competent men, darkness would have been no shield. Invention has placed it in the power of defenders of strong places, on the coast, to throw wide beams of light across the pathway of approaching ships, to surprise the most cautious night advance. Dewey's fleet had almost wholly passed the island, when a bed of soft coal in one of the furnaces of the fleet sent up a lurid flame. A shot from one of the forts followed, but as the ships had been moving as they neared land, with all lights out and every precaution against the faintest twinkle of a lantern, the startled enemy had nothing in sight to fire at.

With characteristic confidence, which under other circumstances might have seemed reckless bravado, the fleet returned a salvo. Now this passage at arms accentuates the incredible lack of preparation that the whole combat discovered. This opening gun was fired seventeen miles from Manila, but there was no telegraphic line communicating with the admiral in command! The destinies of the campaign might have been decided by a timely telegram to the commander. At the rate the fleet sailed four miles an hour to reach Manila, after this first warning shot, the Spanish fleet could have been made ready. But no word was carried to the unconscious Admiral Montojo. Scores of Krupp guns of the heaviest calibre lined the embattled cliffs on each side of Corregidor; in the hands of determined men, these guns could have riddled the stoutest armor and made the fleet an easy conquest; for even the inferior ships of the Spaniards, with mines properly placed along the channel, would have made the entrance to the bay, a holocaust. Believing that these were in his path, believing that the Krupp guns would do their office, Dewey, without an instant's hesitation, pushed on to their encounter!

This ordeal began at midnight. As the dawn broke with a flash, in the way day breaks in these tropic lands, the fleet was revealed in the lovely harbor of Manila, each vessel stripped for action, and the long files of stalwart men asleep beside their guns, expecting an onset every minute, from midnight on, neither officers nor men ventured to quit the decks. The sunlight revealed an entrancing spectacle to the eager mariners. In curving circles of dewy green, the vernal parterres of the mainland arose like blooming amphitheatres; in the dazzling foliage nestled the gay pavilions of Manila's suburbs; in the centre of the city itself, uprose in tranquil majesty, spires and domes—a vision of repose. In the clear air, the soft jangle of the early church bells came soothingly across the radiant waters. But beyond the curving line of peace, the grim portents of war engrossed the eager gaze of the men. Far other than the music of the bells came from that quarter. The Spanish ships, some visible, others concealed behind the tortuosities of Cavite, were making ready to challenge the Yankee right of way.

In keeping with the shiftless state of the enemy's fleets, defences and what not, our sailors could see the hurry and confusion that paralyzed the Spanish crews. Manila had been apprized that war was declared: the commander of the fleet was in cable communication with Hong Kong, and must have known the exact status of his adversary. He had Spanish compatriots in Hong Kong who could have served him as our consul in Manila had served Dewey. But these elementary preparations and precautions never seem to have entered into Captain-general Augusti's or Admiral Montojo's plan of campaign. The approach of the Yankees was a bewildering surprise. The wrecked admiral in accounting for his annihilation, naively confessed that he did not look for the hostile fleet under a week at the earliest, yet it was not by swift sailing our fleet was so promptly on the scene; for the Federal commander systematically held the squadron at half speed. From the moment the island of Corregidor was sighted, the rate was diminished to four miles an hour, to guard against torpedo and mining enterprises. Significantly too, the sailors were impressed superstitiously, by the fate of the *Maine*, for the name of that vessel was heard in every corner where tars were gathered in the solemn conclaves that precede battle. None feared open fight—shot or shell—but to be ignobly smothered like rats in a tub has the horror for sailors, that the prison bars of Andersonville came to have for the soldiers during the Civil War. But when the glorious tropic dawn irradiated the surface of the sea, and the tars caught a glimpse of the Spanish squadron, their trained eyes detected that while the men aboard might be

models of valor, the care of the ships was derisive. For it was noted that there was no steam issuing from the pipes, no smoke to indicate fires. The fleet indeed lay supine in the grasp of the determined captain, who braving all, was to win all. Not so on the Yankee ships. The tropic heat had warned the tars that garments would be a peril. When the guns were ready, the men stood at them stripped to the belt, and remained in this unconventional costume until the ships were "tidied" up for in-



SPANISH VESSELS BLOCKADED AT MANILA.

spection after the combat was ended. It is eminently worth recording, that the time of a number of the plain sailors had expired just as Dewey received the word from Washington to seek, engage, and destroy the Spanish fleet. In every instance, the men asked to join in the battle and though no longer amenable to the rules of war, fought the fight and did duty like their brethren.

Such exhibitions are worth volumes as indicating the spirit of the rank and file, the affectionate consideration in which the trained hierarchies of the fleet are held. For there was never a time when a British seaman was known to remain an hour in service, after the term of his legal release struck. The picture is fitly finished by the appearance of one of these modest heroes at the White House, on the return from the field of his glory, to narrate to the chief magistrate the incidents of the battle as a gunner's eye saw it. It would not be a complete history of the epoch,

that omitted this characteristic detail. Scores of incidents like these endeared Lincoln to the plain people he counted on so confidently to carry the country through the ordeal of war.

From the compact mass of the Spanish line, came the opening volley, our fleet moving in prescribed regularity, as if in evolution. Dewey in his place of peril, on the bridge of the flagship Olympia, stood gravely calculating the gunmanship of his enemy. To the strained attention of the men, immobile at the guns, it seemed as if the commander had forgotten the mission of his fleet. Nearer the vessels ranged in due order to the enemy's foreline, now sending missiles over the Yankee decks, hurtling through every projection of the ships. The Spanish flagship, the Reina Christina (Queen Christina) was 4,000 yards away, when she sent her first salute to the impassible commander. In an instant the flagship became the target of the Spanish line; the air was a pandemonium of crackling shells and whizzing shot. Still Dewey stood silent; finally, having gauged the accuracy of the enemy's fire, he turned to the waiting subordinate with the word:

"When you are ready you may fire, Gridley!"

The massive bulk of the Olympia turned her side to the line of fire and the roar from her enormous guns sounded almost simultaneously with the commodore's tranquilly uttered signal. Each ship in its turn took up the refrain. Then was seen the incommunicable something meant by discipline, the effects of enlightened training, the spirit of confidence that enables a guiding mind to achieve the utmost results hoped for, planned for, in the fallow years of peace. The men in every division of the innumerable parts seamen play, laid hold of their work as though its execution under shot and shell were the oldest of old stories. The Spanish missiles came in hurtling clouds about each ship; and it must be borne in mind that not the least of the benumbing terrors of battle on sea or land, is the indescribable clamor of the bursting bombs; the whizzing shot, whether its speed be checked by a human body or the inert mass of the ship's metal. Mingled with the tornado of shot and shell directed from the Spanish ships, four well-mounted earthworks added a continuous deluge upon Dewey's squadron.

Though the din and carnage seemed the blind fury of uncontrollable forces, that is, events following each other by chance or coincidence, studied design marked every volley, every movement of each ship had a double consigne—to act with such relation to natural obstacles as to gain the greatest efficiency for her broadside and least expose vulnerable parts: to keep in movement and in such guise as to give the enemy the least chance

to get sight on vulnerable parts. To gradually diminish the distance as the work of destruction visibly shattered the effective force of the enemy. This plan of operations kept our fleet in constant movement, easing the strain on each battery in turn, and enabling every part of the ship's offensive equipment to come into play by graduated instalments, so to speak. Above all, it gave the masses of men, who could not see what was going on, the unspeakable solace of feeling that all was going well, for they were carrying out precisely the orders received in squadron drill; that was reassurance that no destructive missiles had crippled the vessel; nothing out of the normal had come to pass. And as after all the effectiveness of the vessel depends utterly upon the cool head and the strong arm imprisoned among the mechanical appliances, this of itself reveals the scope of Dewey's masterful system. Simple as the manœuvering seems, in fact inevitable, it was clearly not counted on by the Spanish Admiral—Montojo, an accomplished mariner, as the tribute of Dewey attests. Montojo had so aligned his ships, as to compel a standing fight, ship to ship, and under such conditions he would have added immeasurably to his chances for the guns of Cavite would have been as deadly as the volleys from his broadsides. To have planted his line abreast the Spanish line, would have lessened the offensive force of Dewey's squadron by nearly half, for it would have taken time to turn each ship to bring each broadside into play. A realistic observer, whose official functions held him near the commodore during the evolutions, contributes the charming detail, that as the fleet having safely anchored the supply ships out of range, circled majestically back—eastward toward the wharves of Manila, Dewey, weighted with a responsibility that we who read and wonder, lose sight of in the result, commented on the lovely lines of landscape, likening the peaceful picture of earth, sea and sky with one of his own Vermont home scenes. It was remarked of another commander, Wilde of the Boston, that in the deadliest grapple of the combat, when iron fell like hail, and no one knew the instant the torpedoes would sound the ships' doom, he held a broad palm leaf fan and worked it with vigor. Naturally—the commander of fleet or vessel, were objects of interest to their juniors and the testimony on each ship shows that the country can count on as many Deweys as it has educated sailors. Once, for a moment, the breath of all who had time to glance overboard ceased, the flesh crawled as the Baltimore rushed thunderingly toward the jaws of flame, the water uprose in a pyramid of glittering jets—the surface of the water seemed to start upward—a sensation as of the first disturbance of an earthquake was imagined, not felt. Every man on ship seeing this

recognized that the unknown had come. The torpedoes were taking a hand. But there was no outward sign of the inward horror. They were there to die, but before dying they were there to destroy the destroyers. The ships sailed on—implacably as the fate that had summoned them. That, however, was the last evidence of the mining that was to undo the invader, supposing him to pass the outer barricades.

Unlike most battles at sea there were witnesses at hand to mark every stage, every gun shot, so-to-speak, that each side fired. Dewey himself seemed intent on solving the scientific results; the aggressive and passive potentialities of his own and the enemy's armaments. There was none of the clamorous frenzy of shouting men and maniac officers, we read of in the old days of wooden ships, where officers with cutlasses stood over the gunners shrieking forth alternate commands and oburgations. Indeed the fighting man moved with the same orderly determination, exacted at drill. To get the full effect of the guns and the best results from the men, each ship turned an alternate side in firing. Thus the groups at the guns had an interval of ten minutes or more to rest, while their mates on the other side were firing. In spite of the "smokeless" powder, dense clouds of black smoke rose rapidly, cutting off the clear outlines of the embattled enemy.

The din of broadsides had gone on perhaps fifteen minutes, when a movement of significance was discerned among the Spanish ships. Into the shot torn sea, directly in the line of the Olympia, came the Spanish flagship, the majestic leader of the enemy's fleet. Admiral Montojo, recognizing the Olympia as the rival flag bearer, made intrepidly toward her. Dewey saw the manœuvre and leaning over the rail of the bridge, directed an officer to bid the gunners turn every muzzle upon the oncoming assailant. The Spanish admiral could be seen on the bridge, directing the battle, with his two sons as aids beside him. At each turn in the circuit made by the fleet, the Reina Christina made head toward the Olympia; every man in the fleet became conscious of the duel of the flagships; every gun was pointed with more deliberate aim toward the Spanish leader, which advanced and retired with the coming and going of the flag ship. Dewey had noted the tactics and when the Christina turned to take temporary breathing space behind the Cavite spur, an eight inch shell was sent square into the retreating ship's stern.

The immense missile struck squarely under the protecting deck plates, tore through the length of the vessel, and when nearly at the other end of the hulk, exploded the powder magazine. The havoc was beyond words, destructive. One hundred and thirty men were killed or wounded;

the noble ship was almost annihilated as a fighting machine. The captain was instantly killed and seventy-five per cent. of the crew disabled, by this single shot!

Of this episode an eye witness gives this remarkable picture: "The commodore passed the word to concentrate all possible fire on the Reina



ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PARASON.

Christina, and she actually shivered under the battering of our storm of shot and shell. Rents appeared near her water line where the eight-inch shells had torn their way. One shot struck the port bridge on which Admiral Montojo stood, upon which like the brave man he was, the ad-

miral coolly stepped to the other end. But no bravery could stand the driving, crushing, rending of the tons of steel which we poured into the Christina, and there was quite a little cheer from our forward men as the Spanish flagship turned and made for the shore. But appreciation of courage on the part of the enemy, did not prevent our gunners from also appreciating the excellent opportunity which the retreating flagship gave us for a raking shot. As she got into her swing with the stern dead toward us, one of Captain Gridley's guns thundered, and an eight-inch shell struck the enemy as squarely in the centre as though she had been painted off in target squares. It was a bull's eye so marvelous in its exactness and so terrible in its effects that I cannot help speaking of it a little more at length. We saw from where we stood that it shattered the Christina's steering gear, and, unless our eyes very much deceived us, we saw, too, that the Spaniard was actually driven forward with a shivering motion like one prize fighter sent in catapult fashion staggering into the ropes from the fist blow of another prize fighter. From what we learned then, and from what we learned afterward, I am convinced that no man in the squadron had up to that time an idea of the awfully destructive possibilities of the eight incher. The projectile weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and one hundred and fifty pounds of powder were used to expel it. The gun itself was about twenty-eight feet long. When it left Gridley's gun the shell traveled at the rate of two thousand feet a second. The distance between the Olympia and the Reina Christina was about two thousand five hundred yards, and the time between the shot's leaving the muzzle of our gun, and its impact on the stern of the Spanish ship was the scarcely appreciable one of five seconds. When it left our gun it had what is technically known as an energy of eight thousand and eleven hundred foot-tons; that is, it would have gone through twenty-one and a half inches of Harveyized steel. But the Reina Christina was an unarmored vessel and all that enormous penetrative energy was expended on the Spanish cruiser's protected sides, and such internal resistance as partitions, bulkheads, engines, etc. It was through all these obstructions that the great shell tore its way until it reached the aft boiler. There it exploded, and as it did so, ripped up the deck of the cruiser and scattered its hail of steel in all directions. We could see the smoke pouring out of the vessel, the gush of escaping steam and the shower of splinters and mangled bodies." Dewey, of course, did not know the completeness of the work done by this one fateful ball. Admiral Montojo contributes the sequel: "Although we recognized the hopelessness of fighting the American ships, we were busy returning their fire. The Reina Christina



WORKING THE "OLYMPIA'S" EIGHT-INCH GUNS.

was hit repeatedly. Shortly after 6:30 o'clock I observed fire forward.

Our steering gear was damaged, rendering the vessel unmanageable, and we were being subjected to a terrible hail of shell and shot. The engines were struck; we estimated that we had seventy hits about our hull and superstructure. The boilers were not hit, but the pipe to the condenser



ADMIRAL MONTJOJO LEAVING HIS FLAGSHIP.

was destroyed. A few moments later I observed the after part on fire. A shell from the Americans had penetrated and burst with deadly effect, killing many of our men. The flag lieutenant said to me: 'The ship is in flames. It is impossible to stay on the Christina any longer.' He signalled to the gunboat Isle de Cuba, and I and my staff were transferred, and my

flag hoisted on her. Before leaving the Christina, my flag was hauled down. My flagship was now one mass of flames. I ordered away all the boats I could to save the crew."

Dewey at this point, not aware of the extremity of the enemy, made signal to cease firing. A blinding, impenetrable smoke hid everything above and about the vessels. It was impossible to distinguish visual signals. The group near Dewey's eyrie heard this dialogue.

"What time is it, Reese?" in the commodore's ordinary Yankee drawl. "Seven forty-five, sir," Reese spoke imperturbably as if the ships were in Boston harbor.

"Breakfast time," the commodore rejoined, smiling—"run up the signal to cease firing, and follow me." It impresses the irony of events, that the Spaniards at sight of the withdrawing fleets, sent up delirious cheers. It was at this juncture that the unfortunate Montojo's superior, like the Austrian at Marengo, sent the dispatch which intoxicated Madrid, that the Yankee fleet had drawn off disabled. To accentuate their joy, which they believed a triumph, the lands forts deluged the retiring squadron with Krupp missiles. "No reply, I suppose, sir," asked the Olympia's executive officer. "Oh, no," Dewey answered. "Let them amuse themselves. We shall have plenty of chance to burn powder after breakfast. We haven't really begun fighting yet."

The combat had been waged since a few minutes after five. But the men had been in a tension equal to a battle of twenty hours. Indeed the tension had begun so soon as the dim surfaces of the Philippines could be distinguished, the night before. To stop in the heat and fury of a combat to eat, was a new thing in sea warfare, and the fancy of the marines all over the world was immensely amused at the evidence of Yankee imperturbability. Dewey, however, had more weighty reasons than feeding his outworn crews, vital as that need was. It behooved him to husband his ammunition. He had tested the enemy's capacity for aggression and if the conflict were to be prolonged, he must take note of the resources at Montojo's command. While the men were breakfasting, the Spaniards had an opportunity to take an initiative. If they were capable of an onset, the Yankee fleet was ready, but the silence in the deeps behind Cavite and the conduct of the flagship, convinced Dewey that he had so crippled the armada and forts that it would be running no risk to freely use his ammunition in destroying the fleet, or forcing a surrender.

When the action ceased and the various fleet captains were signalled to report their losses and damage, on Dewey's flagship, the body that surrounded the commander regarded each other with stupefaction!

They had been firing and receiving fire for nearly three hours, and had the miraculous tale to tell, that not a man had been injured, not a splinter had been knocked from an iron frame! Dewey could scarcely believe his ears. When the officers at the end of thirty minutes returned with the astounding story to the ships, there was an outburst of cheers that puzzled the Spaniards, for they were in the despair of men who recognize that no valor can bring victory.

Admiral Montojo gives the picture in eloquent brevity: "Only a few men were drowned, the majority being picked up by the boats. Before jumping overboard, Captain Cadarso's son, a lieutenant on board the *Christina*, saw his father alive on deck, but others state that as the captain was about to leave, a shell burst overhead and killed him. We estimated that fifty-two men were killed on board the *Christina*, and about 150 wounded. In the *Castilla* about fifteen men were killed, but there were many wounded both on the *Castilla* and the *Don Juan*, on which thirteen men were killed. Altogether 400 men were killed and wounded in our ships. As soon as I translated myself from the *Reina Christina* to the *Isle de Cuba*, all the shots were directed upon the *Cuba*, following my flag. We sought shelter behind the pier at Cavite, and recognizing the futility of fighting more, I prepared to disembark, and gave orders for the evacuation of the remainder of our ships. The *Castilla* had been on fire from end to end for some time, and was of course already abandoned. The *Ulloa* was also burning.

"My last signal to the captains of all vessels was: 'Scuttle and abandon your ships.' This was about 7:30. The *Reina Christina*, *Castilla*, *Don Juan d' Austria*, *Velasco* and *Ulloa*, were all destroyed in this engagement. To prevent the guns being of use to the Americans, the captains on abandoning them brought away portions of their mechanism and also succeeding in saving all the ships' papers and treasure."

Unconscious of the havoc his ships had wrought, that is, the finality of the work done, Dewey ordered the renewal of the action at 10:45. The fleet as fresh and staunch as when the opening gun boomed over the waters, headed serenely for the slaughter pen. As the concourse steamed over the waters, the music of the church bells could be heard distinctly from Manila, as though war were unknown in the port! The forts, almost alone maintained the second combat. They were well armed, and had the guns been well served, we should have paid a costly price for the final conquest. But the same miraculous fortune attended to the end. With his ships riddled into useless hulks, their crews decimated, the forts silenced, Admiral Montojo was forced at the end of two hours to end a

resistance whose heroism redeemed the end. For it adds to the splendor of Dewey's triumph, that he overcame a resistance as desperate as sea annals record. Had Spain done by her sailors one-half that her sailors did for her, the contest at Manila would have left a different tale to tell.

History narrates down to the least syllable, the words of great seamen in combats that bear feeble comparison with Dewey's work at Manila. But there is no where in naval annals points more piquant, than one observant officer's report from Dewey's flagship. The resumption of the fight after the leisurely breakfast would have been called epic, had it been recorded of Nelson. "Everything ready, Lieutenant?" Dewey asked in his measured way. "I believe so, sir," Lamberton made answer. "Very well, call to quarters and get under way." To his old friend and comrade, Captain Dyer of the Baltimore, Dewey conceded the dangers and glories of leading in the second assault. The programme had been settled minutely. The Spanish fleet was to be finished, and then the forts silenced. Plainly, Dewey now knew what he could do with his ships, and knew the men he could count on, as well as what he might look for from the Spaniards. The triumph of Montojo's seamen had been shortlived. Even with the Yankees gone as they supposed to bind up their wounds, the Spanish fleet was unable to right a gun or adjust a splinter. The Baltimore's captain, emulous of the conduct of the flagship, went to his task intrepidly, and yet with a certain circumspection. As the ship ran within range she caught all the enemy's fire that was left. It seemed that in their desperation the Spaniards fired better at this time than they had in the earlier combat, for one of their shells exploded on the Baltimore's deck, wounding five men by scattering splinters. No reply went from the Baltimore. A few minutes passed and another shell burst on the ship's deck; three more men were hit. Still the Yankee did not reply. Shells plunged about the ship until she seemed plowing through a bed of dynamite. When she reached about three-thousand-yard range, she swung about and poured a broadside into the Reina Christina. Every shot must have told, for the former flagship seemed literally to crumble at the discharge. The smoke clouds hid everything for a minute or two, but when they lifted, the Christina could be seen bursting into fragments, the waters about her in a tempest of splinters. Under that ferocious discharge of the Baltimore's guns, Captain Cadarso and many of his men were killed. When the rain of her fragments had ceased, the Christina settled and sank, the remainder of her crew jumping overboard and swimming for the nearest consort. The Baltimore then turned her attention to the San Juan d' Austria, the Olympia and

Raleigh steaming up to aid in the destruction. The three cruisers poured a continuous stream into the Spaniard, which rocked under the concussion. A shell from the Raleigh struck the Spaniard's magazine and exploded it. The doomed ship's decks went up like the crust of a volcano; so violent was the shock that the vessel next her, *El Correo*, careened in almost complete wreck. The *Austria* was a wreck, and the *El Correo* was so damaged, that the *Petrel* ran up close to the Spanish gun boat and finished her by a few volleys. The cruisers *Velasco* and *Castilla* still remained apparently able to fight. The *Boston* devoted herself to ending the *Velasco's* activities. A broadside was landed from the cruiser with such startling precision that the Spanish ship actually swung over sideways, revealing jagged rents in her starboard side that told the story. She went down smoking, with barely time enough for her crew to throw over their boats and make for the shore. The *Castilla* had been set on fire in the first onslaught, and when the *Concord* and *Baltimore* poured the tremendous weight of shells into her, she was scuttled in order to prevent the magazine from exploding. "Every ship in the Spanish fleet," says an eye witness, "with one exception fought valiantly, but to the *Don Antonio d' Ulloa* and her commander *Robion*, should be given the palm for that form of desperate courage and spirit which leads a man to die fighting. The flagship and the *Boston* were the executioners. Under their shells the *Ulloa* was soon burning in half a dozen places; but her fighting crew gave no signs of surrender. Shot after shot struck the Spaniard's hull until it was riddled like a sieve. Shell after shell struck her upper decks, until under the awful fire all of her upper guns were useless; but there were no signs of surrender. The main deck crew escaped, but the captain and his officers clung to the wreck. On the lower deck her gun crews stuck to their posts like the heroes they were. As shot after shot struck the shivering hulk, still her lower guns answered back as best they might; it seemed as though it was impossible to kill her. At last we noticed her in the throes, that sickening unmistakable lurch of a sinking ship. Her commander noticed it too, still there was no surrender. Instead, he nailed the Spanish ensign to what was left of the mast and the *Don Antonio d' Ulloa* went down, not only with her colors flying, but also with her lower guns still roaring defiance. Just as the picture of the *Ulloa's* end is luridly bright, so that of another ship is gloomily dark. For the sake of her gallant mates, this ship shall be nameless. She had hauled down her colors about the same time that the *Ulloa* had refused to do so, and had gone down with them all aflutter. A boat's crew from the *McCulloch* was signaled to go and take possession of this ship, when

to our amazement she opened fire on the approaching gig. The ensign stood up in the stern in open-mouthed wonder at such a piece of treachery, but kept his boat along her course. The incident had not passed unobserved by the squadron, however, and the Spaniard's fate was a swift one. There was no need for the commodore to fly a signal, for it was as with a common impulse that every one of our vessels stopped firing at the enemy in general, and directed every available shot at that Spaniard in particular. The bay leaped up and foamed around the traitorous vessel as though it had been struck by the whip end of a Texas tornado, and when the waters were at rest again the Spaniard had vanished as completely as though that tornado had carried her bodily into a neighboring state." At 12:30, from the highest fortified point of Cavite, the Olympia's flag officer read the message, "We surrender."

Then the work of destruction was turned to the rescue and recuperation of the vanquished. On Dewey's fleet the sailors moved as if in a dream! It was at first difficult to make the grimy gunners believe that the battle was ended; that five hours' fighting had conquered the last imperial possession of the Spanish monarchy. But the commanders had no leisure to reflect on the magnitude of the work wrought in so brief a space. Problems of poignant embarrassment, came with the responsibilities of victory. Though the right arm of Spanish power had been crushed, a vigorous left arm remained to parry the final thrust. The army of Spain remained intact in the fortifications of Manila, a few miles away! Naturally the possession of Manila was desirable; until the flag of the republic floated over its citadel, the conquest could not be called complete; yet without an army to occupy the strong places, there was peril in taking possession. Dewey couldn't man his ships and garrison the town. The Spanish military commander couldn't resist a bombardment, but he could and did refuse to withdraw, unless driven out by the guns of the fleet. It was not however the mission of Dewey to slaughter the innocent, to wantonly destroy private property. Beside this, Manila is inhabited by colonies of many nationalities. These had to be considered in the emergency of an attack. Dewey wisely deferred a decision until he could hear from Washington.

Absorbing as the narrative of the battle to the reader, the telling of it to each other on board ship, gives the officers and men a renewal of its glories for many a day, and indeed will continue to thrill every one under the flag, so long as war stories are related by men. It is the evidence of the officers, that among the men the general impression had prevailed that they were going to have a battle in the dark, with all its dangers of

firing at friend or foe. When the real spectacular programme broke on them, the relief of the men was eloquent of what followed. Few of the crews had ever been under fire, but when once the battle did begin, they, despite the fever of fight acted with the precision of veterans. Once in it, they did not want to stop. When the breakfast order was known below the decks or in untoward places, voices could be heard remonstratingly. "Oh, let's finish it up," but when the news spread that the commodore was only taking wind between the rounds, it was no longer possible to restrain them, nor for a moment or two was there any attempt to exact the strict enforcement of discipline. All over the decks the tars could be seen slapping each other on the back, shaking hands, and doing a few steps of horn pipe, and this, not because there was not a man missing from any mess, but because they were going to fight again. There was need, however, for the interlude. The smoke of battle had grown so thick that signals could not be seen. Dewey had started out to destroy the Spanish fleet and he had his own way of doing it. It was turning out to be an easier task than he had anticipated. He concluded that there was no occasion to hurry, that as the men had been fighting on a single cup of coffee all round, and a hot morning, it was just as well to haul off for a little while for second breath.

Says a participant: "It had been bad enough for us; breathing the powder smoke; clinging to the railings as the ship shivered and shook after each discharge; exposed, of course, to the enemy's fire and scamp-ering back and forward as the occasion required, but we were in the open and could in a degree see what was going on. So, too, could the men behind the shield guns, because, notwithstanding precautionary orders, as the fight proceeded, the jackies persisted in running out to watch the effect of their shots and to see generally how things were getting along. But what must it have been for the men in the turrets! Take for instance the forward turret of the Olympia on that broiling hot Sunday morning in the tropics. In the turret were the two eight inch guns and twelve Yankee gunners, guns and men occupying about every available inch of space. Above them and between the guns rose the platform of the conning tower where Captain Gridley and his assistant perched. The roar of the guns with their ear splitting concussions, and the occasional crash of a Spanish shell on the turret, the hard, desperate work of manning the guns in that confined and vibrating air, makes up a combination of trials of which the man who has not experienced it can form no possible idea. Would you like to know what it is a man behind a turret gun has to do? The turret crew is mustered, six for each gun, captain,

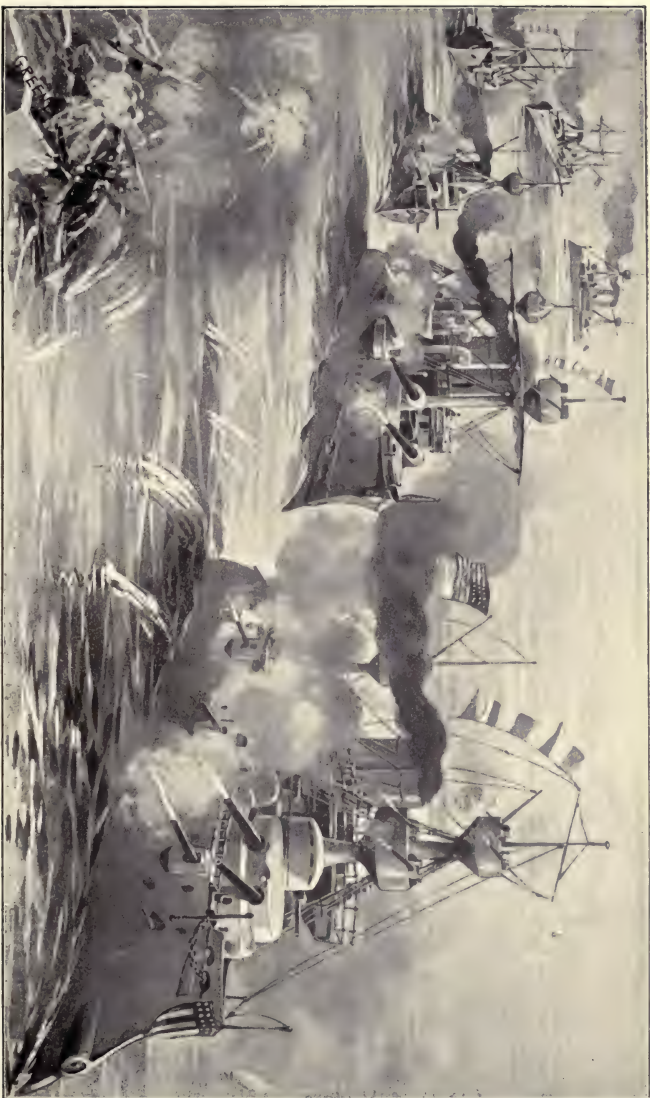
plugger, loader, sponger, liftman and shellman. Each man knows exactly what his duties are, and has been drilled and drilled into them until he has become an automaton—animated by a soul. The crew is kept on deck up to the very last instant, before entering the turret and when once there, not a word except that of the division officer is heard. The twelve half-naked men stand like statues beside the relentless machines of death. The order, "Cast loose and provide," is heard, and the twelve machines flash into action. The breach is opened, elevating gear inspected, lashings cast off, loading trays inspected, firing locks prepared, slides placed, priming wires disposed, and all of the delicate paraphernalia that makes up a modern gun, inspected. Again the men become machines, and the order "load" is given. Up from the magazine is hauled the projectile and placed on the loading tray. The immense shell is pushed home and by the time this is done the powder load has been placed behind it. Gas checks and screw locks are adjusted, the breech is locked home, the primer inserted, the lanyard hooked and the lock cocked. Then comes the sighting, the man for this duty being one of selection. Sometimes there is a man on ship who can point one of these monster guns with the accuracy of a Texas ranger, and can do nothing else well. Sometimes it is an officer who has a good eye, but in every case the man at the sight judges for himself, and is the pivot man of the engagement. The order to "fire" rings out, the lanyard is pulled and the thunderbolt is on its way. Six shots a minute blazed out of the Olympia's turret; the powder smoke poured through the portholes in a choking smeach; with each discharge the turret shook and rocked as though in an earthquake; the air was shaken with a continuous crash and thunder, but through it all the orders "sponge," "load," "point," "fire," went on, and the twelve reeking, choking, quivering men went on, with their labors, which clipped off a year of each man's life every instant. No wonder that when the first round was over the turret-men crept out into the open like so many victims of a colliery explosion—blackened, gasping, air-beating things. All honor, then, to "the men behind the guns."

In his approach to the battle, the commander of the United States fleet had taken the precaution to cut the cable connecting the whole system of islands with the western world. This was a prudential measure dictated by his own isolation and the necessity of cutting off every facility the Spaniards possessed to summon aid, or enlighten the home authorities. As the event turned out, the precaution was to our own disadvantage, for it lengthened the delay in communicating between Washington and

THE BATTLE OF MANILA—THE SPANISH FLEET.



STEELE



THE BATTLE OF MANILA—THE AMERICAN FLEET.

Manila. It was therefore ten days before the nation knew certainly what had befallen Dewey's fleet. The garbled report that reached Madrid from Manila, revealed by suppression, that Dewey's work had been thorough, but there was tormenting anguish in many a home, dread in the minds of millions, that the cost of our victory might be equal to its magnitude. In Europe the tale was received with stupefied incredulity. It could not be credited that the undisciplined "Mongrel" tars of the Yankee fleets had fought a battle with the precision and method of the most martinet navy in the world. But the story took on the proportions of the grotesque humor our countrymen are noted for abroad, when it was made known that Dewey had not lost a life, nor suffered a fracture in his ships! The German emperor, who had expressed himself with considerable freedom on the incapacity of such an unruly race as the Americans of this republic to make effective soldiery or seamen, was the first to express his amazement, the first indeed to comprehend the meaning of the work of Dewey and his crews.

Only a few years ago the world was called on to acknowledge the apparition of a new fighting race, the Japanese. But brilliant as their conquest of the Chinese fleets, they had achieved nothing so decisive as Dewey's five hours conquest at Manila. Among the piquancies which afforded interest of a lighter vein to the tars of the squadron, was the ceaseless activity of a little vessel, the Petrel, commanded by an officer universally known to the men schooled at the naval academy as "Tough-foot" Wood. This equivocal cognomen came from an odd walk. His conduct of the Petrel kept up the fame of this eccentric designation. The craft was not expected to undertake enterprises of a serious sort; her functions were mainly to scout and do messenger duty. But in the hands of the resolute Wood, she rivalled the more serious activities of her majestic consorts. When the second part of the battle began, the Petrel was half in joke given the mission to silence one of the forts, somewhat out of range of the action, but troublesome in case of certain eventualities. Her light draught and vigorous engines enabled her to penetrate close to the shore where the shallowness of the water had been counted one of the main defences by the Spaniards. Even then, it was a most daring venture for a craft entirely unprotected by armor, or in any serious sense, calculated to confront heavy guns. But had she been of the impervious mould of the original Monitor, she could not have dared more or done more. Though a target for innumerable guns and at close quarters, her battery was worked with such rapidity and precision that the fort was silenced. A squadron of the Spanish fleet, too small to take

part in the open, was concealed in the inlets behind and abounding about Cavite. The Petrel boldly pushed in among these and to the speechless amazement of the ships' crews, emerged with a tail of captives behind her, a mile or more in length. She encountered the fleet of torpedo boats, calculated to give the finishing stroke to Dewey's ships, when the action began, and either captured them, or rendered them useless.

When the work of death was done, Dewey began the mission of mercy. His whole fleet was put at the service of the hospital corps on land, where the wounded were lying uncared for. Without soldiers to hold the forts, he was of course compelled to guard against future eventualities by destroying everything that could be made use of by a land enemy, against the fleet.



IN THE OLYMPIA'S MILITARY MAST.

PART II.

THE war, from the moment of its opening until its close, had this of the novel in it. Both peoples stood as if before a mirror, and each could look at all times at the other, seem to hear the accents of the utterance of each, as by some wizard agency like the telephone. Madrid heard, or saw the effect of all that was said in Washington; every hamlet within reach of the telegram from end to end of the republic to the other, knew all that Spain did and said, so soon as uttered. Strangely enough, this added a new and poignant malignity to the war; for hitherto moving in mystery, waiting in painful anguish reports of battles and indications of policy, the bold and brutal inconsequence of the sword had not stood so nakedly revealed in all its inutile hideousness. It certainly did not nerve the army of the heroic men who wasted the treasures of Spain, when Cervera's fleet was sunk at Santiago, to see the tale recorded day by day, that the admirable woman distractedly guiding the destinies of her alien country, passed half of her time in tears, that the little lad born to the woeful destinies of king, could not comprehend why his mother veiled her eyes and denied him the usual childish pleasures.

Indeed, to the magnanimous, it robbed us of half the glory of our facile conquests, when day by day the infantile confidence, or supine indifference of the Madrilene mob, came through the press despatches, revealing a people piteously incapable of comprehending the remorseless destruction of everything that they had prized in their days of glory. Such evidences as came, indicated only the complotting of sinister groups to bring about a change of kings, to put upon the perishing throne that hateful relic of a hateful line, the indescribably dissolute Don Carlos. And hand in hand with this numbness, so-to-speak, of the national heart, went the inexplicable ineptitude of a ministry, which seemed incapable of realizing that the nation was at war. Even that hearty hostility toward an enemy, which ultimately makes a war a sort of second nature, was lacking in the methods of the ministry. In spite of occasional testimonies to the contrary, there was no hatred of the people of the United States. The attempts of the satirist press and the thick and thin organs of Spanish jingoism, failed ludicrously in sustaining the campaign of abuse that preceded the action of Congress.

Nor were our compatriots delayed on the Peninsula after the outbreak

of hostilities, subject in any case to such severities as other nations at war visit upon the helpless non-combatant caught in the country. There was no end of testimony to show that the citizens of this republic, moved about in their wonted ways in Madrid, on business or whatever kept them there, and their Spanish neighbors proffered no sign of hostility or in the slightest degree molested their freedom of action. This extraordinary self-restraint went so far that the enterprising journalists in search of sensational despatches, were permitted to send volumes by cable, and if confined to mere personal appreciations or conjectures they were never estopped. More extraordinary still, the Spanish statesmen became for a moment as garrulous and confidential as our own politicians in the stress of a disastrous campaign. The highest personage in the state—the Regent herself, was almost daily quoted in interviews in which the cause of Spain was sadly admitted to be without hope; that attacked by a major force on a violently fraudulent pretext, Spain could only combat with such arms as her half century of reverses had left her, the giant power which was using that power wholly as a giant, and not as a magnanimous people.

Almost daily the mountebank prime minister, Sagasta, was forced to deny on the authority of the cabinet, wide-reaching comments purporting to come from members of the government. The concurring testimony of events and utterances leave no doubt, that even after the sailing of the vaunted Cape de Verde fleet, the Regent and Cabinet could not credit the doleful fact that the helpless monarchy was really embarked in war; and the evidences, although not official, were of the sort that is called incontrovertible, that almost from the moment Minister Woodward left Madrid, the Cabinet and Queen Regent were seeking means to stay carnage, and resume peace on any terms dictated by the Washington authorities. What would be thought of such an utterance as this of our cabinet ministers pending a decisive campaign; yet Senor Moret a Cabinet minister made no contradiction when he was quoted as saying:

“We did not want the war. There was no reason for the war, even from the point of view professedly taken by the Americans. We had no desire to retain Cuba, if the majority of her people had willed otherwise. Autonomy might have been followed after a time by complete independence, if the Cuban people had so desired, by the employment of peaceful and legal methods. We made all this very plain—too plain, as it turned out, since our concessions were mistakenly construed into proofs of conscious weakness. But the impatience of the United States to enter on their new policy of conquest and territorial aggrandizement, would not

allow of the peaceful evolution of the destinies of Cuba. The ground for a pretext for armed intervention was fast slipping from their grasp with the daily declining strength of the insurrection under the new regime, and events had to be forced to precipitate a conflict. Events were forced. War was upon us, while we were still believing in peace, and all we have to do now is to confront the situation and act the part assigned us with the serenity and the firmness that becomes brave and honest men fighting against injustice."

Asked further what Spain would be willing to do to end the war there and then—this was just after Manila—Senor Moret said :

"Events must determine. War has many surprises, and there are possibilities in the future that may overturn calculations seemingly the most solidly founded. One thing is certain, however, the United States will lose more by the war, whatever its outcome, than we can lose. She will lose her prestige as a champion of right and the apostle of peace. She has now entered into the category of conquering nations, and as such she will be obliged to change completely her manner of being. She will have to keep a standing army to protect her territory at home, and a powerful navy to protect her outlying possessions. The power which she has won by her conquests in the realm of science, she will have to exchange for the power won by the sword, which as it is won in a day, may be lost in a day. She has set the example of aggression on the rights of other nations, and this example will be followed by those nations which feel conscious of their strength to follow it. The laurels which she has won in the moral realm she will have to exchange for the laurels of war, which must be watered with blood to keep them fresh, for they wither in peace. The military ideal will thus replace the moral ideal with her people, and her respect for force will take the place of respect for justice. In a word, she has turned backward on the path of civilization, and placed upon herself fetters—fetters forged in injustice and wrong—which the older nations have been striving to cast off."

Another member of the cabinet declared that Spain had been waiting only for an intimation from the United States, that her petition would be favorably received, to sue for peace on any terms. He distrusted the continuance of the war, lest Spain should gain a victory, which while in no sense bearing on the ultimate terms of peace, would so embitter the public mind in the United States, that the Washington Cabinet would find itself compelled to ask more than it had intended. The Queen-Regent herself, set all the machinery of diplomacy in motion from the instant she realized that war was a finality; and the Pope made known at various

legations, that if the Washington Cabinet would give ear, its utmost demands would be complied with. Sagasta himself blew hot and cold. One day he was on his knees to every diplomat who approached him, praying for peace; the next he had the blood of all Spain in his eyes, roaring out maledictions on the wretched Cervera and Montojo, while holding the Yankees up before high heaven as ravening monsters gloating in bloodshed, and as insatiate as their British kin, for their neighbors' territory. And in spite of the concurrent judgment of all who ventured to speak, that he was the most incapable of ministers, an ignoramus and traitor to his party, recreant to his principles, he still held the shivered helm. The force of faction ran so high, that in sheer desperation the miserable monarch was obliged to maintain him in power.

No man of distinction would take the trying place, though for a moment the admired Polavieja, blind but virile, the only spotless administrator that Spain has recently found in a place of trust, gave a half consent to assume the dolorous mission of signing the last vestiges of Spain's territorial grandeur away. He had but a year or two ago returned from Manila, where he had left a record of clean-handed administration; had so far as was humanely possible, reconciled the unspeakable insurgents to the metropolitan power. It was only his blindness that in the end seems to have compelled him to relinquish the uncongenial task. While the Queen trusted him, the Spanish public, as far as a Spanish public ever takes part in forming the resolutions of a cabinet or dynasty, approved the selection of the General, and indeed there was no doubt that had he so chosen, Polavieja might have walked from his private apartment to the palace of the Regent, and proclaimed himself dictator, or protector of the realm.

He was the only Governor-General that ever returned from a billet, poor as when he left. He was further endeared to the Spaniards by his high-minded refusal to continue in his regal post in the Philippines, because the ministry falsified a promise that he had made to the rebels. It was in the discharge of his duties to the state that he lost, temporarily at least, the sight of his eyes. Perhaps his strongest claim upon the sagacious Christina, was that he was conspicuously unidentified with any of the factions warring for the destruction of the country, as well as the expulsion of the young Alfonso. It was remarked with the biting humor that the Spaniards above all people throw into their expressions, that the instant Polavieja came within the Queen's circle, Weyler and Robledo, the arms and eyes of the Carlist plotters, quit the capital, as if in dread of the intuitive perceptions of an honest man. A heart of stone might

have been touched when Polavieja was borne to the palace, to meet a woman who spoke to him between sobs, and virtually handed over all her prerogatives with the single admonition to save the people from blood and the miseries of civil war.

In fact, this stranger woman, in a strange land, hated by the great and haughty, mistrusted by the lowly, deserted by the army and only half-heartedly sustained by the men and minions who owed her honors and places, seems to have been the only person in the Spanish capital whose heart was touched by the misery of the nation. For Madrid went on in the usual course of febrile gayety. Bull fights, dinners, receptions, theatre parties, bicycle meets, automobile reviews, the open air frolics and frivolities that signalize the French boulevardiers, when the idle seek distraction, marked the life of the capital, unchecked by the astounding reverses on sea and land. Indeed the stranger in Madrid would never have suspected, were it not for the sinister whisperings and over-earnest demonstrations of the habitués of cafés, and public places that the monarchy was gasping in the agonies of death. With other horrors hanging above her, the unfortunate Austrian feared for the life of her son; his childish pleasures were restrained from day to day, she dared not trust him in the streets, nor allow him any of the usual recreations of the palace garden, or such public ceremonials as are deemed essential to keep up the traditions of royalty.

Still gloomier precautions were adopted. The miserable mother was obliged, or felt herself obliged to taste all the food prepared for her boy, admonished from many sources that the malignants at work, were ready to call in assassination to further their schemes. Even when the child was sick, her heart bursting for the disasters of her country, she was forced to appear in official places, with a tearful smile and the affectation of as much unconcern, as was compatible with the head of a crumbling state. The boy was ill, ill to the verge of death. And Spain was informed by the official bulletins, that he was merely suffering from a childish disorder. Madrid grew hot with the stifling heat, known only to that arid plain, upon which the will of a monarch "With malice aforethought" as a cynical historian remarked, had set the capital, in order to be geographically in the centre of the Peninsula.

No one who can afford to take a train, possessing the most modest wherewithal, ever remains in Madrid in the torrid days of July and August. Indeed, there are very few constitutions equal to the peculiarly trying dry heat and furnace air that rushes down from what seem the molten masses of metal called the Sierra guadarrama. Christina's Aus-

trian physicians warned her incessantly that neither her own life nor her boy's was safe for an instant in the capital, enduring as she was a strain more trying than severe illness, and the boy scarcely recovered from a typhoid attack. But to add to the malignancy of the climate, the palace in Madrid is a pest house of bad drainage and outworn contrivances.

The stranger Queen, instructively enough, is one of the rare sovereigns who from the first adopted the constitutional dogma propounded by Thiers and practiced by the British, that the king reigns but does not govern. And so loyally has she carried this out, that while she secretly hated and disapproved of the absolutist practices of her greatest minister, Canovas del Castillo, she gave him loyal support in accordance with her oath of office as head of the state. Canovas left her a legacy of undying hatred, for his partisans were almost as envenomed against the "Austrian" as the socialists or republicans. Not the least therefore of the Regent's perils, just as the war began, was an astute effort on the part of the conservatives to set her authority aside by law.

The propriety of this was just plausible enough to mislead the more generous of the Queen's partisans. It was claimed that article seventy-eight of the Spanish constitution provides that in the event of the minority of the sovereign, the Regency must be held by the nearest member of the reigning family of Spanish nationality. If this were really the intent of the constitution, Christina was obviously debarred from the Regency. The dispute, therefore, turned on the meaning of the term "nationality" and the acceptance of the universal practice, that marriage enfranchises the stranger, that Christina when she gave her hand to Alfonso XII., thereby became a Spanish citizen. It was, therefore, seriously debated whether the princess, Isabella, the young king's aunt, should not be substituted, and in favor of this it was shown that half of Don Carlos' adherents would fall off, for their strongest claim to the adhesion of the provinces was the obtrusion of an Austrian arch-duchess upon the throne of Castile and Arragon. Sagasta, infinite in craft and a monument of guile, brought this most formidable complot to an end, and indeed the old renegade has shown a certain consistence in his devotion to the lonely woman struggling to preserve a throne for her son and a country to rule over. The boy king has since his babyhood looked upon the venerable statesman as a familiar, almost a kinsman, for in other days it was not an unfrequent sight at the palace, to surprise the little boy clambering up the knees of the patriarch, and fondling him as if he were in reality the "grandpapa" which the boy endearingly termed him.

Christina's detestation of Weyler and her unconcealed disgust for his

operations in Cuba, made her administration still more difficult when dealing with the army, for in spite of his antipathetic character, Weyler has preserved from the first a stout following among his militant countrymen.

The graces of womanhood and the virtues of the sex, would hardly be looked for in an Austrian princess, yet it is one of the griefs against Christina that she has transformed the court of Madrid, which rivalled in profligacy the most tainted in Europe, until it is now as decorous as is Queen Victoria's. She has discouraged dissoluteness on the part of the grandees, unobtrusively inculcated modest demeanor and restraint in conviviality, outraging the women by a simplicity in dress considered by the extravagant almost ignoble in the royal court. From all that the world is permitted to see of the life and conduct of Christina, she embodies much of what Macaulay meant, when he said that Madame de Maintenon surpassed in tact all the men of her time, as much as the Grecians surpassed the Asiatics in refinement of language and literature: and this is an extraordinary tribute. For the Austrian, especially the house of Hapsburg, is not celebrated for the amenities of manner or speech, which win the adulation of courts or peoples. Indeed for her son's sake the Regent has led a life of persistent political management. Even in her dress she studies in order to placate the people and win adherents for her boy. When in June, the heavens were hung in black for the disasters on sea and land, the unfortunate woman undertook a ceremonial of great moment to the Spaniards—the administration of confirmation to the young king. She arrayed herself for the function in dazzling splendor, took her place among the radiant groups of courtiers, sat in the royal chapel during the ceremonial, in every breath and motion the ideal of a queenly woman in royal state.

Canovas' legacy of hatred was hardly a more formidable obstacle than the debasing condition into which he had corrupted the Cortes. This congress of Spain has become a mere echo of the political faction which happens for the moment to hold the nation's purse-strings. Even the dimensions of the two Houses, answering to our Senate and Congress, give an intimation of the slight part these legislatures are permitted in the government of the monarchy. The congress of deputies, and the senate together constitute the Cortes, each body being equal in power. The senators, however, as in France, are only in part elected; the monarch appoints a certain number, while a certain other fraction take their seats by right of birth. The constitution endeavored to hold a check on the hereditary and appointed senators, by giving a slight majority to those

elected. The deputies are chosen for a term of five years, one representative for every 50,000 inhabitants. Nominally, the body legislates with as much freedom as our own Congress, but in reality, no law is ever passed that is not devised by the junta in power, or, rather, the several juntas, for party is a mere name in Spain, each group supporting its enemy whenever the exigencies of politics seem to require a change. The elections are a mere form. Any minister who holds the purse can fill the Congress with whomsoever he pleases.

From 1808 until 1814, Spain was virtually a British protectorate. The armies of Britain ostensibly sent to deliver the masses from the "liberal" experiment of Napoleon, held the country about as we now hold Cuba. In the British isles the sentiment in favor of the liberation of Spain had been wrought up by very much the same processes that fired our republican sympathies for the Cuban "patriots." No sooner, however, had Wellington's army begun operations than the spirit which had revolted against the clement and on the whole enlightened system introduced by Napoleon, broke out angrily against the imperious exactions, the supercilious contempt and characteristic British disregard for everything that was not to be found on the British Isles. The private despatches, the official reports, all the material essential for the making up of history, sent by British agents diplomatic and otherwise, are filled with the immeasurable contempt of the liberators for the liberees.

So just minded a man as General Napier, in his history of the peninsular war, can scarcely bring himself to speak with calmness of the operations entrusted to the various Spanish generals called upon to lead their embattled countrymen. Nor will there be found in any British authority any evidence anywhere that the Spaniards demeaned themselves as trustworthy warriors, or administrators to be depended upon. Wellington himself, wherever he was called upon to battle with his handful of Britons, almost invariably either ignored the hundreds of thousands of Spaniards under his command, or with a disdainful reticence implied that instead of a help, they were a hurt to him. Yet from the testimony of the French, which could hardly be regarded as prejudiced, from the national histories by liberal and even democratic Spaniards, it is impossible to believe that when Spain for eight years, was virtually an armed camp, the embattled peasantry were not a main factor in destroying the armies which had conquered all Europe.

Nor is it necessary to go beyond the memorable defence of Saragossa, or the astounding rout and capture of an entire French army at Baylen, to comprehend that although unfortunately led, badly disciplined, the Span-

iards never fearing death, were able at decisive times and places to wrest victory from armies and generals who had never known defeat in any other country of Europe. From the military tutelage between 1808 and 1814, the Spaniards fell under a commercial protectorate on the part of the British, which with some diminution holds to this day. Hence, what the world calls Spanish degeneration, may be traced to the insidious predominance of British arts and British interests. The Spaniards were forced into war as the consummate result of British handiwork. It is easy, therefore, to understand the almost stupefied disillusion of the wretched peninsulars when Congress having sent its haughty message, the British jingo presses instantly, and as if by preconcert, denounced the miserable race as incapable of administering a home government, and consequently ludicrously unfitted for the charge of great colonies.

Causes, far too deep for consideration in a history whose purpose is merely to follow the actual events of the war, have for more than a hundred years borne down the Spanish people, and outworn, so to speak, the original sources of the race. Spain, as compared to all other nations, is the shadow of the shade of a greatness once immeasurably more great than anything we recognize in national existence to-day. And strangely enough, hard-hearted as we are supposed to be, chief of the people who as Matthew Arnold says "See straight and write clearly," we are more impulsively moved by our historic allusions than any other existing congeries of races. For it is beyond dispute that when we threw down the cartel to this emaciated shadow of a once potent nation, we made ourselves believe that we were confronting a peril, and that in the "Interest of humanity" we were invoking the "God of battles" to decide between two disputants, not markedly unequal in faculties and the ways and means that determine great struggles.

It was forgotten that we were a people of nearly seventy millions; active, energetic, irresistible in force when our mind is made up: that thirty-five years ago we had organized the mightiest force ever known among civilized men, that we had carried on a war prodigious as a hundred years of campaigning in the old world, that we had revolutionized naval warfare, that we had by inventions and inspirations out-dated and antiquated the most approved war implements of all other countries; that in that chief essential of war—money—there was absolutely no imaginable end to what we might raise; that the combined world could not exhaust us, if embarked in a war essential to our existence; and that these stupendous agencies were in cold blood and on the bad faith of an un-

known segment of the Cuban people, lent to the crushing of the oldest civilization in the world, upheld by the merest spectres of a people.

In fact, so far had Spain gone out of the list of nations, that there was no personality in the monarchy, unless the foreign Queen-Regent Christina be excepted, that we could look to as giving any expression to the feeling of the nation we were about to throttle. Statesmen, Spain had none. Her legislators were a body of derisory rhetoricians, her diplomats, chattering imbeciles mumbling the phrases of three centuries ago. Her treasury bankrupt, her armies mere striplings, crowded into the ranks while children of their age are at school, in more fortunate lands. There was a vague belief, however, that the navy built in foreign dockyards, modeled on British masterpieces, and to a great extent indebted to British hints and helps for their essentials, would be strong enough to at least dispute the seas with us, and, perhaps, even for one intoxicating week or month, force New York and other great seaports to seal themselves in.

But worse than all this, the war forced upon Spain by Congress was not believed in by any considerable number of the Spanish themselves. And it is almost an acknowledged statement of the case to say, that the war was half over before the ignorant peasantry of Andalusia, Biscay, Valencia, or even Castile, knew that the last remnants of what Spain once was, had passed under the flag of the youngest of nations. For in keeping with other species of misrule and decrepitude, the presses of the large cities were permitted only to print such matter as came to them from a hide-bound censor, at the elbow of a valetudinarian minister, whose political convictions, not a man among the varied groups that have alternately battered on and borne down the forces of the monarchy, knew. The nominal head of the government—Sagasta—beginning his career as a revolutionist, had figured in alternate cabinets as a republican, a monarchist, an absolutist, and so to speak, quietist. Probably not three people in ten of the influential masses of Spain knew that the monarchy had accepted the republic's challenge, ten days after the war began. Nor was it until the crushing of Cervera's fleet that even the well informed surmised that all was not going well with the armies and navies of the monarchy.

The debacle at Manila was so refined by equivocal misrepresentations—in fact bald lying, that even official personages were uncertain of what really had happened on that fateful Sunday morning of the first of May. For ten days after the destruction of Cervera's fleet, the cafés of Madrid and the local rostra of each of the provincial capitals, were swelling in

pride over the undaunted heroism of the old admiral in breaking from his Santiago lair and dispersing the Yankee fleet; and it may be doubted whether half the Spanish people know to-day that its proudest squadron was conquered and sunk within three hours of its appearance outside the guns of the Morro.

The Spaniard, while a brave man in one sense, has never shown himself a patriot. Nothing could more subtly illustrate this than the pitiable restraints of the Sagasta cabinet from the opening of the war, down. For even while our navies were sweeping Spain's armaments away, the brooding and never ending fear of the capital, was not our fleets or armies, but the odious spectre of the Carlist revolution. In other words, Spain could never be brought to arouse itself *en masse*, at the cry of the country in danger, as the French did in 1793, when they held monarchical revolt in check, and crushed the combined mercenaries of Europe at their very frontiers. The Cortes was a more dreadful field of doubt to the Regent and her Cabinet than the beleaguering fleets at Santiago and Havana. For the chiefs of the factions might at any moment say too much, might divulge to a listening people exactly what the status was, might bring about that indefinable psychologic moment which Bismarck characterized as the stroke of fate for anybody who had resolution enough to risk all. Nor could the loyalty of Spain's soldiers, who had been trained in the command of Spain's armies, be entirely trusted. Weyler, associated with much of the monarchy's misfortunes, yet representing the most successful of the hateful repressive campaigns conducted in Cuba, found a very formidable following among the nobles; among the army personalities who retained a secular influence over their subordinates. In fact, Spain accepted the war as a man might accept an athlete's challenge, hands and feet corded and a blinder over one eye.

The monarchy, exhausted in a thousand other ways, had been absolutely squeezed dry by the "strong" tenure of Canovas del Castillo's rule. In many ways Canovas was the type of the "strong man" that weak people love, and self-reliant people endure if they do not admire. He had restored the monarchy in as far as the activities, genius and prevision of any one man could bring about such a miracle. He had a large share of the political astuteness that the world admired in Bismarck. He could see through and prepare for all the machinations a diplomatic or factional enemy could invent. On a larger arena, and with such forces as Bismarck, Cavour or Napoleon III. had at hand, there could be no doubt that Canovas would have proved equal if not superior to all three. For he had what none of these epochal figures possessed—an immeasurable

fund of patience and an unparalleled faculty of reticence. Nothing seems to have for an instant deflected the deeply-studied out combinations by which he made Spain seem a great power, and in fact forced the acknowledgment of this status from the reluctant concert of Europe.

From the short and fitful fever of the most ardent democracy, it was the sinister task of Canovas to insensibly transform Spanish hierarchies into the most perverse cult of despotism. That is, the dangerous practice of all the forms of feudal times without ostensibly declaring the principles; so that the system of Canovas really typified the worst excesses of oligarchic abuse since the Italian republics of the middle ages. The man, the multitude—anything less than a noble born, came to have neither weight, voice nor interest in the conduct of public affairs. This too with all the forms of democratic constitutionalism in existence. The election for the Cortes were as little the expression of public sentiment, as the votes of an Imperial corps legislatif in the hey-day of Napoleon's personal sway.

Like Sagasta, Canovas had begun life as an enlightened liberal. He had even written a history of Spain which is ranked by impartial minds as one of the most instructive and carefully collated annals of the period treated. It must have been his familiarity with the ingrained perversity of his countrymen that inspired him to a conduct in office, which finds no parallel except in Macchiavelli's science of duplicity "The Conduct of a Prince." Added to his contempt for the understanding and insincerity of the nobility, he came to have a still profounder disgust of the peasantry, or as we should call them, the plain people, during the turbulent era of the republic. To the world at large, Spain seemed to have bloomed anew. Never were her public men listened to by the world with more attention than when the oratorical group, called into eminence by the republic, spoke from the tribune and declared the Spanish people a new-born race. The world was witched with a Castellar's eloquence. And certainly speech more noble, adorned by everything that we understand by eloquence, never broke from an official platform. Castellar for a brief time held the attention of mankind as the oracle, not only of Spain, but of all liberal Europe.

But under the arts and malign activities of Canovas this brilliant group of democratic liberators were dispersed and muzzled as ignominiously as the terror dispersed the brilliant and brave young paladins of the Gironde in 1793.

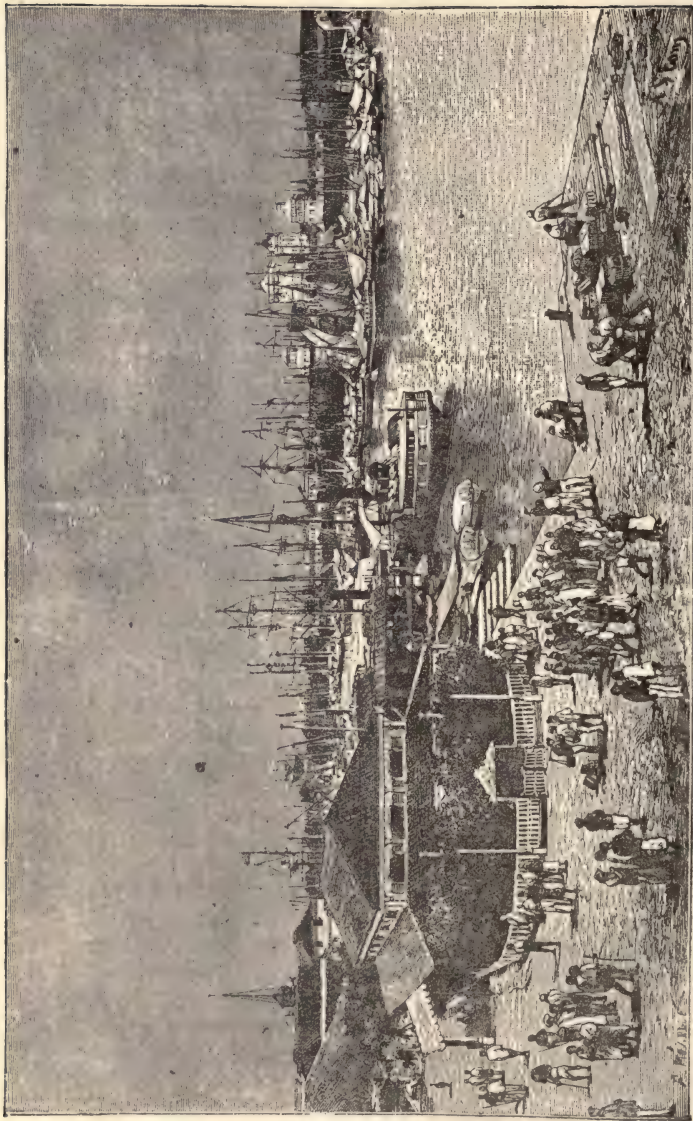
Rarely in the history of nations has such a spectacle been presented as that of the republic of 1872, for almost between the setting of the sun

and the rising, a perfectly organized administration perished, and the President reappeared as a supporter of the monarchy abolished in derision but five years before. Never was Johnson's acrid definition of a patriot more decisively vindicated than in the extraordinary turn-coating of the Spanish liberals. Canovas displayed his comprehension of his time and people by disdainfully making use of every one of the leading men who had come to power during the short reign of the populace. Corruption in its most flagrant form, a corruption that would have turned Horace Walpole green with envy, set in, until it is doubtful whether any man of any eminence, social force or character, could be found in the whole peninsula who had not sold his influence, his conscience, or his trust.

Strangely enough, the only obverse to this hideous picture is the Queen-Regent Christina, the Austrian, as her enemies called her since the loss of Canovas, in imitation of the disparagement of Marie Antoinette. The Queen by the testimony even of her enemies, set out to make honor, honesty, even frugality admirable in the public eye, and from the moment that this was understood she became the abhorrence of the ruling forces of every capital city in Spain.



SENOR CASTELLAR.



THE PORT OF MANILA.

PART III.

UNTIL Dewey's conquest, the only point in the Philippine empire known to the people of this republic, was the chief city of the main island of this group, Manila. This was known only through articles of commerce, twine and bagging! The islands lie very much in the posture of the British Isles—Luzon, the larger, is the only one peopled to any extent by Europeans. There are thirteen bodies of land in this group, of an area of from 30 to 2,000 square miles. The entire area of the larger islands of this group is set down at 114,326, with a population of from 7,000,000 to 20,000,000. Manila, the capital and seat of the Spanish Viceroy, has 350,000 inhabitants, though the Spanish occupants at times run as high as 10,000; only a small percentage of the mass is white.

In so far as verified knowledge goes, the Philippine lands are fairly as fabulous to us to-day as they were when the Spanish seized them under Philip II. Their conquest was not marked by the marches and battles that make the Mexican and Peruvian discoveries tales of such fascinating interest. The islands peopled by the fiercest of the Polyponesian races have never been thoroughly explored even by adventurous explorers. Almost the only facts we have concerning the interior of the empire are the reports of missionaries, who have wrought steadily with the ferocious natives since Spain set her flag over the ports of vantage. It was in 1521 that the illustrious navigator, Hernando Magellan, came into the noble harbor of Manila. He was in search of the Malluca islands, then claimed by the Portugese. Though unable to explore the vast surface of the islands, 1,000 miles in length and 400 in breadth, Magellan reported them as the "pearls of the Eastern Ocean!" But as there were no cities built of gold, no legends of gems and precious metals, the earlier hordes of Spanish adventurers made no attempt to penetrate inland. The islands were invaded slowly, but even to-day, hardly a thousandth part has been touched by outside civilization.

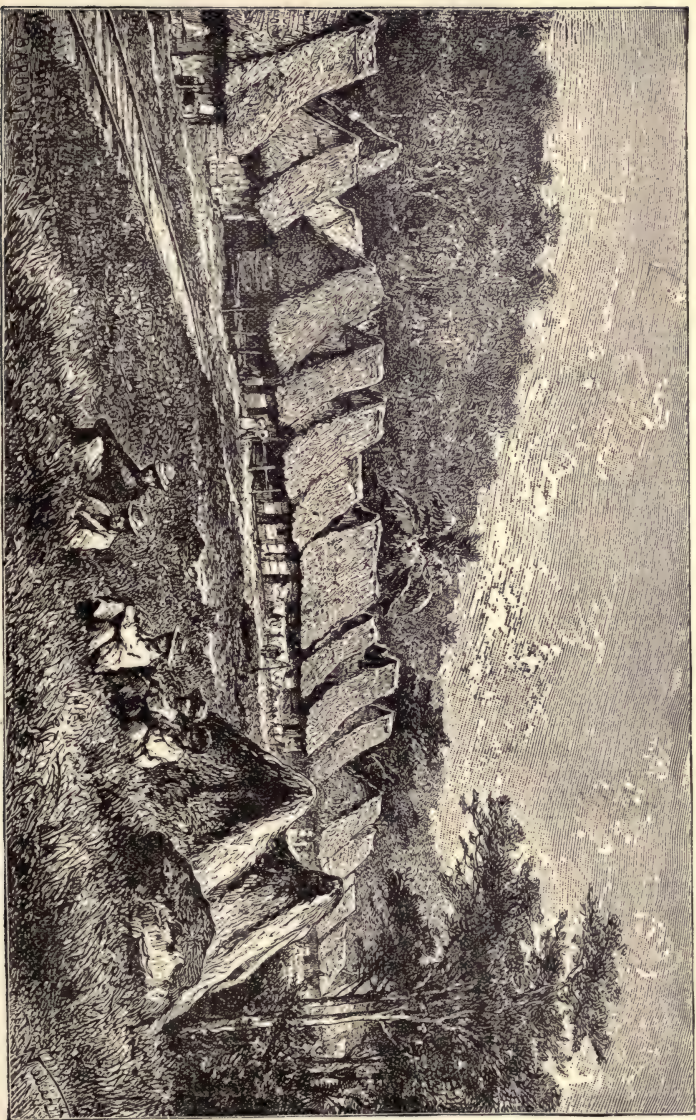
The Spaniards have never attempted to utilize the inconceivably fertile valleys, nor export the rare woods that are known to abound in limitless plenty. For reasons not easily deduced, Spain never fully conquered the islands, but contented herself with establishing garrisons in the more inviting seaports, where traffic has been carried on in the products of the tribes that utilize the rich produce of the teeming lands. To colonize

such a diverse population—no two tribes speaking the same tongue, would tax the resources of all Europe; Spain never undertook colonizing in the sense of assimilating the native races that come under her sway. Beyond the conversion to Christianity, the Spanish never intended to lead the savage into the ways of western life. Public works, the gradual introduction of western customs, these Spain never attempted, nor, considering the disposition of the fierce, slothful races occupying the islands, would this have been possible. There are indeed scores of races in the Philippines irreclaimable in the first generation, though the experience of the French and British in the Polynesian ocean, shows that the following generations after conquest, gradually succumb to a dominating race, in the externals of civilized habits.

A French scientific mission sent to the Philippines, revealed all that is known either of the tribes inhabiting the unoccupied islands, or the capacities of the soil for the cultivation of tropic products. Races, styled Indians, Negritos, Malays, Manthans, and a score more, as unintelligibly differentiated, teem on lands so rich that they produce year after year, without a stroke of husbandry, the staples that form the food of unknown millions. What has been the bane and the blessing of the Spanish administration, has been a steady influx of Japanese and Chinese. The bane, because they serve as instigators of insurrection to the naturally docile native races; blessings, because they supply steady labor, not to be bought or brow-beaten from the indolent natives.

The Negritos, (little blacks) are so called because they are absurdly small in stature, resembling the African race only in the intense blackness of their skin. Tradition, no one has pointed out how founded, ascribes to these dwarfish blacks, the original settlement of the islands. The dominant race throughout, however, seems to be the Malay-Sulus—a conglomerate of Indians, African and Caucasian. These are Mohammedan in faith, ungovernably cruel, and capable of incredible perseverance and constancy to their religion. They are really governed occultly, by their own Sultan, who gives but nominal allegiance to the Spanish conqueror. It is the concurrent testimony of all who have studied these fierce nomads, that they embody all the ferocity associated with the North American Indian. Had the race been as numerous as the early aborigines on this continent, it would have depopulated Asia long ago.

The man who makes himself amenable to the few laws governing the loose social fabric of the Malay, is not imprisoned, not executed. Strangely enough, the inhuman monsters who hold the lives of the non-believers so lightly, shrink from inflicting death by mere agreement, as



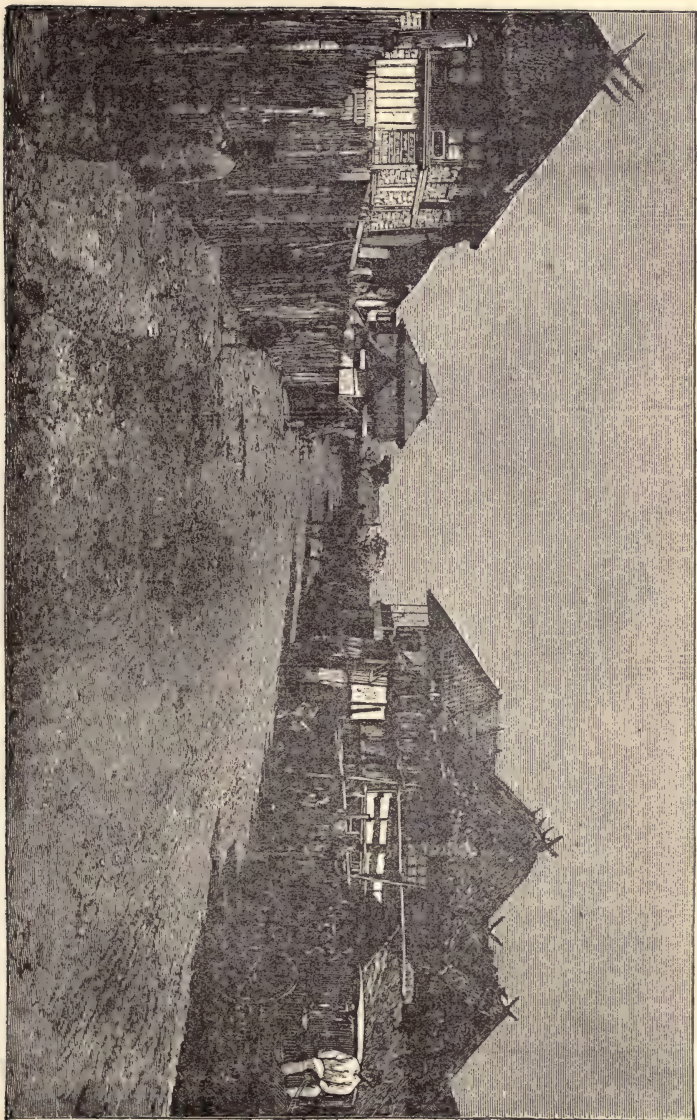
NATIVE VILLAGE NEAR MANILA.

civilized society has always done. But for certain misdeeds the culprit is separated from his wife and family, who become the property or spoil either of the tribe, or the person against whom the crime has been committed. The convict's life then belongs to the tribe. He is set aside as an instrument of sacred vengeance. He takes an oath, under awful and mysterious forms, to rid the world of unbelievers in any way that his master—the priest of Mahomet—may dictate. But the oath is not enough to qualify the malefactor for this sanguinary apostolate. He waits passively the hour and place to redeem the lost paradise. The Panditos—priests, watch over him every hour, they guide his mind in every waking moment, insidiously shaping the enthusiastic longings to deeds of murder.

In time, under the awful schooling of mingled mysticism and unbridled lust, the brain maddened to ungovernable impulse, sees nothing in the natural sense. With mental prostitution, goes on an unceasing training of the body, until every muscle is wrought into the endurance of steel. The limbs like the members of a tiger or panther, the bones elastic, the skin like parchment in resistance. When the body has been wrought into as nearly a perfect machine as the most enthusiastic athlete ever dreamed, then the mind is operated on with all that is likely to seduce the senses of a sacerdotal libertinism. There are mystic seasons of song, when the minstrel acolytes of the priesthood, sing romaunts of the ecstasies that await the faithful who enter the prophet's presence through the heroism of slaughter. The dazzled victim is shown visions of the voluptuous delights that he is prevented from enjoying, simply by the retention of his mortal frame. When exultation and desire are at the full, the fanatic's mission is confided to him. He is launched on the way to kill and die, and he seeks both as the lover seeks his mistress. Death to him in this state of mind is a rapture that he longs to enjoy.

Hence no valor, no weapons, no foresight can wholly check the murders relentlessly regular as the massacres of the Hermit assassin of the early ages whence the name arose. Neither the sanctuary of the altar, the seclusion of the palace, nor the bristling guns of fort or barrack, stop the Malay when he is launched on his deadly work. He will creep into a guarded city under the bellies of cattle; he will assume amazing disguises; he will suffer the pangs of hunger for days and endure hardships that involve death, to reach the person of the chosen victim.

A French scientific observer who traveled in the country and made a study of the Malay, condenses the results in this hideous episode: "A company of eleven Malays divided into three or four bands, managed to get



A STREET IN CAVITE.

through the gates of the town, bending under loads of fodder for cattle, which they pretended to have for sale, and in which they had hidden their creeses. Quick as lightning they stabbed the guards. Then in their frenzied course they struck all whom they met. Hearing the cry of 'Los juramentados!' the soldiers seized their arms. The juramentados rushed on them fearlessly, their creeses clutched in their hands. The bullets fell like hail among them. They bent, crept, glided and struck. One of them, whose breast was pierced through and through by a bullet, rose and flung himself on the troops. He was again transfixed by a bayonet; he remained erect, vainly striving to reach his enemy, who held him impaled on the weapon. Another soldier had to run up and blow the man's brains out before he let go his prey. When the last of the juramentados had fallen and the corpses were picked up from the streets, which consternation had rendered empty, it was found that these eleven men had with their creeses hacked fifteen soldiers to pieces, not to reckon the wounded.

"And what wounds! the head of one corpse was cut off as clean as if it had been done with the sharpest razor; another soldier was almost cut in two! The first of the wounded to come under my hand was a soldier of the third regiment who was mounting guard at the gate through which some of the assassins entered; his left arm was fractured in three places; his shoulder and breast were literally cut up like mincemeat; amputation appeared to be the only chance for him, but in that lacerated flesh there was no longer a spot from which could be cut a thread."

Immured in a land to the eye sensuous, to the mind deadening, the mingled religion and profligacy combine to make the people hateful to each other. Denied the distracting problems that check these latent propensities in civilized mankind, the Philippine wars upon his fellows. He lives in the exaltation of demoniac cruelties, he wreaks a vulpine vengeance on the weak—satiating passion, while winning the proclaimed paradise of his prophets. Up to this time neither the curious traveler, nor the still more adventurous seeker for markets and treasure incident to untraveled lands, has ventured to penetrate the recesses of these sanguinary races.

The religious missionary, whose life is gladly given up in the course of his propaganda, is the only confidant, the sole stranger, not treated as an intruder. Strangely enough, the Jesuit teachings have an irresistible attraction for the most ferocious of these hideous malefactors. Tens of thousands, if the testimony of recent French investigators is to be credited, have been won over to the gentle precepts of Christ. Universal conver-

sion, it is believed, could have been achieved had not the missionaries insisted on secular changes hateful to the nomad nature of the insulars. For reasons easily conjecturable, the mission fathers make it a point to separate the convert from the idolater. Hence, they are gathered in great companies of thousands, marched in a body to districts remote from their old associates, and set on the path of transformation in civilized com-



HERMITAGE ST. NICHOLAS, MANILA.

munes or villages. In this way there have been formed countless oases, so to speak, in the world of the savage people, where the primitive lights of a civilization that takes us back centuries, is shed upon the motley federations, held together by the unknown God and his irresistible teachers. Father Saturnin of the Jesuit Society of Madrid, converted and domiciled 5,000 of the most ferocious of the far-distant tribes in a single year.

The Island of Sulu, lying between the main Philippine lands and Borneo, has been for centuries regarded, by the Malay Mahommedans, precisely as Mecca is held by the western Moslems—the sacred precincts of Mahomet. The religious carnivals and traffic, so far as understood by the tribes, were centred in this mysterious sanctuary. It was in this isle that the first trace of the predominant Malay was found. Hence the race spread over the vast wilds of this island continent. Indeed, in such fitful glimpses as we catch of them from 1480 down to their frequent uprisings

against the Spanish, they suggest the unqualifiable hordes that overran the island of Brittainia as we first know it. From the sparse peoples of Polynesia to the straits of Malacca, the name became a synonym of prodigal ferocity. They were like the half-human nomads that overwhelmed Brittainia, expert sailors. They swarmed in their light and graceful proas over the measureless archipelagos that fringe the eastern reaches of China almost to the coast of what is now known as Australia.

Even after Spain had awed the coasts into subjection, the Malay hordes kept up piracy, and the desolation of all accessible peoples. What the Indians under the British were to the pioneer of the Continental patriots, the Malay long remained to the scattered colonies of the Spaniards, as well as the peaceably disposed natives. Abhorred as bloodthirsty miscreants, whose fanaticism counted any form of atrocity, a sacred obligation—they made their sway—even though permanent, a synonym of devastation, death, ruin, in every conceivable form. From the first they hated the Spaniards, as the Saracens hated the Franks. They refused quarter to any one of that race, unhappy enough to fall into their hands. As the naval forces of Spain overcame them on the seas and bays, they betook themselves to innumerable inlets along the endless coasts, secreted their values in forest lairs, and with fleets of light proas, dashed out, to overwhelm a luckless craft. They seized annually an average of 5,000 captives, whom they put to death, with inconceivable torture. Peace between these revoltees and Spain has really never existed. When subdued in one campaign they have migrated elsewhere, won back the convert or the indolent, and set out again on new hegiras of piracy and desolation. It was not until 1876 that Spain saw the end of organized piracy—though rebellion has broken out sporadically nearly every year. But in 1876 the captain-general was able to bring an army and navy into the sphere where the bulk of the Malays were gathered; there was the pirate capital of the Confederacy, Tienggi. The foul nest was obliterated, and with imposing ceremonies the Spanish army erected a new city. For a breathing space the hateful spirit of the cruel race seemed extinct.

But the Japanese have long coveted the territories of the Philippines for their own crowded millions; have infiltrated crude ideas of a more liberal regime among the profligate chiefs, and filled the slaves with desire for freedom. Other causes have been at work to make the island a burden to the distracted Spanish fendatory. The hordes who have maintained insurrection against Spain, have no more notion of self-rule, or any rule save that of anarchy, than the negroes of Central Africa. The arms

they battled with were supplied by Japan, and their movements guided by these greedy Britons of the Orient.

Spain is often cited as incapable of colonizing, yet the vast countries speaking the Spanish tongue—all of the South American continent in fact, as well as Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are testimony that Spain has impressed her civilization—speech, religion and manners on more territory than any other power! Spain has not in the modern times colonized by extermination! Our race has colonized the northern continent or the larger part of it, but we have done it by outrooting the aborigines, and taking possession. The British, who claim to be the preëminent colonizers, confuse conquest with colonizing. Where they go, British ascendancy is first wrung from the native by arms or craft, and then British armies of the needy follow. The colonizing is complete when the natives are made the helots of the land, and the officialism of the metropolitan rules the country. Yet the native of India, of Australia or South Africa, who can give voice to his discontent, is as bitter in his hatred of the superior civilized Britain, as the Philippines or Cubans are against Spain.

Though traversed by the enormous fleets of the worlds commerce, the various subdivisions of the Philippine empire are but superficially known. The lands that dot the vast archipelago are buried in tradition, more or less fanciful; that portion of the Spanish possessions lying between the main island of the Philippine group and Borneo, is generally spoken of as the Sulu Archipelago. The inhabitants of these lands, are believed to be the earliest type of the Malay. There, piracy and general predations are still carried on when chance offers. They are mainly a race of seamen, and pass much of their time in the proas known for centuries as pirate craft, preying upon the shipwrecked or lighter ships of Oriental commerce. The proa is a light, well constructed vessel, never weighing more than thirty tons. But so built that it can go either backward or forward, the skilful Malay propels it with incredible swiftness on the smaller waters of these landlocked seas.

Until the Japanese took the desperadoes in hand, the whole population of the Sulu Archipelago lived by piracy. The Sultan and civic Council claimed and received twenty five per cent. of the pirate gains, for which they supplied the leader's guns and proas. Not the least remunerative of the prizes brought in, were the crews of captured vessels, who were sent into the interior as slaves to the Sultan or the tribal chiefs. Since first known to Europeans, each island has had a ruler of its own, though the various groups acknowledge sovereignty in one Sultan. It was

through this potentate, that Spain made her treaties and did what was possible to introduce civilized ways. In certain externals, there is a primitive civilization.

The tribes now live in houses modeled somewhat on the Chinese and Japanese edifices. They are built of bamboo and erected far above the ground on posts. The roofs are thatched with palm leaves and for the climate, no better form of shelter could be devised. Household treasures are placed in chests in the centre of the single room. These serve for beds at night curtained by light fabrics woven in the country. Chairs and tables have only been a recent acquisition to the interior natives, though the privileged or richer ranks are profuse in all the showiness of civilized needs.

Strangely enough, these irreclaimable lawbreakers enjoy a certain formal despotism. The tribal chiefs form a great council where the Sultan has two votes. The land is all owned by the chiefs, and the multitude bears the same relation to the lord of the land that existed in Europe before the abolition of feudalism. The chief is the lawgiver and judge. He can do substantially what he pleases with the tribal property, and the bodies of his tenantry. Arms are carried at all times, by gentle and simple. The aristocrat carries a lance and a weapon called the kris, a curious sword in form. The arm of the multitude is the blow pipe—a hollow tube of the palm through which sharp darts are sent a surprising distance, by the breath. The main use of this extraordinary weapon is killing game, though it is used in war likewise; when thus used the dart is poisoned.

The nobles when arrayed for affairs of social or political state, wear gorgeous mandarin robes of silk embroidered with gold, and satin trousers decorated with golden dragons. The kris is carried by all ranks. For a head dress, a red handkerchief is wound about the head like a turban. The men let their hair grow long, pluck out their beards, dye their teeth black, and shave their eyebrows partly, so as to leave a marked crescent arch. The women wear pygamas of white cotton or flowered silk to the knees, and over these a petticoat, with a short jacket of colored cotton cloth that fits closely to set off their figures. A scarf hangs over the shoulders. The hair is tied up at the crown of the head.

The chief recreation of the race is dancing. The proudest chief delights in efficiency in playing some instrument, generally the flute, guitar and sometimes the violin. Spanish dances are stepped with as much grace and animation as in the salons of Madrid. Gaming is a passion among all ranks and conditions, while as in all Moslem countries there is no end

to the number of wives a man may have. Conditions seem however to restrain all but the very rich to one. It is no unusual thing to see men maintaining a hundred concubines.

The products of the Philippines embracing the entire system, cover all the fruits and edibles known in the tropics—from edible birds' nests to the doerian—a fruit whose qualities are in strong contrast with its odor. It is described as so repulsive in smell that those whose nostrils are new to the smell, nearly faint, but once tasted, the daintiest dish of the gourmet bears no comparison. A traveler from the archipelago sets forth the eating and the effect :

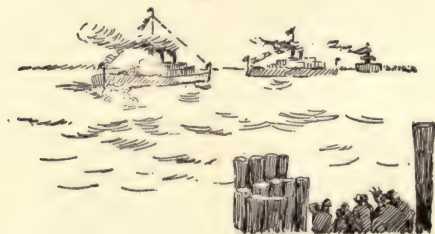
“No fruit can rival its rich flavor as of strawberries and raspberries mixed with violets and delicate rose leaves. Of all the products of nature it is the most delicious. The first mouthful is all that is needed ; the nauseating odor is past and done forever ; years may elapse between the eating of the two doerian, but the disgusting stench will never again be perceived.” The plant though now abundant in the Philippines, is believed to be indigenous to Sumatra. There at least, they endow it with magic power to call the wanderer home, for the islanders often repeat the proverb. “Who has eaten doerian will eat doerians.” Naturalists rank this extraordinary dainty as the queen of fruits, the orange being considered the king. Birds' nests, the edible delight of Oriental gourmets are another staple of the island.

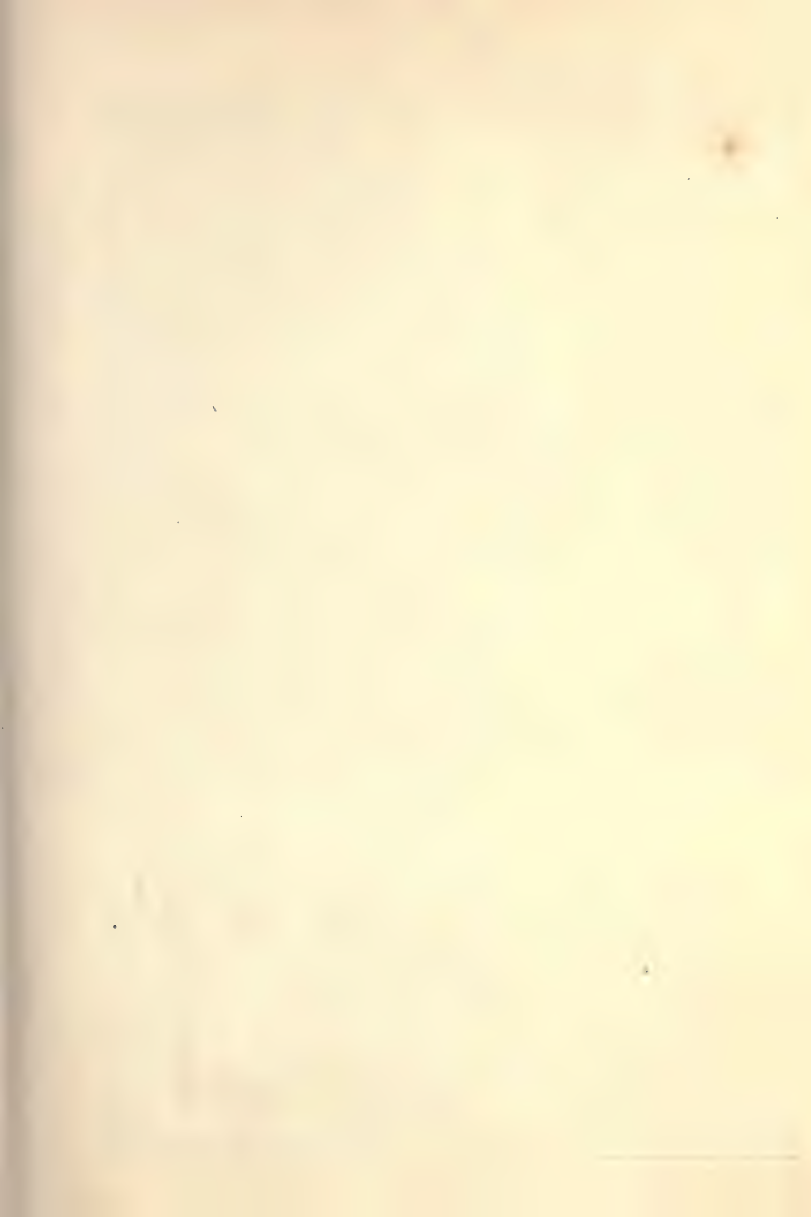
The permanent drawback to the countries in the archipelago for colonizing, is the frequency of earthquakes and an enormous number of volcanic mountains rising all over the surface.

It is characteristic of the indolent ineptitude of the Spaniards that all that is known of the Philippines even historically, comes from stranger sources. The French for many years have exhibited a persistent curiosity about the people of the islands and the natural history of the races which finds expression in reports to the scientific societies. It is from this source that the world knows to-day what the Philippinos represent. The picture they give of the race, where it has come into contact with the invaders, is full of a certain charm. For the half-natives or mixed groups are a mingling of the Creole and the educated Cubanos. They imitate the excesses of civilization with great readiness ; they take on the externals of religion and observe the pageantry with childlike delight. The social side of the well-to-do Philippinos is full of the surprises noted by the observer in the Spanish possessions in the two Americas. But they do not receive schooling. Life is a perpetual festival, where there is no need for labor. But labor in any of these lands would be consid-

ered play in our more active societies. In one part of these immense possessions only, has Spain ever attempted to allure the natives to civilization by showing them what civilization does for the well-being of peoples. Manila, the capital, is in many respects a European city. But the effect of the object lesson has been rather to demoralize the natives than educate them to a sense of better things.

Naturally, so soon as Dewey's squadron had ousted the Spaniards from the metropolitan city, all the conspiring factions on the various islands which had been used for years by the intriguing Japanese or Germans, saw that a time had come when the western commodity known as "patriotism" could be made marketable. From island recesses, that even the educated never heard of, came the clamor for "independence" or a protectorate under some of the great powers. Yet there is neither education nor the habit of self-rule by tribes, as among some aboriginal races, make up the semblance of a primitive regime. The Spaniards have since time immemorial indulged the dangerous practice of buying off the disaffected. The islanders regard the coming of the richer peoples of the North American continent, as a larger market for their wares. It would require years and processes like those that have solved the Indian question in this country, to make the Philippines habitable to a civilized race. Even then there are climatic excesses that make a residence for septentrional peoples doubtful. There are, however, residents from this country who declare that after a trying probation, the city of Manila becomes a fascinating abode. It is not improbable that the pretty well authenticated stories of fabulous gold deposits may make the less torrid of the islands a sort of an Australia to the millions who love adventure and the semi-nomad life of the treasure seeker.







ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET LEAVING CURACOA.

II.

EUROPEAN vaticinations on Spain's prowess had insensibly sunk into the mind of the people of the United States. Feverish as was the desire for something to be done, there was at the same time the presentiment that we must taste some of the calamities we had invoked. We had many thousand miles of vulnerable seacoast; we had commercial emporiums, within easy, even tempting striking distance of a resolute commander, sailing one of the majestic fleets of modern construction. An audacious stroke at New York or Boston, New Orleans, or Philadelphia, would enable Spain to pay her war debt and redeem ulterior disasters. No one knew exactly what our war fleets were capable of doing in action. They had never been tried; the sneering estimates of foreign *quid nuncs*, who pointed out the heterogeneous nature of the crews, the obtrusive picture of ineptitude discovered in launching the army, in spite of the decisive work done by Dewey, gave the serious minded hours of anguish. Could our harbors be made impregnable to the fleets whose movements were reported daily by cable? Were the guns we had fashioned in the Cabinet, as it were, equal to the prodigious strain iron and steel fleets would put them to? Could the formidable armada of Admiral Cervera, hovering at the Cape Verde islands, sail straight for the Narrows, disperse the ships stationed there, pass the half improvised forts on the headlands and put the metropolis of the republic under contribution?

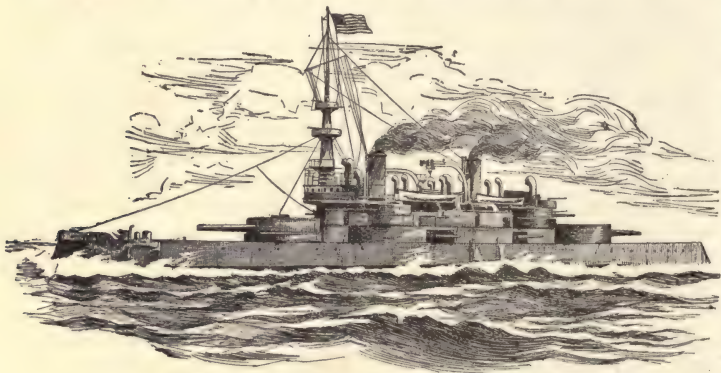
Naval administrators do not seem gifted with the exuberant speech of their military brethren of the land forces.

The most persistent "interviewers" for the press extracted but meagre confidences from that admirable corps of incomparable men charged with the security of our seacoast. Noiselessly, as if done in the dark, every accessible inlet of the immense shores of the republic were transformed into traps of such stupendous destructiveness, that a pinnacle could not have entered a sheet of water included in the defence. The force and aptitude of the thousand cruisers, even Dewey's or Schley's victorious ironsides, were almost in a day concentrated prevoyantly in the waters or about the circumjacent headlands, that educated strategists knew were decisive. To the public, all this seemed empyrical. The tortuous and intricate system of mines, the unearthly appliances of sea and shore had never been practically tested, because they had not been used in modern

warfare. It was then a tormenting problem, where we should get enough ships.

Suspense, one of the numbing horrors of previous wars, found no place among the ordeals of the people. The best or the worst was known in the remotest corners of the republic within a few hours of the event. Indeed, in the Manila combat, the Western world, owing to the processes of the planet and the arrangement of time, knew of the destruction of the Spanish fleet hours before its occurrence according to our laggard planet! There was in the old sense of suspense, but one incident that gave the waiting country anxiety.

The splendid battleship Oregon had set sail from San Francisco nearly



UNITED STATES BATTLE SHIP OREGON.

simultaneously with the leap into war. Her voyage was the longest attempted by a modern warship. Beside the dangers incidental to the navigation of her untried and novel type of structure, the outbreak of hostilities added the certainty of an encounter with a lurking fleet of the enemy. Nothing indeed betrayed so explicitly Spain's unenterprising methods, her languid unreadiness, than this momentous voyage of a solitary craft from the republic's farthest western harbor to the very maelstrom of the battle centre. At a thousand points from Cape Horn to the Bermudas, a brace of Spanish battleships might have waylaid the cherished ship. Cervera's fleet, for that matter, might have given Spain one brief taste of glory by dragging the great vessel to the harbor of Cadiz.

Our own seamen, knowing well what they would have done, were such a chance offered to their enterprise, made little doubt that the Oregon, if

she ever reached her consorts, would have to run a thrilling gauntlet, but much more likely she would be sent to the bottom—for the men of our navy knew the traditions too well, to fear that her captain would give the Spaniards the satisfaction of capture, unless the major forces of disaster joined in commanding surrender. Day after day, week after week passed, and even among the thrilling actualities reported, the conjectural possibilities of this lonely voyager ploughing the sombre seas, took chief hold on the imagination of men. When she was reported at the extreme end of South America, the public heart thrilled as over the preliminary details of substantial victory. When she was reported at Bahia—scene of the immemorial exploits of the navy in 1812–14, it was reckoned as joyful an event as the conquest of a Cuban town. But as the vessel finally cast off from the friendly safeguards of neutral ports and waters, the public excitement rose. It is hardly a figure of speech to say that from the Cabinet of the President to the cabin of the logger, hearts beat more swiftly. The Cape Verde fleet was just where the ship ought to pass in ending her immense voyage. Would she be waylaid, turning into some haven and find herself beset by overwhelming odds and thus give Admiral Cervera plausible grounds for his incomprehensible cruising. The heart of the country swelled with an emotion easy to understand, when the welcome telegram announced the pilgrim in safety, lying tranquilly in the waters of the Florida coast. The incident at once revealed the impotence of the Spanish war administration: for no unusual danger was involved in attempting the capture or destruction of this, our most powerful naval engine. Indeed, the event at Santiago proves that had the Oregon been out of the way, Spain's most powerful ship, the Colon, would have stood more chances of escaping.

During the six weeks preceding Congressional action, our agents had been busy abroad; we had bought or engaged all the available vessels that could be negotiated. With ample means we had gone into the shipyards of the world, side by side with the agents of Spain, and whatever we wanted, we had got. We were conscious that the foreign owners were driving sharp and hard bargains. We were known to be rich beyond any organized society in the world probably, and we were made to pay fabulous prices. In six weeks we had added 500 crafts of one sort or another to our military marine. We had impressed the magnificent "flyers" of the so-called "American line," a fleet of rapid steamers navigating between New York and Southampton. At home, we had bought or chartered every craft that could navigate under steam. To these augmentations were added scores of very strong, swift-sailing pleasure

yachts, such as the modern *Croesi* provide themselves with, for touring in distant seas. But of course all these couldn't be seen by the millions, indeed, it is of record that the necessity put upon the administrative agents to make use of them incited a species of alarm.

For the citizen who never pays heed to the details of administration until a crisis comes, fell into a panic at the apparent paucity of our sea forces, proven by this indiscriminate purchase of the private marine. Where, it was asked, are the fleets we have seen extolled, that we see millions lavished for year after year, if when the pinch comes we are forced to go into the market and take any sort of craft proffered, at prices ten fold greater than private purchasers pay? Nor was it wholly reassuring when it was pointed out, that even Great Britain, who makes her shores as much of a naval arsenal as the continental nations make their territories camps, would, in case of war, impress the bulk of the merchant marine for transports, auxiliaries and what not. For a month, in spite of the diversions of the press, demanding that Cuba be occupied within twenty-four hours, there were millions who felt secret presentiments of disaster at our very doors. Thousands of families in seaport cities gave up meditated summer tours, not daring to trust to the chance of bombardment! For the Cape Verde fleet, that mysterious, much vaunted armada, soon became the poignant puzzle of the amateur tacticians. The hard-headed coasters of the Maine beaches, the adventurous mariners from the British border to the sands of Long Island, felt that with the night might come the cyclone of Spanish vengeance. Boston with proclamations of indifference, too orotund to be real, bade the Spaniard come; New York confessed that the Spaniard at her gates could hardly be more tormenting than the rigors put upon navigation in the harbor by our naval guardians.

The search for a fleet at sea under modern conditions is one of the problems that daunts the stoutest admiral. Before the outbreak of the war, Admiral Cervera, one of the most accomplished of the ruling caste among the Spanish *hidalgos*, had set out with a half dozen of the most formidable of all the vessels of the Spanish fleet. The Spanish press had given in glowing detail the prodigious weight of shot and shell the batteries were capable of throwing; the fleetness of the vessels themselves, but above all, the awful power of the torpedo destroyers, flanking the cruisers. In every press of Europe the significance and destructiveness of the armada was suggestively pointed out to the Washington Cabinet, as ample justification for deliberation in extreme measures. For days this menacing mystery held, or seemed to hold, our fleets in suspense.



THE STRATEGY BOARD.

We had encircled the ports of Cuba with a cordon of blockaders, within twelve hours after Congress ordered Spain to draw the sword. The Cape Verde fleet could make irreparable slaughter among these isolated monitors! Nor was it certain that Admiral Sampson could get his extended lines together smartly enough to give him the mastery of his whole force. Commodore Schley, with a fleet of the cruisers admired in every port of the old world, wherever seen, was held in leash at Fortress Monroe, on the *qui vive* to fly to the rescue of Philadelphia, New York or Boston!

The mystery of the Cape Verde fleet deepened, when the cable made



LYING IN WAIT BEFORE SANTIAGO.

known its disappearance from the Portuguese isles! Twenty-four hours of apprehension filled the great seaports; the unknown began to take shape and form! Then as if deriding the world's expectations, the fleet suddenly appeared at Martinique. This extraordinary diversion verified, Schley made like an eagle for the southern and eastern waters of Cuba! It was plain to the astute mariner that Cervera meditated reinforcing his blockaded brethren at Havana. With Schley's iron sentries guarding the Caribbean, Admiral Cervera dared not involve himself in a combat with the blockaders. He came to an extraordinary resolution. He took refuge in the harbor of Santiago, where under ordinary conditions a capable fleet like his own, could defy the world's navies combined. Commodore Schley, a seaman of accomplished parts, in fact a prototype

of our greatest admirals, couldn't credit his eyes, or rather his unerring means of information! So far as of use to Spain, the ominous squadron might just as well be sealed in the Narrows at New York, under the guns of Fort Hamilton. The great sailor made a characteristic comment, "I've got Cervera bottled up and when he comes out, he can't escape me." It is very rare indeed that science and heroism are so amply justified in their confidence.

But to the country, the dynamic quality of the incident didn't appear! Was Cervera in the landlocked harbor of Santiago still the potentiality for destruction that European observers had been threatening us with? Couldn't he choose his own time, say with the atrocious season of sirocco and blizzard, select the vessels of the republic at leisure and run them down one by one! It is not unlikely that Schley or Dewey, or Evans or any of three-score of our naval paladins would have counted on this or even more intrepid enterprise, but though brave to temerity, Admiral Cervera was not of the fibre that conceives original undertakings.

But Schley did not know this in the way that justifies a commander to ignore chances. For one drawback of the complete mastery of the art of war on sea or land, is the unvarying rule—to credit your adversary with that plan and enterprise which shall be most damaging to you. What, therefore, might Cervera be expected to do! He could remain in the Santiago "bottle," and by merely lying still, compel the most effective of our squadrons to linger on a dangerous coast *en vedette*, thus depriving our fleets of a decisive part of the effective force. Or, he could bide his time, watch for the torrential season, dart out in force, and by surprise overcome each of our ships in detail. Or, it might be that ulterior plans had been made providing for the coming of Camara's fleet, vaguely supposed to be made up of some of the most invulnerable of the latest built ironclads. In any event, the prospect before Schley, was fatal to the results expected both by the Washington council and the over-stimulated anticipations of the impatient. The country had that most dangerous of all diseases, a febrile craving for dramatic, climacteric episodes. Victorious, if humanly possible—but in any event, the unexpected; the ordeal of the human. For at best, that is the spirit of war; the diseased appetite for that feast of the flesh—that we do not call cannibalism, where it is the maw of the cannon, we gorge—fed with bodies of our sons and brothers—our firstborn and our best loved.

A widely read European Review struck the ruling note of the spirit that actuates the modern when war is going on; the "the opera-box view." This is precisely what went on during the fateful interval between the

ultimatum of Congress and the prayer of Spain to be permitted to bind up her gashes in peace. Dewey gave the world one spectacle, dazzling—radiant with the colors the military historian loves to embalm. He disconcerted calculations; he secured a *mise en scène* of incomparable splendor in the tropic glories of an almost unknown theatre; he wrought with such decision, struck with such sureness of calculation that even the friendly critic was deprived of the qualification that assuages the envy of the mediocre. A youth, fresh from the lamp, gave the world its next spectacle.

A youth fresh from the lamp? I might have said a youth with the lamp of Aladdin, so strangely daring, so sublimely devoted was the deed he set out to do. It is proverbial with the sentimental philosophers that all the world loves a lover. What is really meant is a hero! The country, the world, became enamored of a modest young sailor before the defences of Santiagò. Admiral Cervera's "bottling," as Commodore Schley humorously put it, borrowing General Grant's caustic characterization of General Butler's luckless adventure at Bermuda Hundreds in 1864, was variously regarded by the critical. In Europe the bottling was saluted with derision. Next to destroying Schley's squadron, it was contended that the Spanish Admiral had neutralized him. He was forced to hover about the mouth of the harbor, never venturing too near, lest the missiles of Morro should deplete his ships. It was Cervera's mission to defend Cuban soil. This he was doing, even were he unable to meet and beat the Federal fleets on equal terms. Whereas, Schley was held in the uncomfortable open sea, his powerful ships useless in the general plan of campaign. He dared not attempt the storming of the fleets and the batteries, supplemented by mines. Something of this conviction began to dampen the ardor of our home strategists, when the land was thrilled by a deed of daring, which though perfectly in keeping with the traditions of our navy, nevertheless struck public attention as an almost supernatural order of adventure.

Among the subordinate officers of the fleet, there was a young North Carolinian, who had been remarkable for studious application in the academy at Annapolis. This youth, Richmond P. Hobson, had gone through the prescribed billets assigned the bright and capable in our great naval and war schools. He had supplemented his Annapolis training by a course in France, and like nearly all the marked men of these two nurseries of greatness, he had continued his investigations during his active career. This young man, knowing the value of the fleet for other operations, perfectly familiar with the narrow channel that gave security to the enemy's



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON.



ENSIGN JOSEPH W. POWELL.



LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE.



ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY.

squadron, devised a means of locking Cervera in his asylum and freeing Schley's ships for other enterprises. He proposed to run a large vessel into the narrow mouth of the harbor, under the guns of Morro Castle, and there sink her. As a rule, in forlorn hopes and deeds of desperation, it is the dare-devil spirit of chance that rules. But Hobson made a mathematical calculation of the problems involved.

Poe's fantastic divining in his embryonic, scientific formula of romance, invents nothing so thrillingly minute as the plan of operations prefigured by the young man on the eve of the undertaking.

"I shall go right into the harbor until about 400 yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has 7,000 tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots. When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes, and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long.

"There are eight ten-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line on the Merrimac's port side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge, and they should do their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine-room there will be two other men. This is the total crew, and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in water-tight packing strapped around our waists. Forward, there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I shall stand. By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing, which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dinghy, which we shall tow astern. The dinghy is full of life buoys and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line and pull the dinghy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport and lashed it so. He will then jump overboard.

"Down below, the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble up on deck, and get over the side as quickly as possible. The man in the engine-room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer, and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac, whether the torpedoes work or not. By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dinghy and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel, to the full length of her 300 yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

"And you expect to come out of this alive?"

"Ah! that is another thing. I suppose the Estrella battery will fire down on us a bit, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dinghy. I may jump before I am blown up, but I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dinghy gets shot to pieces, we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro Castle. We shall keep together at all hazards. Then we may be able to make our way alongside and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last, and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers, and our surrender will only take place as a last and almost un contemplated emergency."

His plan then was feasible at a glance, but it involved absolutely certain death either by drowning, dynamite, or both from the doomed vessel and the rain of metal from the shore. All this Hobson had counted on, but he argued simply, the end to be attained makes the consequences of no moment. He was taken at his word and given official sanction to go to his death. He selected a large steamer, such as we see faring to and from other countries, or along the coast, the Merrimac bought by the navy department to carry coal.

Details of men were at work denuding the fated Merrimac. The sun set, and a moon of pallid intensity illuminated the misty mountain plateaus, circumvallating the harbor and the distant city of Santiago. A scene of lurid magnificence arrested the admiration of the masses on the fleet: nature seemed in thrilling rivalry, for the thunder broke in volleyed peals, not unlike the broadsides from fort and fleet. But the sacrificial ship was

not ready until long after the hour set; it was breaking into sunrise, thus imperiling even the slender chance that was hoped from darkness. Hobson hurried portward, however, and was on the verge of the line of fire, when Sampson, distrusting success in daylight, ordered the operation to wait. Hobson sent an urgent plea to be permitted to go on, but the Admiral wisely forbade.

The next morning, at the chosen hour—half-after two, the enterprise was undertaken again and carried out to the letter of the inventor. The Merrimac was conducted to the entrance by a crew of forty men, who, at Hobson's signal, when the ship slowed, disembarked in small boats, and returned to the fleet, where they found the bluejackets all awake and straining their eyes toward the fated craft. Beside the main adventure, there was a secondary, involving hardly less peril. Midshipman Powell, on a small launch, with a volunteer crew, accompanied the Merrimac for the purpose of scouring the waters under the Spanish works to pick up any of the wounded who might escape the wreckage of the doomed vessel when the torpedoes had done their work. This mission was itself daring to recklessness, for one shot, one fragment from the thousand projectiles directed at the Merrimac, would have torn the frail craft to atoms and left the men in the shark-infested waters, prey to death by drowning, by shell, or by the ravening jaws of the man-eaters. The launch, faithful to its consign, hovered in the waters of the bay until all chance of the escape of Hobson or his comrades was plainly hopeless.

The channel narrows to 200 feet just within the circle of fire, of which Morro Castle is the central and dominating work. To make the vessel an obstruction, it would be necessary to pass the withering hail of the Morro, and from other fortresses quite as deadly and then turn the ship crosswise, or with her head toward the Morro or vice versa. The Merrimac was emptied of all her lading, perforated for the insertion of a net work of dynamite bombs, capable of blowing her bottom to fragments—making the hulk itself a peril for its navigators even in calm seas and peaceful surroundings.

When the contemplated audacity was made known to the fleet and volunteers called for, it seemed as if every man stood ready to engage in what every one knew meant certain death. The heart of the country exulted, quite as rapturously over the scene on the fleet, where the embarrassed admiral was compelled to choose seven men out of the eager mass, as over the heroic action. Deeds of high emprise mark the records of all nations and peoples, but there is no record in history which shows the rank and file of a squadron eager to take the billet of certain death. Of

course, in a sense, all men under the colors take the same risk, when they take the oath of service, but there is even in the demoniac fury and carnage of the set battle an element of chance. A man always feels that he may escape: Hobson and his seven knew that there were one thousand chances to one against escape.



HOBSON AND HIS CREW.

From the moment official sanction consecrated the seven, the picture is pathetically stirring. There was none of the hectic gayety we sometimes see in daring enterprises, where the stimulant of the battle supple-

ments the trembling nerves. Hobson and his seven addressed themselves to the commonplace concerns of navigating, placing the destroyer and lessening the scope of accident, with the sustained purpose and sober bearing of men engaged in daily monotony.

The night had worn downward, in brooding repose: the southern cross sparkled in luminous glory over the tranquil waters, and threw the vague mountain buttresses in forms of gigantic sentries; the vague outlines of Morro rose on the brow of the headland like a vast lantern, lighting the headland and the shadowed waters. The pilot assigned the task of finding the fissure that serves as the entrance of the bay, lost the channel, the Merrimac, when every moment was of priceless value, lost a half hour in groping for the way! The Merrimac was soon detected by the forts, a rain of projectiles fell upon her deck, for every inch of the way had been, of course, measured by the artillerists of the forts. Incredible to say, none of the hurtling masses of projectiles did vital destruction. The seven navigators stretched prone on deck were miraculously preserved from even a splinter. When, at the point selected, Hobson strove to anchor, he found that the iron hail had destroyed one of the decisive resources. The anchor chains were shot away and he was forced to sink the vessel lengthwise in the channel instead of crosswise. All was not lost, however; the heroic endeavor was not wholly vain, the hulk, even end for end, in the narrow way, would make the egress of Cervera's enormous ships difficult. The electric lines were set going and the Merrimac sunk by the prearranged machinery, quite as if Hobson and his aids were carrying out a job in any of the peaceful preserves of the navy.

The undertaking was begun in that hour in the twenty-four when the vital energies are at the ebb, the opening dawn, neither night nor day. The time when the aged die and the afflicted cease to rally, the time made famous by Napoleon's saying that few men have "two o'clock in the morning courage." Hobson's comrades record it, that even with the ship on her course, the enterprise might have come to disaster, that is failed of its moral effect, had Hobson lost for a moment that indescribable domination of external difficulties which speaks the master mind. The torrent of missiles came so thick that the men dared not rise on the deck. Hobson in pursuit of his end arose to carry out a detail. The men implored him to remain quiescent, urging that if anything happened to him, they would be headless, helpless. To their plea he yielded and remained under such cover as the deck afforded.

Every eye on the fleet followed the spectral vessel as she was driven

into the vortex of danger; not a man slept on the fleet the rest of that night, so absorbing was the interest of the desperate undertaking. Almost to the cliff, the outlines of the Merrimac could be dimly discerned by the watchers; the tensity of feeling became fairly maddening, when there was no longer a trace—for now the devoted crew were face to face, hand to hand, with the momentous purpose. It was almost a relief, when from the blackness and void of the dim mass of coast, the lightning flash of a cannon was seen and then the thundering report was heard. The shot was seen to splash seaward from the Merrimac, passing over her. The firing became general, quickening into fierceness and rapidity from the batteries inside on the left of the harbor, from which it was argued that Hobson had attained the point he set out to reach. The flashes and reports were of rapid fire guns. For fifteen minutes this fusillade was kept up. Then the fire slackened, and by 3:30 had almost ceased. A close watch was kept by the fleet on the mouth of the harbor, in order to pick up the steam launch. The sleepless eyes that had watched during the crisis, saw Ensign Powell's little craft crossing and recrossing the mouth of the channel, scrutiniizing the waves for a sign of the Hobson crew. The guns of the forts were turned upon the forlorn watcher but until the young ensign made up his mind that there was no hope of rescue, he maintained his dangerous quest with unimpaired tranquillity. When the young officer reported to the commander of the Texas, that none of the men had come from the harbor, the word went through the fleet like an electric message and the seven were given up for dead. Powell had performed a deed requiring nearly all the courage of the Merrimac crew. He had followed his comrade in danger and glory, Hobson—to the very jaws of death; waited under the guns of the battery subject all the time to instant destruction. It was Powell indeed, who rescued the Merrimac from her false direction, and led her to the channel. From the launch's point of observation the movements of the Merrimac could be seen until she came to a halt and tried to turn in the channel, preparatory to sinking. From two in the morning until late in the afternoon of that day, the crews of Sampson's fleet felt that they had witnessed one of the sublime deeds of devotion that live in the minds of men, Hobson and his mates were martyrs, but there was not a man on the ships who would not have volunteered to do the same deed, then and there. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon a flag of truce was distinguishable emerging from the harbor. Were the Spaniards bringing the bodies of the dead, or were they taking advantage of the accident to get a sight of the fleet? The flag was borne by a swift tug which made for

the admiral's ship. The officer in charge, Captain Ovidedo, presented himself to Sampson in the glittering uniform of his nation. He was received with the honors due his rank and the patiently awaited message was delivered. Admiral Cervera presented his compliments to Admiral Sampson, for the purpose of informing him that the heroes who had entered the harbor of Santiago were safe, and not one of them severely injured. Signals apprised the fleet almost as soon as the momentous words were spoken. The sailors were thunderstruck. From that moment it became a conviction in the mind of every man serving under the flag, that Spanish guns could not harm the men protected by its folds. To describe the tumults of exultant joy would exhaust the epithets of rapture. Discipline alone kept the fleet decorously to the routine of the hour.

The first hint of this quaintly daring exploit, methodic in its madness—as Hobson's humorously matter of fact narrative shows, it filled the country with a rapture, that in a sense, equalled, if it did not eclipse the grateful exhilaration Dewey's grandiose victory aroused. For the desperation of the undertaking confirmed the assurance that our sons and brothers were of the same simple, self-confident fibre of the fathers, the devoted young heroes, who like Bainbridge, Somers, Decatur, Cushing, held life of value, only as it was of use to the country's cause. Our apparent dedication to sordid ends, our incomprehensible abdication to demagogues in politics and empyrics in most that makes to the solidity of societies—had not reached the moral marrow; our youths were still indoctrinated with the stirring old simplicities of manliness, zeal, courage; that peculiar virtue, which is all virtue, really, loyalty to self respect and self-control, coming from the idealization of the fathers. It was an immensely proud, and justly proud, seventy millions that followed with fraternal heart throbs the denouement of Hobson's miraculous venture. Madrid for a moment tasted the cup that seems to hold the draught of victory. "A large Yankee craft, attempting to enter Santiago harbor, was sunk under the walls of Morro." For hours this was all we knew; "Admiral Sampson had run a collier into the channel and sunk it there." No episode was ever read with more delight, no event was ever waited with more poignant impatience, than the fate of the devoted leader and crew. Dewey's laconic word that he had won the combat at Manila, hardly waked more exultation than the assurance that Hobson and his seven had been rescued from the water by the Spanish Admiral himself—Cervera, and treated with the chivalrous consideration that the brave feel for the brave. Indeed, when the story was told that the Spanish

Admiral, comprehending the state of the public mind, had sent out a flag to the fleet to reassure Hobson's commander, the public mind underwent a revulsion—the effects of which Spain had cause to welcome every day thereafter. If Admiral Cervera were so chivalrously responsive to the amenities of civilized warfare, how could the Spanish people be the blood thirsty, inveterate, cruel demons, the Cuban “patriots” had been painting them for years? When Hobson's narrative of his faring in Spanish hands was told, Admiral Cervera was only second in public reverence to the



HOBSON'S RECEPTION AFTER HIS EXCHANGE.

young hero, himself. Naturally, he was treated as a prisoner of war, but the rigors of confinement were ameliorated as far as it was in the power of the Spanish to do. On the proposal of Sampson to make an immediate exchange, the Spanish Admiral at once assented, but the military com-



MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO.



mander, very properly, objected, as Hobson's keen eye had detected the condition of Santiago, and had he returned at once to our fleet, we should have been saved the glorious sacrifices of the Shafter expedition. For a month's delay would have compelled the starved Spaniards to surrender—unable to fire a shot. This, when represented to the Madrid government, delayed Hobson's liberation until the fate of the city was decided. His return to our lines, on the surrender of Santiago, was the signal for renewed acclamations—in the army, the fleet, in the country—this too, in spite of the proof that his hardihood had been practically wasted, for when Cervera was ready to quit the harbor, the hulk of the *Merrimac* was no impediment. The country had seen with a clear eye, and distinguished the essence of heroism in the conduct, the purpose and the behavior of the men, who so greatly dared, for an uncertain gain, while death itself seemed inevitably certain. When Admiral Cervera—himself a prisoner, was visited by his whilom captive, the country looked on with a sympathy, not far from the tenderness of tears.

Science has been so persistively displacing poesy—romance—the seed and appetent root of chivalry, that it had begun to be supposed that the old-time deeds of mingled abnegation and daring were no longer part of war. And indeed, the bleak hulk of the collier, the uncanny appliances of the demolition, the repulsive practicalities, preparation, all seemed to embody an episode far from the desperado deeds of knights and warriors of the old time—plumed and cuirassed richly, in doublets of steel, corslets and what not, that the fancy conjures when heroism is in question! Yet, the *Merrimac* adventure elated the country beyond any comparison, with more of sentimental delight than any deed of daring recorded in our history.

History is not fulfilling its function when it does not give the atmosphere of events, as well as their outline and effect. No battle gained or lost could have created a more demonstrative outbreak than the first despatches—giving the bald fact that Hobson and his seven had dared, had succeeded, but had died in the doing! It was not until the chivalrous instinct of the brave, recognizing the splendor of the deed—Cervera's assurances to his antagonist, that the man and his crew were safe, that the country breathed freely.

Many a fiction will in future embalm this glowing picture of manliness, but even the pen of Dumas cannot add to the heroic outline the thrillingly romantic evolution from inception to climax—and extraordinarily enough, from climax to the unexpected ending. Hobson was taken to the hearts of the whole people. Inquiry, on the publication of his per-

sonality, revealed the possibility that his homestead in Alabama was likely to pass from the ownership of his aged parents. At once the hands of millions were held out, ready to pay the incumbrance! When on the fall of Santiago, the young mariner in the ordinary routine of duty found himself in New York, he was blockaded in the streets, beleaguered in public places—found himself, in fact, the tenderly adored hero of women, the delight of men. His conduct under this trying ordeal confirmed all that was said of him; all that was believed of him—for he accepted these testimonials, with a surprise not unmingled with disapproval, demonstrating solidity and worth. At a public entertainment, organized by the Red Cross Society to raise funds for the care of the wounded, Hobson was prevailed upon to narrate something of his version of the sinking of the *Merrimac*. No audience ever assembled in the metropolis in such numbers, or marked its pleasure so impulsively, as when the abashed young sailor stood up to speak. His portrayal of the scene was confined exclusively to a glorification of the immeasurable devotion of the plain sailor—the real winner of the naval victories. Such words cannot be repeated too often; they deserve every form that permanence can give them. Speaking of the plan of operations Hobson confides to his audience:

“The order was that no man should pay attention to the fire of the enemy. He was not even to look back over his shoulder to see where the fire was coming from. It was also understood that if any man was wounded, he should pay no attention to his wound nor call the attention of anybody else to it, but should place himself in a sitting, kneeling or any other posture that he could, so that when the signal came he could perform the simple duty assigned him. And they carried out their instructions to the letter. They remained there on that ship, each man at his post, until their duty was performed. They laid there until five of the seven torpedoes had been shot away by the enemy’s fire. The steering gear also had been shot away. The projectiles from the enemy’s guns were coming so fast, that it seemed as though they came more in a stream than singly, yet those Jackies laid there to do their duty as instructed, and never flinched. Again, when the work was done and the crew assembled at the appointed place and the *Merrimac* began to sink under them, slowly, because only two of the seven torpedoes that were to sink us had been fired; when for ten minutes that crew of Jackies lay there on their faces at the rendezvous and the projectiles were exploding just in front of them, the simple word was given that no man should move until further orders. If there ever was a time and condition when

the principle of every man taking care of himself was justifiable, when men would have been excused for going overboard—going anywhere, so long as they got away from where they were—it was on board the Merrimac those ten minutes. But not a man stirred. They waited for the order, feeling all the time the ship sinking beneath them and seeing the shells exploding all around them. A few minutes later, when the same group of Jackies was in the water, clinging with their heads just above water to the rounded corners of the catamaran, and the enemy's picket boats came scouring about with their lanterns, to find something living—then again the impulse was just as strong and as natural to get away from those picket boats and to strike out for the shore. But the simple word was given that no man should move until further orders. There, clinging to that catamaran, for nearly an hour, those men remained, every one of them without a murmur. When that afternoon—the same afternoon as the sinking—by command of the gallant commander-in-chief of the Spanish fleet, Admiral Cervera, the personal effects of that crew of Jackies were brought off from the ship to the prison, in the boat that was sent to Admiral Sampson to tell of our safety, one of the men was allowed to come over to me, while the distribution of our effects was being made. This man, who was the spokesman for all the rest said, after referring to what they had just been through: 'We would do it over again to-night, sir.'

"The next day, when, for all those sailors vaguely felt that the remnants of the inquisition might be applied to get information from the prisoners, those Jackies had another test. A Spanish major, backed by several soldiers, began to question them. As he did so the Spanish soldiers made significant signs like this, (Hobson drew his hand across his throat). The Jackies simply laughed at them. When the Spanish major urged the question as to the object of bringing the Merrimac in the way we did, George Charette, acting as spokesman replied: 'In the United States Navy, sir, it is not the custom for the seamen to know or to inquire the object of his superior officer.'

"I want to go to Annapolis before I leave the country and pay my respects to Admiral Cervera. For him I want to say that the American public may never know just how much they owe to him for the way he treated and protected the prisoners at Santiago. He is a grand old man, I tell you, and I will never forget him for his kindness to me. When I came here I sent him a telegram, telling him that when I had the chance I would thank him in person. I want to take that chance now."

No grace of phrase or eloquence of metaphor could be comparable to the tale of the adventure as told by Hobson himself:

"It was dark when we started in toward the strait, and it was darker when we got the ship into position. We knew that we were taking desperate chances, and in order to be unencumbered when we got into the water, we stripped down to our underclothing. The ship gave a heave, when the charges exploded, and as she sank with a lurch at the bow, we got over her sides. That we got into the water is nearly all we know of what happened in that rather brief period. Some sprang over the ship's side, but more than one of us was thrown over the rail, by the shock and the lurching of the ship. It was our plan to escape on a catamaran float which lay on the roof of the midship house. One of the greatest dangers of the thing was that of being caught in the suction made by the ship as she went down, so we tied the float to the taffrail, giving it slack enough, as we thought, to let it float loose after the ship had settled in her resting place. I swam away from the ship as soon as I struck the water, but I could feel the eddies drawing me backward in spite of all I could do. That did not last very long, however, and, as soon as I felt the tugging ease, I turned and struck out for the float, which I could see dimly bobbing up and down over the sunken hull. The Merrimac's masts were plainly visible, and I could see the heads of my seven men as they followed my example and made for the float also. We had expected, of course, that the Spaniards would investigate the wreck, but we had no idea that they would be at it so quickly as they were. Before we could get to the float, several row boats and launches came around the bluff from inside the harbor. They had officers on board and armed marines as well, and they searched that passage rowing backward and forward until the next morning. It was only by good luck that we got to the float at all, for they were upon us so quickly that we had barely concealed ourselves when a boat with quite a large party on board was right beside us. Unfortunately we thought then, but it turned out afterward that nothing more fortunate than that could have happened for us, the rope with which we had secured the float to the ship was too short to allow it to swing free, and when we reached it we found that one of the pontoons was entirely out of the water, and the other one submerged. Had the raft lain flat on the water we could not have got under it, and would have had to climb up on it, to be an excellent target for the first party of marines that arrived. As it was, we could get upon the raft and by putting our hands through the crevices between the slats which formed its deck, we could hold our heads out of water, and still be unseen. That is

what we did, and all night long we stayed there, with our noses and mouths barely out of water. None of us expected to get out of the affair alive, but luckily the Spaniards did not think of the apparently damaged, half sunken raft floating about beside the wreck. They came within a cable's length at intervals of only a few minutes all night. We could hear their words distinctly, and even in the darkness could distinguish an occasional glint of light on the rifle barrels of the marines and on the lace of the officer's uniforms. We were afraid to speak above a whisper, and for a good while, in fact, whenever they were near us, we breathed as easily as we could. I ordered my men not to speak unless to address me and with one exception they obeyed. After we had been there an hour or two the water which we found rather warm at first, began to get cold, and my fingers ached where the wood was pressing into them. The clouds which were running before a pretty stiff breeze when we went in, blew over, and then by the starlight we could see the boats when they came out of the shadows of the cliffs on either side, and even when we could not see them we knew that they were still near, because we could hear very plainly the splash of the oars and the grinding of the car locks. Our teeth began to chatter before very long, and I was in constant fear that the Spaniards would hear us when they came close. It was so still then that the chattering sound seemed to us as loud as a hammer, but the Spaniard's ears were not sharp enough to hear it. We could hear sounds from the shore almost as distinctly as if we had been there, we were so close to the surface of the water, which is an excellent conductor, and the voices of the men in the boats sounded as clear as a bell.

"My men tried to keep their teeth still but it was hard work, and not attended with any great success at the best. We all knew that we would be shot if discovered by an ordinary seaman or a marine, and I ordered my men not to stir as the boats having officers on board kept well in the distance. One of my men disobeyed my orders and started to swim ashore, and I had to call him back. He obeyed at once, but my voice seemed to create some commotion among the boats, and several of them appeared close beside us before the disturbance in the water made by the man swimming had disappeared. We thought it was all up with us then, but the boats went away into the shadows again. There was much speculation among the Spaniards as to what the ship was and what we intended to do next. I could understand many of the words, and gathered from what I heard, that the officers had taken in the situation at once, but were astounded at the audacity of the thing. The boats, I also

learned were from the fleet, and I felt better because I had more faith in a Spanish sailor than I had in a Spanish soldier. When daylight came a steam launch full of officers and marines came out from behind the cliff that hid the fleet and harbor and advanced toward us. All the men on board were looking curiously in our direction. They did not see us. Knowing that some one of rank must be on board, I waited until the launch was quite close and hailed her. My voice produced the utmost consternation on board. Every one sprang up, the marines crowded to the bow and the launch's engines were reversed. She not only stopped but she backed off until nearly a quarter of a mile away, where she stayed. The marines stood ready to fire at the word of command, when we clambered out from under the float. There were ten of the marines and they would have fired in a moment had they not been restrained. I swam toward the launch and then she started toward me. I called out in Spanish: 'Is there an officer on board?' An officer answered in the affirmative, and then I shouted in Spanish again: 'I have seven men to surrender.' I continued swimming, and when I reached the side of the launch, I was seized and pulled out of the water. As I looked up, when they were dragging me into the launch I saw that it was Admiral Cervera himself, who had hold of me. He looked at me rather dubiously at first, because I had been down in the engine room of the Merrimac, where I got covered with oil, and that with the soot and coal dust, made my appearance most disreputable. I had put on my officer's belt before sinking the Merrimac, as a means of identification, no matter what happened to me, and when I pointed to it in the launch the admiral understood and seemed satisfied. The first words he said to me when he learned who I was, were, 'blen venido sea usted,' which means you are welcome. My treatment by the naval officers, and that of my men also, was courteous all the time that I was a prisoner. They heard my story, as much of it as I could tell, but sought to learn nothing more. My men were rescued from the float and taken to the shore and we were all placed in a cell in Morro Castle. I asked permission to send a note to Admiral Sampson and wrote it, but when Admiral Cervera learned of it, he said that General Linares would not permit me to send it. The admiral seemed greatly worried, but it was not until a day or two later that I learned what was on his mind. That same day he said he would send a boat to the fleet to get clothes for us, and that the men who went in the boat could tell Admiral Sampson that we were safe. I learned later that General Linares was inclined to be ugly, and that Admiral Cervera wished to get word to our fleet, as soon as possible, that we were safe, knowing then

that General Linares would know that the fleet knew it, and he would not dare to harm us.

"When we were first placed in Morro, the solid doors to our cells were kept closed for an hour or two, but when we objected to that, the admiral ordered that they be thrown open. Then we had a view of Santiago harbor, the city and the Spanish fleet. All the officers of the army and fleet called on us that day, and their treatment of us was most considerate and courteous. General Linares did not call, but sent word that as all the others had called, he thought that a visit from him was not included in his duties. I do not know what he meant by that, but am sure we did not owe our safety to him. We were still in Morro Castle when Admiral Sampson's fleet bombarded Santiago. The windows in the side of our cell opened west across the harbor entrance, and we could hear and see the shells as they struck. We knew that we would not be fired upon as word had gone out as to where we were, so we sat at the windows and watched the shells. Each one sung a different tune as it went by. The smaller shells moaned or screeched as they passed, but the thirteen-inch shells left a sound behind them like that of a sudden and continued smashing of a huge pane of glass. The crackling was sharp and metallic, something like sharp thunder without the roar, and the sound continued but decreased after the shell had gone. In many cases the shells struck projecting points of rock, and ricochetting, spun end over end across the hills. The sound they made as they struck again and again was like the short sharp puff of a locomotive starting with a heavy train. We were in Morro Castle four days and only once did I feel alarmed. The day before we were taken into the city of Santiago, I saw a small boat start from the harbor with a flag of truce up. When I asked one of the sentries what it meant I was told that the boat had gone out to tell our fleet that my men and I had already been taken into the city. Then I feared that Morro would be bombarded at once, and believed it a scheme got up by General Linares to end us. We were taken to the city the next day, and were safe anyway, then. In the city we were treated with the same consideration by the naval officers, with the exception of General Linares, which we got on the day of our capture. I believe we owe to Admiral Cervera our exchange, and a great deal more in the way of good treatment that we would not otherwise have received. General Linares had no good blood for us, nor did the soldiers and the marines, who would have shot us on sight the night that we went into the harbor. Sharks? No, we did not have time to think of them that night," said Lieutenant Hobson, in reply to one of his listeners. "We saw a great

many things though, and went through a great many experiences. When we started out from the fleet I tied to my belt a flask of medicated water, supplied to me by the ship's surgeon. All the way the flask went from hand to hand. Once I felt my pulse to see if I was frightened, but to my surprise I found it normal. Later, we forgot all about it, and when we got into the water, there was no need for the flask.



THE STUFF OUR NAVY IS MADE OF.
(Ensign Gillis capturing a floating torpedo.)



III.

WITH the mercurial inconsequence of our race, made up of a not wholly coördinated mingling of all races, the eve of our national anniversary closed with the heaven of hope hung in black. Santiago had become a nightmare. The army so rashly planted before its walls could neither advance nor retreat. It was in the awkward fix so aptly described by President Lincoln, when Hooker proposed a movement on Fredericksburg—"like a bull caught in a fence which could neither kick nor gore, use neither horns nor heels." General Shafter's cry of despair was regarded as of deeper interest than the disheartened commander really meant to convey. He had given way to the same boyish impulse which had carried the Rough Riders beyond prudent precaution and he was now conscious of his peril, superadded to the impossibility of extricating himself. But at the darkest hour of the Cuban enterprise, fortune, as if cynically bent on confounding the wisdom of the wise, raised the curtain on an achievement, which sets all conventional description, all preconceived axioms of warfare, at defiance.

While Sampson's fleet on the memorable Sunday of the 3d of July was going through the wearisome routine of the blockade, the trained eye of an officer on the bridge of the redoubtable battleship Iowa, detected the smoke of a cruiser emerging from the giant fissure that gives access to the landlocked waters of Santiago harbor. The warning cry that rang out transformed the dawdling masses in every crevice of the ship, into spasmodic curiosity. It was exactly thirty-three minutes after nine. The sombre cliffs that make the sea wall of all the visible line of coast, were in the deep translucent shadows of the semi-tropic clime. To the gaze of the Iowa's men, there seemed for the first moment of intense scrutiny, only the image of a lowering mass of swiftly looming outlines. But the nautical eye, quick at distinguishing the phenomena of the sea, knew in a flash that the hoped-for hour had struck. The spectre was every instant growing distinct in shape, and when Captain "Bob" Evans reached the deck, he had no difficulty in distinguishing the flagship of Admiral Cervera, the Infanta Maria Teresa.

The commander-in-chief of the squadron had sailed eastward to confer with the army staff, and the direction of the combat fell to the officer next in rank, Commodore Schley. So far, however, as the tactics of the

action that followed were carried out, chance was the potential factors. That is to say, the captains of the ships followed the instinct of the trained sailor and struck where the blows were certain to prove most effective. Schley gave but one order--follow and fight. But had the order never been hung at his signal mast the work would have gone on precisely the same. Naturally, being nearest the on-coming Spaniard, Captain Evans charged his ship with the business of despatching this antagonist. But there was no monopoly for the Iowa. In stately procession, aligned as if on parade, the Spanish squadron emerged in spectral regularity from the granite doorway. They broke upon the somewhat scattered fleet of Schley, swift, confident, as if in no sort of doubt of their predestined triumph. Even in the exultant ecstasy of hope fulfilled, the captains and crews of our fleet, could hardly forbear the homage of a cheer, for an enemy so proudly confident, so superbly shipshape in trim and evolution.

Almost simultaneously, as if the four score guns of the several ships were touched by one hand, a thundering volley broke from Schley's combined broadsides. The Iowa, addressing herself exclusively to the Infanta Maria Teresa, pursued one aim from the outset, to keep the enemy toward the shore, batter her with the heaviest available projectiles, and if it could be done, ram her into helplessness. But the splendid speed of the Spanish ship soon made contact beyond the dream of the battleship's commander. The Spanish line, well out of the intricate debouch of the harbor, had turned westward, presenting their full length, or in nautical phrase, their broadside, to the pursuing fleet. Then gun answered gun in lightning swiftness. Unable to keep up with Cervera's ship, the Iowa headed to cross behind her, in order to make more decisive work by raking shot, that is, to sweep the deck from stern to bow. There was another purpose; the Oquendo, flying in the wake of the Teresa, could be intercepted and raked from bow to stern. The tactics thus involved placed the Iowa between the two racers, but Evans doesn't seem to have counted the odds in his anxiety to get a point of vantage for firing. Yet, any one familiar with the ancient tactics of naval encounters, will recall, with tingling nerves, that the placing of a ship thus between two adversaries, was considered the triumph of the mariner's skill; it was this manœuvre that won Nelson his most vaunted triumph, yet our valiant commander deliberately sought this place of peril.

Nor was this the utmost risk of the daring interposition, for at almost the same moment the fleetest of the Spaniards, the Cristobal Colon, cleaving the water like an ocean flyer, came abreast of the group and

sent a withering flight of shells about and above the Iowa. It is no figure of speech to say that the enormous projectiles of the three fighting ships, fell like hail on and in the deck and works of the Iowa. The ships were darting through the water at the highest speed the engines were capable of forcing. But the movement in no wise interfered with the deadly precision of our range finders, while it did impair the accuracy of the Spanish gunners, as the incredibly discrepant results attest.

It is not easy to make the landsman comprehend the Titanic fury of the combat without using the technical jargon of the seaman, and yet that jargon, while precisising the alternate shifts of the adversaries, cannot portray intelligibly to any save seafaring folk, the actuality of the episodes. Indeed the imagination must be invoked. Let us put ourselves in the place of one of the officers and note the effect! To begin with, the vessel on which you stand seems a volcano. The discharge of the broadside is precisely like the impact of train against train on the railroad, only men indurated by training can keep their feet when the guns thunder. If the effect is so benumbing, when the projectile takes its flight, what must the sensation be where it strikes? Nor is it possible to fully realize, let alone picture the pandemonium of sound, unless there be the familiarity of sight. There must be knowledge of the complicated structure, the turrets dominating the sulphurous pit of flames and smoke, the Hadean atmosphere, the grimy gnomes conjuring with the forces of destruction.

The Iowa vomiting broad swathes of flame, heads on, always on, as if the point of death, the pit of the hell of bombs, were the coveted place. In this extraordinary race, with overmastering destructive forces fronting her, the ship, though incessantly struck, sped onward invincible—a throbbing Behemoth of prodigious pulse and will. The monstrous volleys told, and almost at once the Maria Teresa began to vibrate to something else than the throbbing paroxysms of her engines. From the Iowa's deck and bridge, from her places of vantage, the withering destruction wrought from the steady downfall of our hail could be plainly verified. Finally side by side, like sportive colossi in battle, the Iowa vomited the contents of her entire battery, including the rapid firing guns, into the Oquendo, at a distance of 1,100 yards. The Spaniards' deck on the instant resembled a crater of hurtling metal; smoke broke upward through the gashes cut in the deck; flames shot in licking lines from the port holes; the air on the ship was torture. Still the devoted Spaniards gave no sign of comprehending that to fight further was insanity, not heroism; the stanch ship fairly reeled an instant, as if bewildered, then

with leviathan energy shot ahead with bewildering velocity, leaving the assailing Iowa booming sulphurously behind her.

Almost at the same instant, a huge apparition of spouting flame—lurid with innumerable wreaths of fire fringing every available foot—loomed up right in touch with the Iowa. It was recognized as the flyer of the fleet, the Cristobal Colon. Her first salutation was the planting of two six-inch shells, squarely in the side of the Federal vessel. Each of these missiles did the work intended, and had the fabric of Evans' ship been of anything but the best, the vessel would have gone to the bottom. One shell entered the dispensary, strewing the appurtenances of that department in ruins; another penetrated what the seamen call the cofferdam, where it was found lodged after the action was over.

At almost the same juncture a cry came from the lookout that two torpedo-boat destroyers were within four hundred yards of the Iowa. Captain Evans had the sailor's dread of the unknown, and remitting the assault on the fleeing Colon, he concentrated his fire on the dreaded destroyers. A twelve-inch shell from the ship's rear battery struck the nearest of the terrors, and to the unspeakable delight of the watching crew, cut the afterpart of the nearest of the destroyers square in twain! As this *coup de grace* was administered, a shot from the victim whirled over the Iowa, within two feet of the captain's head. The Iowa, for a maddening moment, followed the extraordinary dénouement of the attack. The Gloucester, which had been improvised for war, from a pleasure yacht, commanded by Commander Wainright, one of the officers of the Maine, with incredible audacity made square for the two destroyers. Her light though formidable armament had been in constant play since the Spanish fleets reached the opening. With untiring fury she opened on the destroyer's craft, it will be remembered, designed to terrorize the stouter battle ships. The outcome would not be credited, were it not attested by scores of witnesses. She penetrated the vulnerable parts of the two destroyers and in a few minutes they were thrown, dismantled, on the surf-beaten rocks! No episode in this memorable combat, so much interested the world—none produced so vital a change in the relative strength of the fleets—for most of the European sea powers have counted upon these mysterious engines to offset rival superiority in large craft.

But Evans and his vulcans had little time to more than exult over this astounding reversal of accepted conditions. Out of the pandemoniac mêlée, the imposing Vizcaya, suddenly uprose in ominous nearness. Then the two ships, as if humanly or inhumanly animate with the instinct of malignity, plied every gun, each at the other. Nothing that ear ever



THE DESTRUCTION OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898.



heard, eye ever saw in any other phenomena of nature, can be made use of to vivify the picture, the scene, the devilish ferocity of the salvos—sending havoc and death at every stertorous belch. The impact of the volleys was felt like the uplifting of an ordinary locomotive by some monster hand and striking the ship's side or surface. In an atmosphere of pungent fumes, stifling to the sense, with the ships careening on a boiling sea, the Iowa and Vizcaya maintained this Atlean duel, full fifteen minutes. With every outpour from the the flaming maws of the Iowa, seams could be seen in the Vizcaya's enormous sides; cracks in her



THE CRISTOBAL COLON.

vital places, destruction in all the exposed vantage points—from bridge to tiller. A pause, as if to take breath—suspended the Spanish aggression for an instant, and when she struck again the leviathan Oregon was square upon her.

Then the combined Federal fleet, that is, the Oregon, Iowa and Texas—in a group plied their crushing broadsides into the staggering squadron now in extremis. Most of them were enwreathed in flames; with steering gear and offensive appliances beyond any remedy at hand. The Iowa's captain and crew could see that the work was done and well done;

there was but one of the splendid ships of the Cape Verde fleet intact, the swift Colon—flying to the westward pursued by an ample force.

The fire-beleagured crews of the three dismantled ships were now the solicitude of the officers and crew of the Iowa. It was a woeful sight even to the exultant victors. The three noble ships, unable to fire or fly, had run upon the rocks to get a last chance for life—a very poor one, for even had the vessels been beyond the reach of the pursuer's guns the fires raging below deck made explosion certain. The horrors of the bombardment were almost humanitarian amenities compared with the spectacle



THE MARIA TERESA.

that met the startled vision of the rescuers. The scanty crews of the Spanish ships were struggling in the water and in the very eyes, almost in the grasp of the rescuers, were drawn under water by the swarming sharks, other unfortunates were throwing themselves overboard in the wildness of despair to quench the flames devouring them.

But more hideous than this, Captain Evans discovered the inhuman Cubans, hidden among the rocks, dispatching the helpless and naked men—prisoners of the United States, as the white flag was at the mast of each ship. The unqualifiable miscreants were deliberately picking off the struggling victims, as they dragged their mutilated bodies from the fangs

of the sharks or suffering from the wounds of the fleet. The Iowa's crew put an end to this feast of ferocity, and there were queer comments among the valiant men who had fought Spaniards to their doom in the interest of these semi-cannibals. Nor did the soul-stirring heroism and manly magnanimity of our admirable compatriots end in the mere rescue from the waves. In countless instances, volunteers from the boats climbed the burning sides of the Spanish wrecks to rescue the wounded—left to their doom in the flaming craters the hulks presented. Captain Evans, witness of the Bayard like devotion of one man, who climbed up the scorching sides of the Vizcaya, named the hero for promotion on the spot. The Iowa's part in the bewildering drama ends fitly in an act of chivalrous courtesy, fitting for record beside the scenic amenities of the troubadour days. The captain of the Vizcaya was brought up the Iowa's gang plank among other prisoners. When the distressed Spaniard came in sight of Captain Evans, he drew his sword from its scabbard, kissed the hilt, and with an emotion easily understood, proffered this priceless insignia of the brave to the captor: "No," replied the noble sailor, "you fought too well to give up your sword, keep it." The incident sank deep into the minds of the Iowa's crew, for there was not a man on the ship, who had not heard of a foolish boast made by Captain Eulate of the Vizcaya, that he would drag the Iowa in tow to Spain—a prize.

A combat so decisive, involving tests so numerous and radical in their effect, will receive the world's attention and excite volumes of description, as no single eye could conceive the simultaneous effort of the United States vessels, and no single narrative can comprehend all the details no matter how elaborate or exhaustive, in one single picture. History must accept the evidence of many, and choose the decision of the competent. The world who reads for the sake of knowing the human side of these awful slaughters we call "glorious victories," will probably acquire a clearer insight into the action now under consideration, by the artless narrative of a young lad—an uncommonly wide-awake young lad, who gives this terse rendering of the Iowa episode and without the technical jargon which confuses ordinary recitals from seamen. The writer, Joseph T. Garbin, a lad of twenty, formed one of the watch corps of the Iowa. His artless expression is the triumph of realism; he is writing from the Iowa on the night of the decisive action.

"At eight o'clock this morning I went on deck as usual for signal watch. I made up my mind to keep a good lookout on the mouth of the harbor, as it was only on Saturday night that I had reported to the officer of the deck that there were three distinct lines of smoke to the left of the

entrance to the harbor, and I did not sleep very well during the night thinking of it. I thought they had steam up, and were going to make a break in the night. So, naturally, that only increased my anxiety to be the first one to see them, as the navigator said he would give \$10 to the signal boy who gave the alarm, and I am proud to say that he stuck to his word, and I am \$10 richer to-day than I was yesterday. At 9 A. M. this morning I reported that the smoke I saw had moved toward the entrance. At 9:15 I reported it moving more so. Then, of my own accord, I bent on the signal 2-5-0, which means 'The enemy's ships escaping,' and laid it on the bridge ready to hoist. At 9:30, just as the navigator was taking the deck, I reported a large black ship, with two stacks and two military masts, in the entrance. The navigator, without looking, says 'Bend on the emergency signal.' With that I ran it up to the yard-arm. He said, 'Sound the alarm, bugler; sound general quarters.' I was patiently waiting to sound the alarm, and in two minutes after, or at 9:32 o'clock, the ship was reported ready for action. At 9:35 the Vizcaya opened fire, and was promptly answered by our ship with a twelve-inch gun, which went dangerously close for the first. Then there came a stream of fire from the forts and ships, and they were all directed at the Iowa, but she seemed to be charmed, for not a shell struck her. Captain Evans sang out ahead, 'Full speed, both engines,' and soon we were closing up on the leader of the Dagoes. Talk about a ship pumping steel! We were at the Vizcaya when the flagship Maria Teresa got on our starboard side, and Captain Evans smiled and said, 'Now, men, take accurate aim, and make every shot tell.' So we were putting broadside after broadside into both ships, when suddenly the Maria Teresa turned around and headed for the beach. Our captain manœuvred the ship a little, and got between them again, but this time with the Vizcaya on our starboard and the flagship on our port side. More shells hit the flagship, and she ran on the beach, with her crew dropping from all parts of her. Soon the smoke oozed from her and a terrible explosion rent the air, and then the crack cruiser of the Dagoes' fleet struck her colors and ran up a pair of white pants as a flag of truce.

"We then manœuvred around the Vizcaya so as to get the Almirante Oquendo on our left, and succeeded. In ten minutes the Oquendo was in the same position as the Maria Teresa, laid high and dry on the beach, fire pouring from all sides and parts of her. Still the Vizcaya kept up the fight and we saw that she was doomed. But then things changed. She let drive her two eleven-inch guns and struck us plump on the water line, causing a fire to start on the berth deck. But discipline showed it-

self here, for the fire was hardly started before it was put out, but we were leaking badly. This in time was also stopped.

"Suddenly, as if it were a part of a programme, Captain Bob sang out from the conning tower, 'Come, boys; five minutes more of this work, and she'll be done for.' Then you should have seen the fire come from those guns. It seemed as if all the guns in the ship were discharged at once. When the smoke cleared away a little the captain sang out: 'Man the secondary battery; bugler sound the torpedo attack.' There, sure enough, were Spain's two dreaded torpedo boat destroyers. The secondary battery made the shells fairly rain on them. They did not last five minutes."

This eager eyed boy on the spot, unquestionably all eyes for the thrilling spectacle, it will be observed, counts the shots of the Iowa as decisive on the torpedo destroyers. He also specifies severe hurt done the Iowa not pointed out in the official report. These apparent discrepancies illustrate the perplexity of presenting the ensemble of the momentarily varying action—for the officers' reports contain the same contradictions and averments. It is instructive to compare what an officer's eyes saw and an officer's pen set down, viewing precisely the same phenomena. Cadet Graeme, fresh in the impressions of what he has just taken part in, wrote from the same ship, the Iowa:

"A splendid, big, dark colored cruiser, flying a very large Spanish flag, was coming out past Morro at full speed. I jumped to my turret and saw everything ready in a hurry. The Iowa was headed in toward Morro at about six thousand yards' distance.

"The Spanish vessels all headed to the westward and before we had turned to follow them I got in three shots at the Vizcaya. One of the cadets said he saw one of my shots land right on the Vizcaya's forecastle and burst. This was the only shooting I did in the action, as our starboard side was toward the enemy all the rest of the time. Our heavy guns began firing within two minutes after the first alarm. The enemy's shells came over us in showers. I saw the Texas on our port hand and beyond her the Brooklyn. The Oregon was to the eastward of us, but she passed the stern of us and headed in toward the enemy.

"When the first ship came out she fired an eleven-inch shell at us which passed just over the bridges from the bow to the starboard quarter and struck the water near the quarterdeck. If it had struck us the effect would have been terrific, as it was a raking shot. The enemy fired a great deal of shrapnel at us, and the whistling of the rifle balls as the shells burst could be heard plainly.

"All this time a running fire was kept up with the cruisers. Our twelve and eight-inch shells hulled them, and the lighter guns made their sides look like pepper boxes. The Maria Teresa and the Oquendo were seen to be on fire in about twenty minutes from the beginning of the action. They headed for the shore and were on the beach in thirty-four minutes from the first gun, complete wrecks, burning fiercely, the Spaniards swimming ashore on gratings, ladders and other wreckage. The Oregon was with us, but she and the Texas and Brooklyn devoted themselves principally to the Colon and Vizcaya. We at once set out at full speed after these two ships.



A SIX-POUNDER RAPID FIRE GUN IN ACTION.

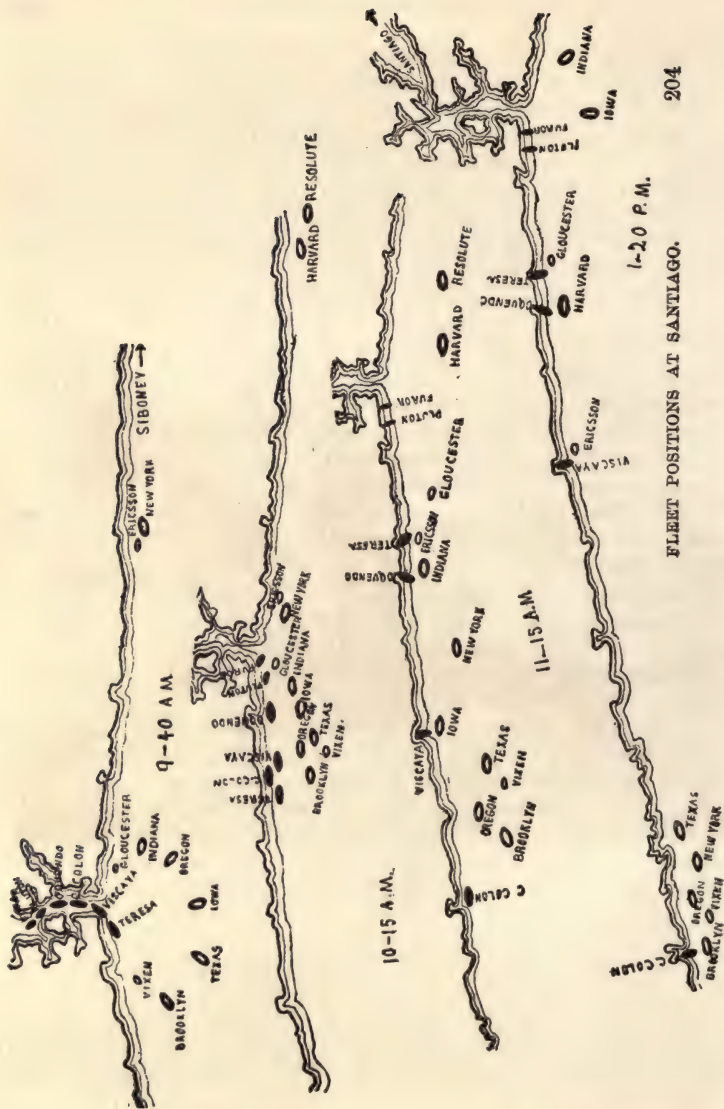
"The Oregon and Brooklyn kept up a hot fire at the two fleeing Spaniards and the Texas fired an occasional long range shot. We were too far astern to fire at them, but we began to gain slowly on the Vizcaya. Our first action lasted fifty-four minutes. The Vizcaya put her helm a-port and headed in for the beach in a sinking condition. She was also on fire. Two heavy shells had hit us on the starboard bow forward of the armor. The watertight doors had all been closed at the beginning of

the action, so the leak was not serious. We let the ships chase the Colon and we turned in toward the Vizcaya. We left our guns and the word 'Out all boats' was passed. . . . The Vizcaya was burning fiercely inside the superstructure, and the after ports were red with flames. While we were near, the mainmast fell with a crash, the large military top falling across the after eleven-inch barbette. The guns were popping as the fire reached them, the shells whistling over our heads, and by the sharp crack or sullen boom I judged we had a sample shot from every piece of ordnance in the ship.

"Every minute or so the fire would reach a box of rapid fire ammunition, and an explosion very much like a 'flower pot' would occur, thin, feathery trails of smoke shooting far heavenward in a dozen different directions. While we were some distance off, even from the Iowa one could see the men going down the side on ropes, and swimming ashore in little groups. Our first boats took men right from the ship's side, while some hung on to ropes and refused to let go, fearing they would drown.

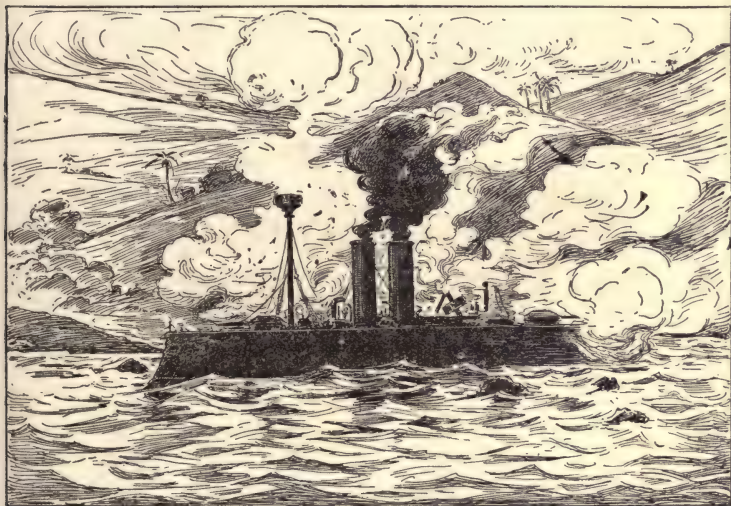
"Several had to be pulled away by main force. We had three boats at work when I got there, and the United States yacht Hist had two small skiffs employed in the rescue. I headed for the bow, but could see no one on board. Any way it was at this time too hot for a human being to live aboard of her. The ship was a crackling mass of flame. I saw a great gaping shot hole in the forward barbette, and a good many shreds of clothing about the bridge and forecastle."

While the Iowa, which was in the direct path of the escaping enemy, lost herself in her own smoke, and that of the enemy, the other vessels of the fleet aligned as may be seen in the comprehensive diagram illustrating these pages, made directly for the course of the flying Spaniards, not quite certain whether the manœuvre was intended to cover some ulterior purpose or whether Admiral Cervera meant to stake all upon a fight of ship to ship. The speed of the enemy and to a certain extent the unpreparedness of Commodore Schley's vessels decided this; for, as if by instinct each of the blockading vessels pushed to intercept the nearest enemy. In the *mêlée* it was not always possible to tell which vessel did the deadly execution soon visible in the flying squadron. We have seen the Iowa placing herself squarely in the path of the Vizcaya and at the same time challenging the utmost efforts of the Oquendo. The Texas, which surprised her own crew and the enemy as well, and animated by the consciousness of the result dependent upon her speed, turned the prophecies of her detractors and even the hopes of her friends into idle sayings,



for she developed a speed that it seems counted for a great deal in the precipitate yielding of Cervera's vessels.

They had not counted on any approach to such sailing qualities; in fact Admiral Cervera himself owned, that when the order to emerge from Santiago reached him, though he apprehended a desperate conflict, he counted the Brooklyn as the only antagonist likely to be able to maintain the combat if he could turn it into a stern chase. The Texas itself became the centre of a fire almost as ferocious as though it had been concentric. But the vessel was so stoutly put together that not a splinter was displaced nor a man injured, though Captain Philip was obliged,

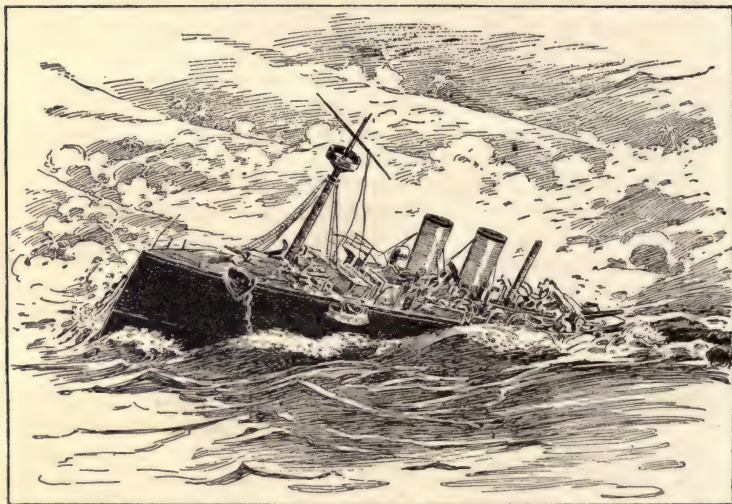


WRECK OF THE "VIZCAYA".

so dense was the fall of missiles, to transfer his operating station from the conning tower, as it is called, to the bridge. And just as he did so a shell from the enemy riddled the pilot house, leaving it useless during the rest of the action. Another shell tore a hole through an ash funnel and exploded in the smokestack, but injured no one. The Texas, meanwhile, was like a hive of gigantic ants, each man working with deadly intensity and each invisible to his neighbor, for the smoke grew every instant dense, sulphurous, blinding! And it is a curious comment on the enginery,

shown to be so fatefully effective, that the master strokes of destruction were wielded in an almost impenetrable darkness.

In old times a vessel undergoing a bombardment had a free sea, clear air, and only a slight jar from the detonation of the guns. Every time the Texas leviathans vomited forth their monstrous missiles, the men on their feet were flung violently upon the decks by the concussion, which to an outsider implied the beginning of the wracking to pieces of the ship itself. It can be readily understood therefore what the captains and com-



WRECK OF THE "OQUENDO."

manders of the new school vessels mean, when they frankly declare that the victory is due and due alone to the men at the guns. For every broadside is a torture, in fact is accompanied by pains and penalties, almost as fatal to the physical system as a charge of cavalry or a fusillade on land, to infantry.

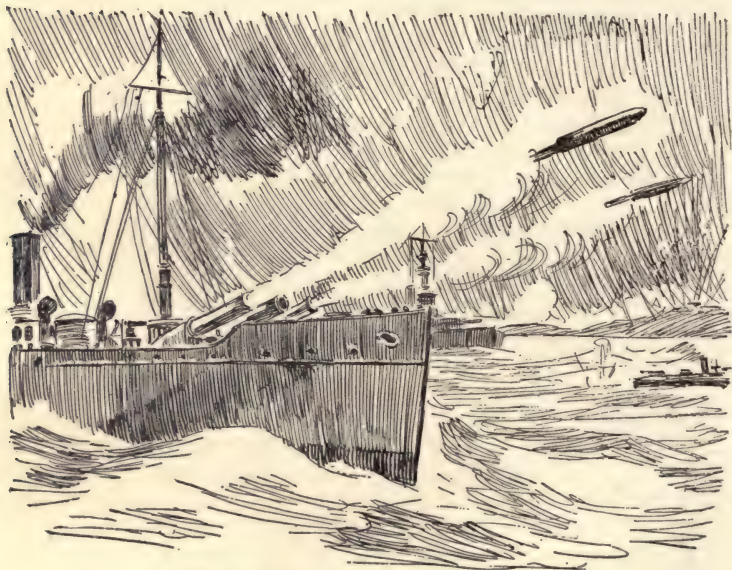
Fitfully the great vessel passed out of the pandemoniac atmosphere long enough to catch a glimpse of the lurid nebulae surrounding the enemy; then redoubled vigor, if this were possible, was added to the efforts of the gunners. The fight had been going on an hour or more, when the vulcan forces of the Texas were made aware that their projectiles had riddled the two enemies nearest the indefinable sweep of the ship's pro-

digious missiles. Then aligning, as if by accident, the Brooklyn, the Oregon and the Texas found themselves cleaving the waters neck and neck after the Cristobal Colon and the Almirante Oquendo. But the speed, the incessant crash, the abysmal confusion, did not seem for an instant to deter the activity of the gunners, or in the slightest effect the preternatural accuracy of their aim. A vast apparition of flame, gaunt and ghastly, arms obtruding in the darkness of the smoke flashed and fell into quiescence. Then lines were revealed; the Oquendo had turned sharp, panting and sinking in an attempt to reach the land. Still the Texas guns roared and the deadly missiles from all her batteries flew in clusters against the now helpless wreck. Through the murky atmosphere, the man at the post on the Texas signaled that the vessel had struck and simultaneously with this an explosion rent the air that fairly made the waters about the Texas uprear and quiver as though a million mines had exploded beneath her keel.

It was at this memorable point that Captain Philip uttered the exclamation which has evoked the admiring comments of mankind. The titans of the Texas, conscious of their handiwork and spectators of the result, began a fierce vindictive cry of exultation: "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying," Captain Philip called out, and the Texas, with the men subdued and thoughtful, catching fitful glimpses of the Oquendo's tragic helplessness, tore on to secure the Cristobal Colon. In this episode of the engagement, another vessel, the Oregon, made the record that sailors love. For, unwearied by her voyage half round the world, this splendid ship tore through the water like an express train, out-sailing swifter rivals. The Colon had performed a miracle up to this moment; she had reached a forty mile bourn from the mouth of the Santiago prison, and under all the laws of naval experience, she ought to have been safe. The Brooklyn, counted on for swiftness and not for strength, had kept in relentless chase. But divining the purpose of the commander of the Colon, Admiral Schley directed his course far enough out to intercept the flying Spaniard at a headland many miles distant. This to some extent lessened the effectiveness of the Brooklyn's fire. Hence, when the Oregon joined the chase and discovered a speed equal to either of the others, Admiral Schley knew the victory not only won but consummated.

The Brooklyn, Texas and Oregon were within deadly range, their guns plying incessant destruction, when the Colon was seen to turn and then give up the fight. As was fitting, Admiral Schley hastened aboard the Spaniard, receiving the surrender of the last of the fleet. Returning to his own vessel Commodore Schley, who has a very warm corner in the

hearts of his sailors, came near enough to the Texas to call to his friends: "It was a nice fight, Jack, wasn't it." Then the Fourth of July feelings of the sailors, from the chief in command, to the coal shoveler, broke out. And Captain Philip, though the time appropriate to call all hands to the quarter deck, to bare his head and deliver this impressive epilogue: "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts to offer silent thanks to the Almighty."



THE VESUVIUS THROWING PROJECTILES.

PART II.

HOWEVER gifted the historian, whatever powers he may possess in making real to the eye the thing of the thought, the world is agreed and I think rightly, that the word, reflecting the impressions of the man who has been part of a fateful enterprise, is of more worth, if not more weight, than the most carefully wrought coördinations of the purely philosophic annalist. Recall the avidity of mankind in reading and treasuring Cæsar's ideas and impressions of his cyclonic campaign in Gaul; Napoleon's utterances after the indescribable discomfiture in Russia; these remain in the world's mind, while the studiously wrought chapters of the conscientious historian are known only to the erudite or the enthusiast. Hence the sayings of Schley, of Evans, of Clark, of any of the knightly paragons, who conducted our vessels to victory, are of more value than all the philosophic study the French Academy could combine. I do not mean by this, that a Schley, an Evans, a Dewey, can record history, more accurately or more worthily, only, that what they say has the attraction of actuality. The reader is seeing the soul of one of the guiding factors in victory or defeat. The plodding historian intimidated by countless contradiction, can only present the photographic negatives—while the Schleys, the Evans, the Deweys, the Clarks—the man at the gun gives the crayon lines caught, just as they were drawn by the vast camera of nature.

On his return to Washington, Schley was saluted as the hero and architect of the Santiago edifice. Not that he claimed or reclaimed; he was of too fine a mould for that. He did what was allotted to the commander of our fleet to do, and he was hero-like, disdainfully indifferent as to the attribution of the glory. It was in short, glory enough for him that on his beloved Brooklyn—on all the ships, he loves as men love their children, no life was lost, and the end won. We have his official version of the grandiose action, which really ended the war, but an official report is necessarily a guarded statement of facts—no matter how momentous the subject; just as history is constrained to a certain austere air of all-knowingness, which impairs the free play of the imagination. Taken un-awares, as it were, in the humorous inquisition of the interviewer, Schley made these extremely interesting addenda to a report which the world will read with interest so long as the language lasts:

"My mind in regard to the battle," he said, "is like a camera full of instantaneous photographs, the negatives of which have not been fully developed. It has been so far, impossible for me to form a correct impression of the entire engagement, but in thinking it over from time to time, I remember new circumstances and impressions that were made on my mind at the moment, but which had not before been remembered. In the course of time I will have the negatives well developed and be able to give the correct history of the engagement as I saw it. As far as our being in the least unprepared for the battle,—that is all nonsense. We could not have been more prepared for them if they had notified us that they were coming out. Our men watched the harbor night and day so closely that a rat could not have slipped out without being seen. The enemy was unable to put a shovel of fresh coal on their fires without the fact being reported. Beyond the hills, at the entrance of the harbor we could see the smoke arising from the enemy's vessels. While it was thin we were at rest, but if a particularly black cloud arose we were alert. On the morning the enemy left the harbor my Quartermaster reported to me that the columns of smoke were shifting about the harbor, and were denser than usual. It looked as though they were preparing for a dash. I was positive that they would come out within twenty four hours. Public opinion everywhere is the same, and public opinion was sure to force Cervera to fight. So sure were we that they were coming out of the harbor, that we were at quarters when they appeared, and three minutes later we had begun firing. It was the same on the other vessels and the signal that the enemy was coming out appeared on all the ships almost at the same instant."

The reader who has followed the narrative of the conflict, will comprehend the difficulty and embarrassments of the judicious historian on meeting this authoritative averment, for it is in testimony from every ship, that the men were in Sunday regalia; that while the debouch of the Spanish fleet was universally regarded as an eventuality, it was nowhere looked upon as a certainty.

Evidently, Admiral Sampson was not so impressed; that is, not as Schley avers he was, or he would not have steamed away, to leave the conduct of the fight to his second in command. Admiral Schley does not mistake, he simply confuses the denouement, with the prelude. Once the enemy in the open, Schley was the warrior to the tips of his fingers. He ordered his superb Brooklyn, where her fleetness and firing were decisive. He left the Vizcaya, as Captain Evans shows, and turned the prodigious energies of his Brooklyn to the Cristobal Colon. For this

When the commander had reached the station assigned, he signaled, 'I cannot reach the enemy.' 'Go nearer,' signaled back Farragut." Conquests like his own and Dewey's can be best understood by Schley's appreciation of the plain sailor, the citizen of the republic, diverted from peace, to carry on the hateful work of war:

"To the man behind the gun, I cannot give enough praise. I consider it the highest honor to command such a splendid body of men. No better sailors and fighters can be found in the world, and I doubt if they can be equaled. During moments when a rain of iron hail was pouring all around us, the men laughed, and when a shot struck near them they gave a cheer.

"They were absolutely fearless, even in the face of death. How we escaped with such a slight loss will always be a marvel to me. From the instant the nose of the first ship appeared beyond the harbor entrance, the Spaniards poured into us and about us, a terrible and continuous fire from all their guns. They were prepared to fire as rapidly as possible, and did so in their desperate hope of escape. I do not think the result was due to any confusion on their ships, but to a lack of practice. They simply could not hit us, while our men were so well trained that they almost could hit a mosquito. For seven or eight years they had been practicing for such an opportunity, and they pumped shot after shot into the enemy, and after they secured the range every shot told.

"The Spaniards underrated the republic's sailors and the republic from the beginning. As a matter of fact they were never in our class at all. The ships that sailed out of the harbor, were the finest that could be put together, yet they never had a chance of escaping. If I had been in command of the enemy's fleet, I would never have adopted the tactics employed by Admiral Cervera. If they had scattered as soon as they had come out, one or two might have escaped, which would have been a victory for him, even if the others had been sacrificed. If he had taken a dark night, he would have had a better chance. If I had been in his place, I should not have let a dark night pass without trying to escape. As it was, he could not have suited our convenience better. When he came out we were prepared to fight, and if necessary to chase him. I had coal and provisions enough to follow him to Cadiz."

Admiral Schley declared that the surrender of Santiago was due to the bombardment of the navy. If it had not surrendered when it did, the town would have been wiped from the map. Out of 108 eight and six-inch shots fired over the hills at the city, he said 101 fell in the streets of the town. If Santiago had not been surrendered the next day, we would





CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS.



COMMODORE JOHN W. PHILIP.



CAPTAIN CHARLES F. CLARK.



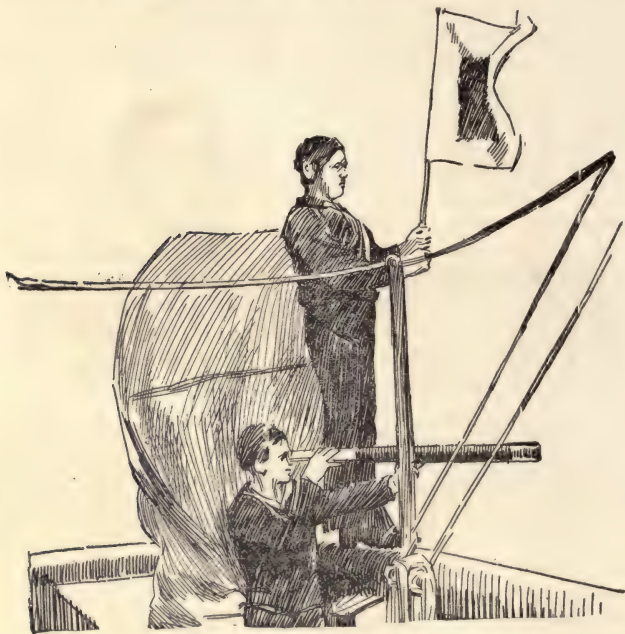
CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR.

have brought up the other vessels and dropped the ten and thirteen-inch shells into the city. They had no alternative but to surrender. The distance was four and a half miles and the intervening hills were about two hundred and fifty feet in height.

When the Spanish fleet came out, the flagship of the United States squadron, the Brooklyn, was from two and a half to three miles from the first of the enemy's fliers. Admiral Schley had been forewarned that if an action ever came, several of the Spanish commanders were eager to try the metal of his ship, hence, the instant he caught sight of the armada, he felt that the Brooklyn would be the target; that one or two at least of the enemy would try the effectiveness of the ram on her armor. He waited therefore, or rather directed his craft more for the purpose of heading off the enemy than attacking them. His guns were operated from the instant sight could be obtained, from what is called in naval parlance the "starboard side," and as the vessel took on headway with increase of fuel, the flagship's fire was probably the most constant, that is the least intermittent of any of the ships. In fact, it is in testimony from the crew, that the guns became so hot from time to time, that some of them had to be abandoned, momentarily. But, two of her boilers were not fired, when the first of the enemy's fleet appeared, and this accounts for the lack of speed shown in the earlier part of the action. But second by second the fires told. Before the decisive moment, she had six furnaces flaming like volcanoes and with this vantage easily distanced her consorts, when the final chase for the Colon set in.

Admiral Schley's responsibility was not ended with the conduct of his own ship, for with Sampson far away, like Sheridan at Winchester, the directing of the battle depended upon him as second in command, and as the event proved, Schley grappled an entirely unforeseen contingency and wrested a victory which might have been less decisive. In fact Schley's manœuvering of the fleet made it impossible for Cervera to elect any other action than the one he followed. For, when the Spanish admiral, in obedience to orders, issued from the channel under the guns of Morro, he had three feasible possibilities before him. He might have rushed square ahead, beating down the ships nearest to him, and even by the sacrifice of one, make good the escape of the others. This would have been a substantial victory: or, he might have divided his fleet, sending half eastward and half westward, thus securing seven chances in ten of the escape of half; or he might have stood squarely out *en masse*, held the blockaders at bay, fought a defensive fight until night, and might then with what were left, have successfully evaded his adversaries. Schley's action, how-

ever, in closing in under the fire of Morro, left the Spanish admiral but two alternatives, flight to the east or flight to the west. Luck gave him an advantage, for had he gone eastward he would have met Sampson with the New York and a half dozen formidable craft of secondary capacity. From his flagship, Schley saw that his lieutenants were carrying out, as if by hypnotic inspiration, exactly what he had in mind, for within three quarters of an hour of the issue under the guns of Morro, the Iowa had riddled the Vizcaya, which fluttered on the water like a vast series of pyrotechnics, spitting flame and belching smoke.



SIGNALING THE FLEET.

After words have done their best to reproduce this awful moment that no language seems adequate to lucidly portray, there is still lacking a vague something. How account for the momentous issue decided in three hours? The results of all the centuries of scientific application came together, embodied in the six Spanish vessels and our own fleet. Untold

millions of money, inestimably more than is represented by the mere cost of the ship as she sits in the water, are represented in the integers of a fleet. Hence, the three hours' combat is really the final stroke, the finite last word, so to speak, in the contest of intelligence, science, patience and devotion. And yet the result so far as it impresses the world, can be baldly told in a few lines. Fleet met fleet and one was sunk. Yet it would be a very unsatisfactory history that dismissed the event in this laconic fashion, and for many a day the curious will inquire, and many and many a volume will be written, to tell the tale second by second, minute by minute, during the three hours. But a great deal more vital thing was won than the sinking of six iron hulks by six other iron hulks.

There is no student of history who would not be glad to know the mind



D. ANTONIO EULATE,
Captain of the "Vizcaya."



D. JUAN B. LAZAGA.
Captain of the "Oquendo."

of the man who held the heavy oar in the triremes of Antony, when his imperial hopes went down on the sea near Actium. We are probably no more curious than those ancient mariners, nor more faithful to the facts than the Plinys and Plutarchs, yet the writer who seeks to embody with fairness, clearness and impartiality the handiwork and significance of each instrument in the conduct of such a combat as the Santiago victory, finds himself embarrassed by the richness of the testimonies, fresh and live and lucid from the very heat, smoke and fury of the battle itself. Nor, surprisingly enough is the story of one vessel the story of another, or the adumbration of the whole. For each ship wrought somewhat in the semblance of its commander, and these typified the varied range of intellectual valor in the extraordinary phalanx of illustrious sailors who have glorified the annals of our navy.

When the apparition of the Spanish fleet surprised the Oregon, two long blasts of her whistle admonished her neighbors, and the attention of the official charged with that duty became fixed on the phenomenon. The men at the guns, wearied with weeks of tedious blockading, broke into shouts, as though the vessel had just reached port from a long voyage. The cheers and the volleys from the guns mingled, and the Spaniard, as he rode out gallantly, gave a taste of his metal with an eleven-inch shell at each ship in succession, deafeningly preluding with crashes that seemed the result of mechanical devices, so regular and so rapid were they. The Oregon to the surprise of her crew, reached her best speed almost simultaneously with the onrush westward, of the third Spanish vessel. From the Oregon's decks the onrush of the Iowa and Texas seemed part of a



D. EMILIO D. MOREU.
Captain of the "Cristobal Colon."



D. VICTOR M. CONCAS.
Captain of the "Maria Teresa."

studied plan; for a time there seemed danger that the three United States vessels would do each other mischief, but the sailor knows his sea, and though apparently crossing each other's path, every gun aimed went straight to its mark in the body of the enemy.

Naturally, the excitement of battle does not leave the mind of the fighter clear for the exact sequence of things as they pass, but the people on the Oregon marked the rush of the torpedo-boats and calculated the effect of a stream of six-pound shells, flung at the two terrors, as they seemed to hesitate, which vessel to choose, as the victim of their deadly powers. A shot from the six-inch starboard gun of the Oregon, is credited with having blown up one of the monsters, and it is even testified that the destroyer went down, though it is confusingly added that the Gloucester ran toward the sinking vessel and finished her.



ADMIRAL PASCUAL CERVERA Y TOPETE.

The same witness testifies that the Maria Teresa burst into flames almost simultaneously and ran for the beach, and that all the ships sent broadsides into her. It is significant of the spirit of the combat, that the Oregon, in the language of the crew, seeing the enormous vessel *hors de combat*, disdained to stop for the laurels of victory, but continued onward, after everything in sight, that still presented belligerent activity. It is likewise set down that a shot from the Oregon's thirteen-inch forward gun settled the fate of the Almirante Oquendo, that she too burst into flames and like the Infanta Maria Teresa, struck for the shore. "Her colors not having been hauled down we raked her as we passed to make sure that she would not fire any more; and at the sight of two enemies knocked out, all on board who could see, set up throat-splitting cheers and worked away like Trojans to get at the next enemy in line." And to give each his share, word was sent down to the gnomes immured in the deeps of the vessel, where neither air, sea nor sky were known or seen, the victorious results thus far achieved; so that as the mighty vessel panted on, cheers from above met cheers from the decks, and these again were reëchoed by husky murmurings, as if humorous Calibans were grunting their approbation in the tartarean regions below.

There was consternation on the Oregon's decks, however, when the reckoning showed that one of the Spaniards was still at large, and then it was discovered that the Cristobal Colon was looming up in the distance four miles ahead. Grown insatiate by their astounding successes, the vikings of the Oregon counted all that had been won as nothing, if this melancholy vestige escaped. It seemed impossible to call for further exertion from the grimy giants who had been working in steam and flame without relief. It was twelve o'clock and the outworn mariners were bidden to what they called facetiously a "Dewey breakfast"—baked beans and strong coffee. But meanwhile, inch by inch, the great vessel was crawling upon its victim until the captain, confident of the efficacy of the murderous thirteen-inch shells, determined to try that resource. They fell about the Colon, but did not strike her, until toward one o'clock the Spaniard slowed down as if searching shelter landward. The Brooklyn's fleetness gave her the finishing stroke, and when Admiral Sampson reached the scene after the enemy had surrendered, the prize was turned over to the Oregon, whose exhausted men were called upon for another day's work, in rescuing the victims on board the wrecked ships. In all these evolutions—incomprehensible to laymen—it is remarkable that the deluge of iron poured out from the Spaniards, made so little impression—in fact none. At the same time the firing of the enemy was by no means amateur

or indecisive. An eleven-inch shell, passing over the bridge of the Oregon, rendered many of the men almost lifeless for a few moments, blew off their hats and sent everything of a movable nature scurrying by the mere perturbation of the air; the sensation caused was like that of a heavy atmospheric pressure and the roar of an express train in a tunnel. And yet the three hours' firing and manœuvering of Schley's implacable monsters, wrought death to four hundred of the Spaniards and but one man was slain on the decks of the victors!

Car after car of ammunition rolled upward to the panting guns and the "hoists" worked as if by electricity. The men in the fire-room redoubled their energies, plunged the coal into the seething apertures as if it were missiles directed at the flying fleets of the enemy. After a half hour's practice the eyes that sighted the guns on the Oregon had become so keen, that at this stage of the combat not a single shot deflected an appreciable space from the point aimed at. And when it is borne in mind that a volley exceeded in weight a heavily laden train, the wonder to the lay mind is, that the Spanish ships were not crushed bodily and sunk into fragments in the boiling waters. The Oregon's path, as seen from her own decks by observant eyes, was the Broadway of peril, of endeavor and of final decisive victory. For her guns, aided by her astounding speed, enabled each of the cruisers to finish at discretion all opposed to them. Below, human nature was at its last ebb; the captain of the vessel peering eagerly into the pathway of flame and smoke, when the engineer came up with trouble in his face and accent: "Can't you fire just one gun?" he asked with a tone of imploring. "One gun, what for?" Captain Clark responded. "The firemen are lying down just worn out, but if they could hear a gun and thought that we were anywhere near the enemy and in action, they will get up on their feet in an instant." And it so happened that the captain thought that he could send one of his "railway trains" within effective distance of the flying Colon. The legend runs that the solace thus afforded the worn-out firemen, sustained them for another half hour, until at the end of 1,776 shots the great vessel found her reward. It was no less enrapturing to the crew when the final shot was fired, to learn that the captain of the Colon regarded fate as maliciously against him, when a vessel like the Oregon not only chased him but chased him successfully until a thirteen-inch gun commanded every foot of his deck. For, curiously enough, the last gun fired in this amazing conflict was from the deck of the Oregon, a gun which when the war began, was at least 10,000 miles from the scene of Spain's overthrow!

Ensign Powell, of the flagship New York, who followed Hobson on his Merrimac mission, recounts the battle as seen from the far rear, in the

impatient presence of the admiral commanding. He notes that when the word reached the vessel that Cervera had broken out and the flagship "twenty miles away," the men were filled with gloom, but reassured that they would be in at the death, they broke into irrestrainable jubilation, they were "crazy to get at the dagoes." Nor is the sailor's picture of a crew in such a conjuncture without its value:

"All hands took off their clean Sunday clothes and put on their dirtiest habiliments. After seeing that everything was all right at my gun, I went below, took off my own finery, put on my fighting suit, and was ready for business. I must admit that for once I caught the spirit of the occasion, and was as crazy for a scrap, as any of them, though I am free to admit that I don't ordinarily like shells whistling around my ears. All this time the battle ships were pouring in shot after shot, while the four Spanish cruisers, who turned away from us to the westward and were straining along the coast, were quite enveloped in their smoke. We could see shells splashing the water in all directions—a sight it was worth going to war to see. The two parallel lines of vessels moved up the coast, but we moved faster astern of them and gained somewhat. The Spanish vessels soon turned a point and we lost sight of them. Then there was more smoke at the mouth of the harbor and we knew that more vessels were coming out; and in a minute we saw, first one, then a second torpedo-boat destroyer appear and head up, after the ships. They had nearly a clear chance to run, as all the vessels had passed to the westward except one, the little Gloucester, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, a boat not as big as either of the destroyers, a converted yacht, with only six six-pounders on a side—not as much of a battery as that of either of the destroyers.

"But that didn't feaze Dick Wainwright. He sailed in and gave those boats fits, first one and then the other, and when we were about off Morro, and three miles to the eastward of the three vessels, a shot struck something explosive on one of the destroyers, there was a puff of black smoke followed by a cloud of white, and the vessel turned and made for the shore. The Gloucester then turned her attention to the other destroyer, which turned and started back for Morro, but we were there, and my forward four-inch gun was ordered to open fire on it. Seeger, the gun captain, hit that fellow the first shot, nailed a boiler, and the boat never moved again."

Passing the helpless Spanish craft, Ensign Powell confirms the inhumanity of the Cubans. He says:

"We saw one nice little example of Cuban bravery there. Those

sweet, kind, considerate, gentle, abused Cuban soldiers, whom we are fighting for, were on the beach, shooting every Spaniard who came within range, so that swimmers and boats had to turn back to the ship. And that ship blew up early. We saw a dozen small explosions, and finally one big one that tore the after part of the ship to bits. The Iowa sent a boat, and a torpedo boat also went in, and I'll bet those Cubans stopped their butchery in short order, under the persuasion of their guns. And, by the way, that mutilation story of our marines is untrue. One was killed with a machete and naturally had a couple of bad-looking cuts. The other was shot thirty or forty times, but neither was mutilated as was given out."

As bearing on the part the flagship took in the fight, the Ensign's naïve contribution has a certain value:

"About two o'clock we saw the Colon give up and head for the shore. We then went to quarters again, but she never fired another shot; merely hauled down her flag and ran the boat on the beach. We were there almost as soon as the Oregon and Brooklyn. All our boats went for prisoners, and then the Resolute, an ammunition supply boat, came up from behind, and all the prisoners were sent to her except the Captain of the Colon and Second Admiral of the Spanish fleet, who came to us. It was a big job getting them off, and I wish we had done something to them. They broke valves in their ship that let in the water, so that she gradually filled and now she is sunk on the bottom. They also disabled all their guns by throwing their truck mechanisms overboard. This is distinctly against the rules of war, and the captain could be hanged for allowing it.

"It was awful to see that beautiful big ship settle hour after hour. When our men got on board, the engine-rooms were so badly flooded that they could not find the valves that had been opened, though probably it would have done no good, as they had been broken so that they couldn't have been closed. After the Spanish Captain and Second Admiral came on board the New York, I went over in a boat to get their belongings. I found a gang from the Oregon loading the prisoners to send them to the Resolute. I went all through the ship and got a couple of bayonets for souvenirs. When I had a load of the Captain's clothes, I came back here, and it was dinner time. I then had hopes that they would stop the leaks and float the Colon off. Mr. Potter promised I should go on her prize crew, which would have meant a trip to New York or Norfolk. But that was not to be. A little later we could see she was sinking. Then about

dark she slid off the rocks into deep water, and the signal came over that she was afloat but sinking rapidly."

To the nautical mind, quite the most thrilling of this epic combat was the encounter of the transformed pleasure yacht Gloucester commanded by Richard Wainwright, who had been one of the officers of the *Maine*. Following in the wake of the Spanish fleet, came the two terrors of the modern marine, the *Pluton* and the *Furor*. Now this species of vessel was counted upon, or has been counted upon, to neutralize the velocity and armament, as well as the shield on the modern battle ship. Able to attain great speed and armed with torpedoes calculated to penetrate the stoutest armor as Cushing's destruction of the *Albemarle* proved and the loss of the *Maine* corroborates, these little craft had been the unknown quantity, exercising the conjectures of the experts. The larger craft, the *Iowa*, the *Indiana* and *Texas*, having dismissed these troublesome tormentors with a few shots that seemed to paralyze their action, passed on leaving them as was supposed either useless, stripped of their terrors, or vulnerable. They attempted to make back for the protection of *Morro* when Commander Wainwright flung the puny Gloucester in their way and to the astonishment of the various seamen, who saw the short contest, the ex-pleasure-yacht riddled the formidable destroyers and sunk them. This was due of course to the work already begun by the cruisers and battle ships, but at the same time the torpedoers might have reached *Santiago* and might have remained a menace, had Wainwright hesitated in attacking them. Commander Wainwright is credited with forcing the probable action of the torpedo-destroyers. He foresaw that they would linger behind the rest of the fleet in the hope of escaping unnoticed and thus to find their chance to sneak up on the battle ships and blow them out of the water. This is exactly what happened. The cruisers were at least two miles beyond the entrance when the two terrors emerged. The Gloucester was at the same time squarely in front of the fort steaming at a prodigious rate. The intrepidity of the action consisted, not only in the fact that the Gloucester ventured to stand before the two terrors, but from the first made squarely at them, firing her guns with as much confidence as if they were the "railway" missiles of her colossal seamates, the *Oregon*, or the *Texas*. One of the officers directing the guns on the Gloucester, embodies the spirit, the movement, the actuality of the contest so succinctly, that it would be a deprivation to omit his picture of the scene:

"I must have been pulling the trigger twelve times a minute. How

many of the shells reached the mark I do not know ; some, certainly. To catch the effect of a shot while other guns are belching forth smoke and shell all around, is beyond the power of the human eye. The marvel is how under such trying circumstances we managed to hit anything besides sky and water. Like the roar of a distant storm, came the boom of the heavy guns of the fleet firing at the four cruisers. I am not certain that I even heard them ; every faculty was concentrated on the *Furor* and the *Pluton*. The *Indiana* had been at our side at the start and had fired her secondary battery at long range at the destroyers, but she, like the rest, had slipped away in search of larger prey, leaving us to fight it out with the two redoubted torpedo-boats, the terrors of the naval world. By an unprejudiced outsider we would hardly have been considered a match for one of the little black vessels. We, however, were more conceited, and thought ourselves a match for both together."

Luck, the phantastic, almost humorous luck that attended all our essays, presided over this Gargantuan combat. A shell not a millionfold as fierce or destructive as thousands that had passed into, above and about our happy-go-lucky fleet, fell in the right place on the Spanish destroyer, and the end had come. She could be seen rising in a dismantled mass on the boiling waters, and then there was the spray of a gigantic fountain, and the *Gloucester*, much to her own surprise, had conquered a craft that under proper conditions ought to have destroyed her as soon as seen. This was the *Pluton*. Then the *Furor* made for the inexpugnable Yankee, or seemed to, for as it was afterward learned, the wretched vessels were unable to control themselves, and another lucky shot ended her agonizing efforts to bring her deadly weapons into use. In one sense, the enterprise of Wainwright was as desperately daring as Hobson's, for a pleasure craft turned into the semblance of a fighting ship, is but a poor resource at best. In this instance, it was the Paul Jones like ardor of Wainwright and the impetuous pluck of the men behind the guns, that decided the result. A contest which evoked far more comment and applause on the other side of the water, where war-making and slaughter curiously enough rival the finest fruits of civilization in peaceful forms. In the navy of this and other countries, Wainwright is secretly regarded as the "pluckiest" individuality discovered among the noble adventurers of our sea campaign.

Her vengeful work done, the *Gloucester* became the harbor of the victims of the entire Spanish fleet ; running all along the wreck-strewn shore, the indomitable commander gathered up the debris of Cervera's ships. The wounded were carefully fished up and tenderly cared for on the decks

which but a few moments before had been spitting death upon the Spaniards.

It is of course understood that no one pair of eyes could see all the momentarily thrilling drama that went on in the pellucid sunshine of the Santiago coast, during the immortal three hours the ships of the republic wrought destruction upon the most vaunted of Spain's armadas. For, while we have been following the victorious efforts of the Iowa, the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Oregon and the Indiana were plying the same deadly prowess; manifesting the same implacable purpose and executing these arbitrarily imposed parts with equal address. For nearly a half century, volumes on volumes are in evidence attempting to reproduce the successive phases of various naval battles—Aboukir, Trafalgar, Copenhagen. The student of war history almost shrinks before the bibliography of the naval combats of the Civil War. Yet none of these concentrated so much of the mastery of condition, so much of the spirit of valor, grounded in science, as the superhuman three hours' work at Santiago—in which as Commodore Schley finely said—"there was glory enough for all"—without any of the aftermath of disputatious elucidation that follows the common efforts of great men and daring spirits.

To illustrate—what impresses itself, on readers of any absorbing action, is the contradiction of even visual testimony. An old sailor who had been in the navy half a century—whose time expired a month before the combat with Cervera's fleet, who in pure love of battle, insisted on remaining with Commodore Schley, asserts, that he saw with his own eyes, the shot from the Oregon which ended the torpedo boat—the Pluton. Now official reports and outside corroboration, assign the vital work of destruction to the Gloucester! The ancient mariner, however, avers that a thirteen-inch shell from the Oregon "hit the middle" of the Spanish craft and that she "doubled up like a jack knife." The same picturesque Plutarch describes the Oregon as a "wonder." His garrulity has value among the human documents essential to the study of the men and the action. He declares that "every drop of oil on the Oregon was poured into the furnaces and the flames roared from her smokestacks" during the chase. He was within two feet of Yeoman Ellis when this single victim of the fight was killed. He heard Schley say: "Ellis, find the range of that ship." Ellis stepped out of a group of sailors to obey, just as a shell came aboard, which "took his head off his shoulders so quickly that his body did not fall for a second." Several sailors had time to step forward and catch the body before it started to fall! This mariner, Burns, insists that the public may not know who whipped Cervera, but the officers and

men of the fleet know! "You have got to sail with a man to know him. When Schley was congratulated he said: 'Don't congratulate me, congratulate my crews.' If Schley were to sail through hell his men would follow him to a man. He doesn't devote himself to chasing unarmed vessels for prize money."

Bearing on the destruction of the torpedo craft, another eyewitness adds to the riddle which promises volumes of controversy. Lieutenant Dawson, of the *Indiana*, wrote home, before he could have heard of any dispute in the matter: "We began firing about 9:40 and headed for the leading Spaniard; he had more speed than we had on, however, and steamed along the coast to the westward, firing at us pretty hard, but hitting nothing but water. Then came the second, and third, and so on, all firing rapidly but wildly. A number of their shells whistled close to our ears, and it was pretty hot for some time; but we were hit only once in the whole battle; that was by a small shell, or fragment of a big one, on the after thirteen-inch turret. Our shooting was good and we could see some of our larger shells strike the Spaniards. When the destroyers came out we concentrated most of our fire on them, as we were behind the others; then the *Gloucester* came up at full speed, and also engaged the two destroyers from the rear, or rather their port side. They would have demolished the little *Gloucester*, but for us, for they had fourteen-pounder guns against her six-pounders, and they also had speed. They were particularly dangerous on account of the latter quality, and because of their torpedoes, so we used all our guns for awhile, big and little against them. Presently one showed a big cloud of smoke pouring from her; she was struck and a magazine was exploded. Then another and another, showed her boiler blowing up. She was gone now, and they steered her into the nearest point, and abandoned her. The other suffered the same fate, and sank alongside the beach, in a little cove near by. Both the 'destroyers' were destroyed, and all hands were relieved."

Supplementing these by evidences that fell under the eyes of "gunner" Murphy of the *Gloucester*, it will be seen that history finds it difficult to discriminate, to dogmatically assert anything beyond specific results. The gunner declares: "The two great destroyers were left for us on board of the *Gloucester*. We started for them at full speed, amid a shower of shot and shell from the forts and ships and torpedo-boats, but we returned the shot and shell with right good will. I was firing at the rate of twenty shells a minute from my gun, and I know I must have killed a good many men, but God will forgive me, for it was my duty. We kept firing at each other as fast as we could, for about thirty minutes.



COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT.



CAPTAIN F. J. HIGGINSON.



CAPTAIN F. A. COOK.



CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK

By this time all the other ships were off in the distance, keeping up their own fight, and left us to fight the two of them alone.

"One of the torpedo-boats headed right for us to torpedo us, and the captain gave orders for very rapid fire, and instead of trying to get out of their way we ran right up toward them and rained shells on their decks in such a fashion that they could not send a torpedo. I was told by one of the prisoners afterward, that they tried eleven crews at the torpedo gun, but they were swept from the deck by our shells as fast as they got up there. He said our shells came pouring in through the engines and all about the ship, and finally one exploded in and blew up the magazine. Then she began to sink and hoisted the white flag. Talk about a crew going wild, you ought to have seen us, we jumped up in the air and we gunners shook hands with each other and yelled ourselves hoarse and threw our hats in the air. Oh, it was a great moment, but suddenly the other destroyer came heading toward us. We sighted our guns with that exulting feeling of victory, and rained such a hail of shells on her decks and through her everywhere, that we forced her to run right up on the beach and hoist the white flag. We lowered our boats to rescue all we could, and out of the two crews of a hundred and forty men there were only sixteen men left alive to save. Their decks were a terrible sight to behold. The dead were strewn all about and burning up with the ships. It seemed each of the boats had about one hundred holes. When we returned to the ship one of them went down to come up no more. We captured both their flags."

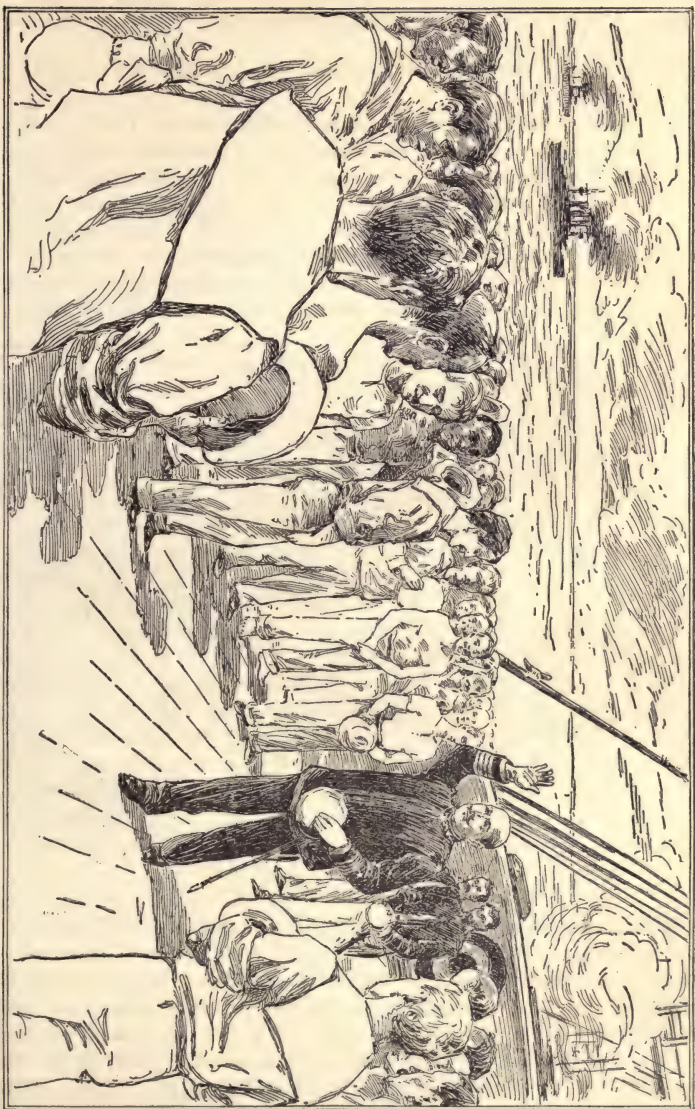
An episode in the closing moments of this stupendous combat aroused a good deal of comment throughout the press of the country. Captain Philip of the Texas, as has been narrated, when the firing ceased, called his crew about him to make acknowledgment that he believed in God! His action was viewed variously by the world. The general conclusion was that as Captain Philip had deemed it expedient to make the acknowledgment, the other commanders on the victorious ships were without his belief! The world had mocked the old king of Prussia when from the battlefields of France he had reported the continuing intervention of God in the daily slaughter of men. Cromwell and the Puritan commanders were wont to identify God with the sanguinary triumphs of brothers over brothers. Military commanders have not unfrequently interpolated an expression of recognition of divine favor in the slaughter of enemies. During the Civil War, President Lincoln proclaimed days of prayer and devotion to acknowledge the interposition of God both in victory and defeat. But Captain Philip's words were new in warfare. . . . They charmed

certain militant churchmen and journalists, who looked upon the scene as impressively illustrative of the devout spirit in which the war was waged.

Naturally, from praise of Philip there grew a comminatory tone toward the captains of the fleet who had neglected to inform the sweltering crews that they believed in God. The men thus inculcated were placed in a very embarrassing plight. Usually it is not considered part of a man's duty, either in peace or war, to make proclamation of his beliefs. Indeed, to the man really indoctrinated with the teachings of Christ, there is something inexpressibly repulsive in associating divinity with the barbarity of war. The pirates in old times in the Caribbean Sea, were wont to drop on their knees in prayer before sallying out to murder the victims thrown in their way by the winds and waves. The Sultan of Turkey offered prayer in the mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople, whenever a more than usually destructive slaughter was reported from Armenia. The thinking and humane, regard war as criminal at best; they eschew therefore the identification of deity in the purely selfish and baser passions of the races, engendered by war. Certainly, if General Sherman's aphorism "war is hell," be the condensation of the world's judgment, the moment of victory, amid the shrieks of the dying and mangled seems a hideously unfit time to invoke the embodiment of peace on earth and good will to men. If "thou shalt not kill" be a commandment, how can we invoke the utterer of the injunction to witness our disregard of the mandate? Indeed, to the humane, if there were ever a time when the closet seems a fitting place for communion with the Most High, it is on the scene of battle after man has wreaked his worst on man.

One of the most brilliant, most capable, most chivalrous of the fleet captains was specially singled out by the Tartuffe Pharisees, who seized Captain Philip's eccentric display as a text. This officer, Captain Robley Evans, is endowed with every quality that makes man lovable to his kind. He is brave as the ideal of valor, modest, consistent, exemplary in every relation in life and as a warrior counted a Bayard. He felt called upon to defend his position and the utterance is worth preserving. The editor of the criticising journal having sent a marked copy to Captain Evans, he wrote:

"I am somewhat at a loss to know whether you sent it for the purpose of calling my attention to the cuss words attributed to me in the newspapers, or to Captain Philip's official show of Christian spirit in announcing to his men on the quarter deck of the Texas after the battle of Santiago, that he believed in Almighty God. As, however, you have seen fit to drag my name into your newspaper I hope that you will publish this

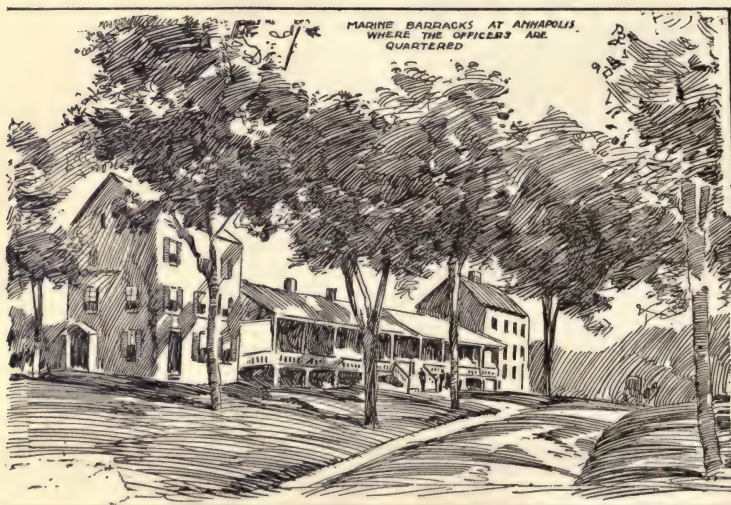


CAPTAIN PHILIP GIVING THANKS FOR THE VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

reply that those who have read your issue of July 15 may also read what I have to say about it.

"I have never considered it necessary, and I am sure that a great majority of officers in the navy do not consider it necessary, to announce to their crews that 'they believe in Almighty God.' I think that goes without saying. We, each of us, have the right to show by our acts how much we are imbued with this belief. Captain Philip had a perfect right to show this to his men as he did; it was simply a matter of taste.

"Now, for myself, shortly after the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya had struck her colors, and my crew had secured the guns, the chaplain of the ship, an



NAVAL BARRACKS AT ANNAPOLIS.
Admiral Cervera's residence while a prisoner of war.

excellent man, came to me and said, 'Captain, shall I say a few words of thanks to Almighty God for our victory?' I said: 'By all means do so; I will have the men sent aft for that purpose,' and was on the point of doing so when it was reported to me that a Spanish battle ship was standing toward us from the eastward. My first duty to God and my country was to sink this Spanish battle ship, and I immediately made preparations to do so. When it was discovered that this ship was an Austrian, I found my ship surrounded by boats carrying dying and wounded prisoners, and





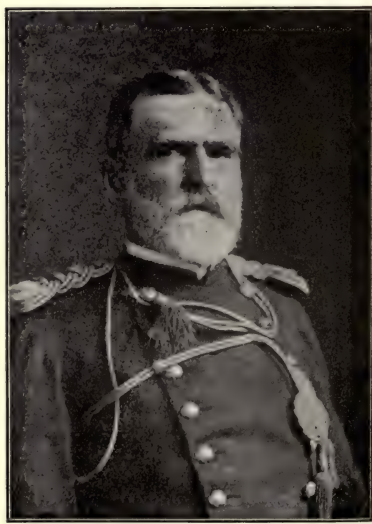
BRIG.-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.



MAJOR-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. BATES.

others of the crew of the Vizcaya to the number of two hundred and fifty. To leave these men suffer for want of food and clothing while I called my men aft to offer prayers was not my idea of either Christianity or religion. I preferred to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and succor the sick, and I am strongly of the opinion that Almighty God has not put a black mark against me on account of it. I do not know whether I shall stand with Captain Philip among the first chosen in the hereafter, but I have this to say in conclusion that every drop of blood in my body on the afternoon of the 3d of July was singing thanks and praises to Almighty God for the victory we had won."

Congress awards medals, and in every conceivable form distinguishes the titular chiefs of our navies and armies, but it is a heart-breaking reflection to count the oblivion of the real architects of victory. A Wellington or a Marlborough, wasting their time in a riotous debauchery, up to—even during the opening horrors of a decisive battle, are made princes, awarded pensions, that descend to imbecile and profligate progeny, but the plain citizen who marches by day and night, who bears as he can, who encounters all that is hideous in life, in a campaign—receives no token. He is "the army," the "army fought well." But the horses, the guns and the ordnance are likewise "the army." And yet, who stops to count the infinite horrors of the normal life of the sailor—the soldier? For my part I cannot be made to comprehend, how men can be induced to enlist on the ship of to-day. The slave crews of the Roman triremes, endured a life that makes the heart throb, but their miseries were joys compared to the routine of the tar on our iron wonders. And what wage can pay a man for this? Let us then lavish honors; let us reverently bow and give him of our best; let us make him know that the empty conventions of rank cannot eclipse our heartfelt admiration of his heroism—which is not evoked or illustrated during the hour of battle only, but every instant he is in durance on the engines civilized man has invented for the torture, crucifixion and destruction of civilized men.

One of the endearing traits in Admiral Schley, is his constant, almost religious reference to the fleet's glories, to the nameless thousand, buried in the torments of the modern ship. One of his standing orders is constantly repeated by the loquacious tar—"Keep your men below constantly informed of what the ship is doing"—Schley admonished his captains. So, instant by instant, during the battle the devoted martyrs pouring sweat—sometimes blood—were electrified by the inspiring word, "the Oquendo is giving up; the Vizcaya is knocked out"; and thus on to the end of the glorious chapter. Yet if this grimy brawn and muscle had

faltered; if the mere human had given away to the infirmities of flesh and bone, the Spanish fleet would not have been crushed. The science of the captains, the accomplishments of the staff would have availed nothing.

To the intelligence that had been given the opportunity to examine and contrast, there was no spectacle so sublime as the interior—the deeps of any one of the fleet. It will be many a long year, please God, before the world will see this republic recurring to the barbarism of war, and to put that hateful time off it is well to know minutely what the cost of victory is. It is well to know the Hadean torments that the men who win victory undergo on those beautiful monsters, that we admire so complacently in our harbors. The air, the life-giving unction of the sea—the sun itself—is denied to the men who make victory possible. The big eight-inch turret guns could not have done their deadly shooting, even with the trained eyes guiding them, had not the men below sent up the ammunition; and the vessel could not have kept side by side with the enemy had it not been for the engineer' and fireroom force, working below the deck like demons. The men in the turrets of five inches of steel see as little as the men below deck, save, that once in a while they get a glimpse of the object fired at.

When the ships of Cervera were sighted coming out on that memorable July morning, the eight-inch and five-inch guns on Admiral Schley's ship were all loaded, and in each turret within two minutes after the summons, eleven men stood half naked awaiting the word to fire. The chief of the turret, a lieutenant, in the hood, his eye to the telescope, gets the line of his gun on the harbor, and awaits the signals. "Five thousand yards cries an orderly in a turret opening and the gun goes up to the proper elevation, as the lieutenant in the hood orders the elevating gear turned. The No. 1 man at the guns connects the electric wire to the primer, with the hood's handfiring apparatus, and all is waiting. "Commence firing" comes the order, and the shot is sped. The turret lieutenant's hand closes on the electric apparatus and the gun jumps back a foot or more as a hundred and ten pounds of exploding powder drives a two hundred and fifty pound shell from the muzzle of the piece at a rate of 2,080 feet per second. Then before the roar has ceased the hand of the man in the turret touches the electric lever and the 700 tons of steel move with velocity and almost noiselessly around until the other gun of the twin is in the same position as the first one has been.

Slowly the muzzle comes up to the directed elevation; once more the fingers close on the electric handle, and another two hundred and fifty

pounds of steel shoot away on its death errand. Hardly had gun No. 1 belched forth its defiance to the Spanish ships, when the five men behind it, until now as impassive as marble figures, spring into life. No. 2 opens the breech, washes off the mushroom and gas-check with a sponge, oils the breech plug, extracts the exploded primer, and sees the vent clear. No. 4 seizes the long bristled sponge wet with water and assisted by No. 3 sponges the gun, lays aside the sponge and seizes the rammer ready to drive home the new charge. While they are working there appears at the top of the ammunition hoist new shells and new ammunition, and the officer in command of the turret cries, "load." No. 5 raises the ammunition corner of the hoist, and with the assistance of No. 5 of the other gun, grasps the handles upon the carriage and swings it to the rear of the gun. The projectile is first on the lift, and No. 3 adjusts the primer while No. 4 assisted by No. 6 rams home the two hundred and fifty pound projectile. Then in quick succession, No. 4, No. 5, and 6 ram in the two charges of powder in packages of fifty-five pounds, each done up in serge or muslin, and in grains weighing an ounce and a quarter each. No. 2 closes the breech, No. 1 again connects the wire, and the gun is ready to fire. All this takes just four minutes, and with two guns, the turret is shooting once every two minutes.

Down below the water line of the ship, beneath the protective deck, that in so many battles has proved the lid to the coffin of hundreds, is a naked perspiring crowd, of titans, their eyes closed to the scene of battle, but there senses alive to the fact that torpedo or shell below, or through the armor means instant death. The third of July they sent up to the various turrets and guns over 70,000 pounds of ammunition. The men detailed in the handling rooms are from the fifth, or powder division, composed of those not detailed as gun crews, such as carpenters, and gunner's mates, servants, idlers of all kinds, and the relief watch of the engineer's division. This medley of men is of many nationalities, and is known on board the Brooklyn for example as "Coxey's Army." It is commanded by the senior deck officer, Dr. Griffin, with four or five other officers as assistants, each assistant having charge of a section of about forty or fifty men, the whole division taking charge of all the magazine holds and all spaces between decks during action. At the clang of the alarm for "general quarters," the men rush for their stations, struggling through a small steel hatch in the protective deck, and down a narrow and almost vertical ladder to the magazines and shell rooms below. The officer in charge, Dr. Griffin, hurries to the cabin for the magazine keys, grabs a small leather bag containing them, from the hand of the marine

orderly on duty at the door of the Captain's cabin, and rushes after his men, distributing the keys as rapidly as he can to those already standing at the box-like tops of the magazines, the bolts of which had already been loosened. The ammunition bearers are quickly let out, the men standing with their hands on a small lever ready to turn on the current of the electric hoists, as soon as the hatches are off. When everything is seen to be clear, the endless chains of the hoist start with the whirl of a motor, and roll their loads of rapid fire ammunition to the decks above, where men are stationed to receive it.

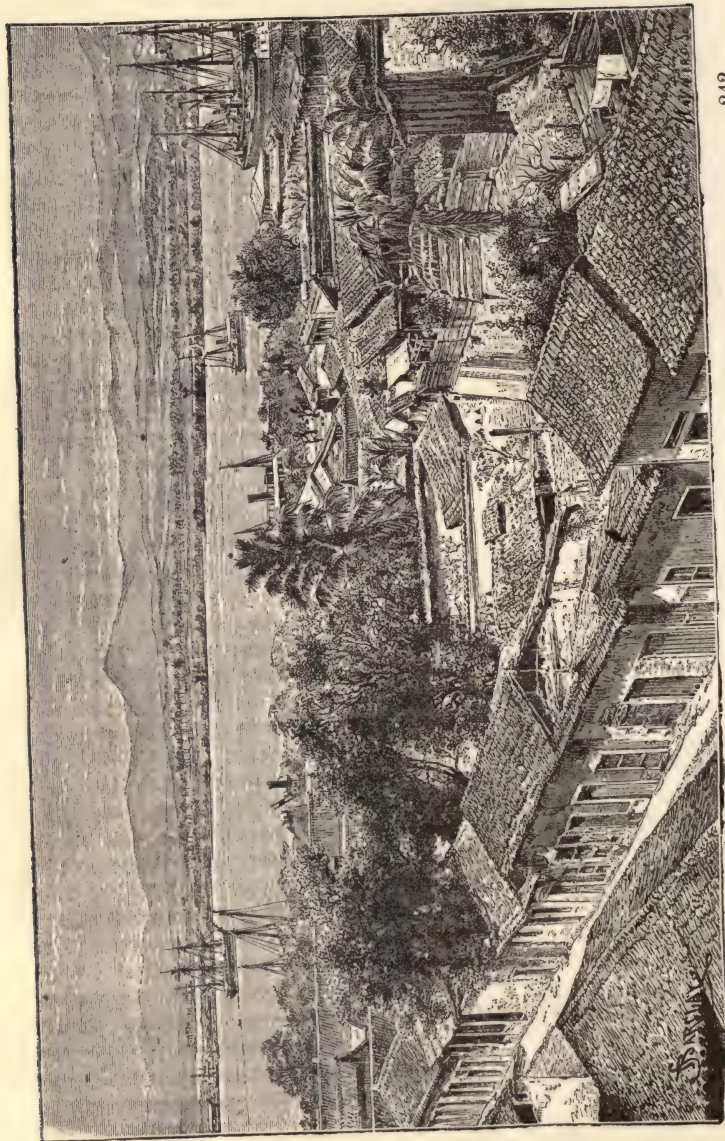
Down the chute of the ten-inch gun turret, as an accompaniment to the deep rumble of the turret itself, as it slowly swings from amidships to the port or starboard comes the command, "Full charge, common shot?" from the officer in command of the turret. The answer quickly goes back, "Aye, aye, sir," and as a response to a lower tone of voice, "Quick, lads, lively now," up come the long powder tanks and heavy 250 pound shell to the base of the turret. There the shell is seized in tongs by two nimble apprentices, raised and rammed home in the car; the tops of the long copper powder tanks taken off and the powder in two sections placed in the other compartments of the car, the signal given, and both cars quickly rise to the breech of the turret guns and are sent back almost as swiftly, emptied. All this preparation of getting ready, occupies a space of four minutes after all the men and the hatches are lowered and secured. The heat varies in this steel cage from 120 to 146 degrees Fahrenheit and soon causes the men to strip to the waist and settle down to their work in an air tight box obeying orders with alacrity, not knowing the cause of the outbreak, whether target practice, bombardment, the Spanish fleet, or a false alarm. On this crucifixion of body and nerves comes the report of the first gun, followed in quick succession by another, telling of the deadly purpose. Down the hoists and chutes rush the powder and smoke to add to the already high temperature of the handling room, followed by the hot saltpetre water, from the sponging of the guns, making the decks slippery and burning blisters on the bare backs of the men underneath, who, groping and choking, feeling their way through the dense smoke, go silently and obediently about their work, with but one thought and aim in view, to keep those continually empty hoists and cars filled with powder and projectiles, not knowing how the battle is going, until a cheer is finally heard from deck, their spirit brightens and an old hand at the work, exclaims, "I guess they must have hit 'em that time."

But all this and a thousand pages more as explicit and circumstantial,

do not tell the tale of the mute inglorious heroes who bring about the supreme national joy we call victory. For in the fabrication of the beautiful ships we take such pride in, man is degraded to his lowest state—the machine. Go into the ship yards, the armor furnaces, any or all of the primary conditions of a modern war vessel and it will be easy to comprehend that "War is hell." Money could not pay, glory could not lure, the man, to such a service as the war of to-day implies; yet, the republic can at any hour summon, and innumerable millions are ready. It is this aspect, that arrests the attention of the philosophic. Had President McKinley called for six million volunteers instead of 200,000—they would have been forthcoming, and in the stress and storm of incompetency, greed and diabolism, the placid folk would have borne and foreborne, fought and died—because every man of our seventy millions has a right in himself, and when he fights—fights as he believes for his hearthstone.



A CORNER IN MORRO CASTLE.



VIEW OF SANTIAGO.

IV.

THERE are few problems more perplexing to the annalist, than solving the causes of the effect of phenomena—similar in circumstances but disproportionate in the forces involved. The most difficult of all is to account rationally for the effect and results of certain battles. The comparatively few shots fired at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, are known to everybody who has any familiarity with the origin of the republic, while the greater and more decisive battles of Saratoga and Trenton are known only to the student. Similarly in the Civil War, everybody knows of the firing on Sumpter and Bull Run, while very few know even vaguely of the frightful combats of Antietam, Malvern Hill, or Fredericksburg.

It is probably ascribable to the condition of the public mind—the “psychologic moment” as Bismarck once described it—that the first engagements in Cuba—resulting from the somewhat heedless landing of a battalion of marines, stimulated as much agitation all over the land, as a pitched battle, with the losses reaching into tens of thousands. The expedition was undertaken to appease journalistic clamor—primarily—though ostensibly to prepare the way for the seizure of the city and harbor of Santiago, where Cervera’s fleet had found shelter. The narrative of the landing of the marines, their strangely inhuman exposure to the ambuscaded guerillas, on a densely wooded plateau, was received by the country with something of the incredulous anger, that followed the massacre of Ball’s Bluff, while the rebellion was in its first stages. With great armies in campaigns, the incident would have passed unobserved, but the daily bulletins following the inexplicable manœuver, gave the country painful apprehension. It seemed an augury of fatally feeble council at headquarters, and the press which clamored most vociferously for action, was most vehement in scarifying those responsible for the butchery. The incident was of no consequence save in so far that it compelled the impugned strategist in Washington, to a diversion. It was apparently felt that the army must do something, or the country would revolt from the agencies in control. In a military sense, the possession of Guantanamo and its waters, would add nothing to the effectiveness of a campaign against Havana.

But there were reasons of a military character, that forbade the attack upon the capital of the island, before the fever season had come to an



LOADING A TRANSPORT FOR SANTIAGO.

end. Santiago was less liable to the ravages of the plague, and it was suddenly determined to despatch the only force available for active opera-

tions to that point and attempt the reduction of the city. For weeks the tension was grotesquely out of proportion to the forces involved. European opinion flashed back to our millions daily by the cable, made much of the adventure—which as the concurrent expression ran, verified the prophecies of our inimical critics. We were admitted to have men of approved bravery, but they were sacrificed by blind misuse. Then, after inexplicable miscalculations, the flower of our army—the legions of the regulars—destined once more to illustrate their unrivaled efficiency, sailed to invest Santiago.

Naturally, with press boats swarming in the vicinity of every semblance of an expedition, rumors in ten thousand bewildering notes of exaltation, apprehension, vainglory, and twaddle, preceded every stir. Volumes of description, fixing the forces to the minutest detail, were sent broadcast. Pictures of stupendous armadas, stretching for thirty miles over the Caribbean waters with towering battle craft, flanking the line, were read from Maine to Oregon, hours before it was known where this wandering mass meant to strike. Not less stirring pictures filled the press, when the ships came to a halt under the guns of Admiral Sampson's fleet fronting Santiago. Then the home strategist knew what was coming. Shafter's army was to conquer the enemy by merely landing; it was to present a mass of marching men to the beleaguered Spaniards, and conquest would follow. But men alone do not make an army—courage alone cannot conquer Mauser rifles. A full week of alternating hope and despair followed.

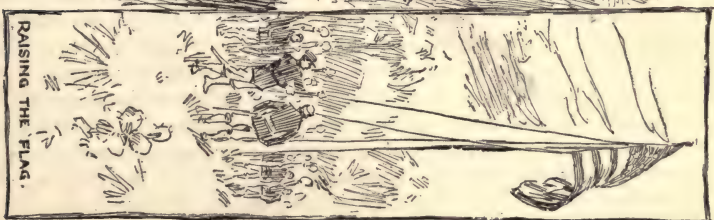
Santiago, properly garrisoned and intelligently defended, is as strong as Havana. When General Shafter's army scrambled over the deadly hills, through the vengeful cactus, it was a more imposing citadel than the Saragossa that held Napoleon's best corps at bay for nearly a year; it was tenfold stronger than the cities carried only by siege operations in any European war of the last hundred years. And though the science of invention has increased the destructiveness of arms, General Shafter's superiority in resources were more than offset by the Spanish possession of the Mauser rifle, one of first form of that mysterious arm, that won Prussia her primacy in Europe. The audacious decisiveness of the fleets had demoralized popular judgment. It was held intolerable that Shafter should let a day—two days pass, without unfurling the Federal flag over the Spanish strong place! The soldiery themselves seem to have caught this spirit; without any of the precautions that precede advance in an enemy's country, the darlings of the public, the Rough Riders, or rather the squadrons accompanying the expedition, were vaguely despatched to

"do something." The weather was a mingling of the fumes of a furnace and the humidity of a steam bath.

Goaded by the clamors of the press, the cabinet and its war council finally yielded to the outcry. The country—or rather the strategists at large, so to speak, reckoned on an attack upon Havana. That was the chief city of the island. It was likewise the citadel of the Spanish strength, the symbol of its authority in the West. It held the chief of the Spanish armies, and its capture would mean the end of the war. But it was believed that Captain-general Blanco had at his disposal from 100,000 to 150,000 well-armed and effective soldiers. The fortifications had been strengthened by all the available modern appliances. The city was reckoned invulnerable to the fleet through its deadly array of land batteries, even admitting that Sampson had as heroic a contempt for mines and submarine defences as Farragut used to show.

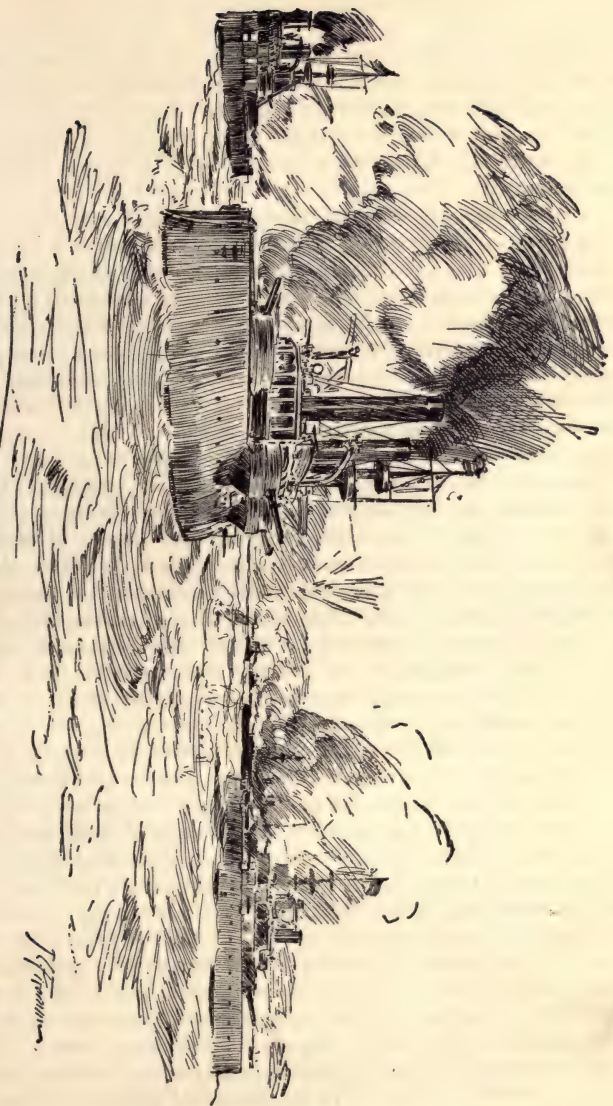
But even the most vehement advocates of instant action did not go so far as to urge the entrance of the navy into a channel made memorable by the destruction of the *Maine*. A landing might be secured within striking distance, where by the aid of the fleet the new army might preen its wings for victorious flight to the capital! It was set forth too, that the insurgents would prove a tower of strength to the invading columns; that familiar with every wood road and mountain path, they would be able to lead our forces to the decisive points, saving them the wearing reconnoissances which inure men for the shock of battle. From the opening of hostilities there had been an incomprehensible cessation of the glorification of the "patriots," which had been the daily dole of the jingo presses. Though the Spaniards were naturally compelled to lessen their forces at important strategic points, there were no more lurid pictures of "patriot victories"—in fact the instant war was declared, the lover of Cuban liberty forgot the Cubans as completely as the mummer forgets his mask when the play is done.

There was something like stupefaction when the news flashed homeward that the first serious landing on Cuban soil had been made at an obscure hamlet on the coast near Santiago. For a week or ten days the name Camp McCalla at the head of the despatches, warned the reader that large drafts were making on his credulity. The despatches narrating the landing of 600 marines, with two days and nights of out-post incivilities on the part of the enemy, surpassed in volume and comminatory invective, all that was ever said or sung of the army in Flanders. Just why the six hundred were landed at the point chosen, what service they could perform other than displaying the flag of the republic and distressing the amour



propre of the scantily clad Spaniard by their lavish raiment, neither official report nor press prescience ever revealed. But the incident, though trivial, made a significantly distinct impression on the public mind, clearly shown in the temper of the speech of the multitude as reflected in the press, and the public places where talk is wont to be free in times of public excitement.

Bombardments by the fleet at divers points, were made much of, by the newspapers. The corps of skilled writers who had been impressed into the service of journalism, losing the sense of perspective in the exigencies of news, magnified what was little more than target practice into momentous, long-studied parts of a general whole. Perhaps the most incomprehensible of the many diversions of this nature, was the strange attempt at Guantanamo. The harbor is capacious, but unless the point were designed for a base, there seemed no possible use in sacrificing a life to hold the shores, or any point of them. Yet for ten days the country was kept in sickening tension over bewildering reports of desperate valor on the part of a band of 600 marines, set ashore—no one knew exactly for what purpose, nor does any one know to this day. It was given out, with apparent authority, that the movement was an idea of Admiral Sampson's, who for prudential reasons was making sure of a refuge for his fleet, in case his ships were separated by the sea blizzards that sweep the Cuban littoral in those waters. The harbor of Guantanamo, though not spacious, would afford the fleet ample security in the event of disaster before Santiago. The marines have of late years become an interesting body to the whole people. The naval reserve, indeed shares with the veteran tars, the liking and admiration of the whole people. Their trim ranks, their jaunty ways, their engaging and artless ardor for war, have been the mingled raillery and delight of the multitude since the Civil War proved that they are as intrepid as they are ingenuous. That a body of these should be sent on shore to confront the lures and artifices of a soldiery practiced in years of the guile, ambushade and skirmish, struck the least censorious as an inhuman heedlessness on the part of the responsible strategists. Tens of thousand of men, infinitely more useful, even though not trained soldiers, were eating their hearts out with impatience, in the scores of rendezvous, who would have delighted in the danger of camp McCalla; men who would have prevented the useless slaughter of the first nights and days succeeding the landing. Skirmishing in the tangled woods, and safe guarding exposed camps, are a part of war that a body of marines is grotesquely unfitted for. Standing up in open fight and firing with regularity and precision, no infantry or cavalry



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO.

W. H. Furness

could hold their own better in a tight place, but flung upon a covert, such as the ground at camp McCalla proved, the marines were at a criminal disadvantage. The effect on the country therefore, of the first sanguinary encounter, was not unlike the heartbreaking revolt that followed the slaughter at Big Bethel, or the disaster at Balls Bluff—in 1861-1862. The harrowing tale of perfectly useless slaughter, filled the telegrams for nearly a week; day and night the young marines were held in a preposterous cul de sac of exterminating fire. They could not secure an hour for sleep during the night, nor rest during the day. Invisible enemies were on every side of them—save the sea. Indeed, the nearness of the gunboats alone saved the squandered battalions from capture or decimation. It was more the sentiment of the nation, watching this prelude, that gave the daily bulletin of misadventure space and importance, than the actual losses suffered. But for that matter, the engagement was prolonged, wrenching the heart-strings of the million. To intensify the exaggerated forebodings filling the public mind, historians of the dailies and weekly presses added, to give a more livid caste to the agony, that the recovered bodies of the dead showed that they had been mutilated! Then the “patriotic” presses rose to their shrieking best or worst. Spain should weep in blood the miscreant inhumanity of her atrocious soldiery. All the stage horrors of the inquisition were made to reverberate; the administration was commanded to do, and do at once, the most desperate and despicable things. We had captured no end of astonished sea-faring folk sailing the seas, unconscious that war had been declared. Why not, it was hotly demanded—put these in noisome and dreadful cells—feed them on the most wretched of fare, iron them with manacles! Indeed it was urbanely suggested that it would be a just retaliation to hang a few score of the compatriots of the wretches who had namelessly desecrated our dead marines. When the cold eye of science examined the alleged mutilations, and left no doubt that the hideous wounds, resembling mutilations were the normal effects of the Mauser, no intimation of this ever appeared in the “patriotic” press. To this day, very likely, seven in ten who read the first ghastly reports, and the inflammatory comments of the press, believe that the Spanish soldiery glutted their unspeakable vengeance on the dead. It was set forth in almost plaintive indignation that the Spaniards had “sneaked” upon the invaders and fired upon them, without a word of warning. When the confiding marines left their weapons stacked, and disposed themselves to breakfast, the faithless enemy beset them with volleys, from the neighboring coverts of chapparal, and held them at a disadvantage. Indeed, it might have been supposed from the comments on

the early episodes of the war, that the mere apparition of "Old Glory" should have been the signal for the dispersion of the Spanish troops. It was set down to the malignity of the malevolent Spaniards that the cacti grew in ingovernable luxury; that it was deadly to touch and impossible to penetrate, save by the initiated. That the point of vantage chosen in the ardor of the first conquest, was ideally adapted to surprise and onset



SPANISH SOLDIERS IN AMBUSH.

from all sides save the bay, where the guardian gunboats offered retreat, if not protection. Yet this untenable camp and the gratification of keeping the flag flying over the rebellious soil, had in three days lost the navy more men than Dewey's conquest at Manila. In the rare intervals given by the enemy, the six hundred discussed the origin of the blunder, for from the first comprehension of the trap, the quick-witted marines knew that some one had blundered. Vague assurances came that the point was vital to the success of the invasion; that ten thousand regulars were speeding over the waters to release them, to extend the hard-won conquest. A correspondent of a Boston journal, who shared in the sanguinary travesty, gives such humor as is to be extracted from the incident: "It is easier here than in the North, to sympathize with those who demand quick action of the army. It becomes a personal matter with correspondents. For weeks they have been tossed from one Caribbean port to an-

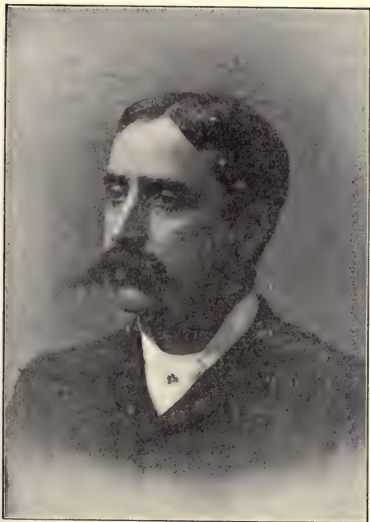
other, over the most distressing of seas, in a steamer built for still waters supplied as they are vividly aware, with a hydrographic forecast which says that six hurricanes are due this month in these latitudes. They go ashore. Field pieces are being taken up the steep hill to the camp on top, and they grasp hold of the lines and pull with the rest. It is hot work: at the top, the major greets them, or the colonel; his brown uniform is saturated with perspiration, bullets are flying, and the tents are being struck and hurried to the lea of the ridge; and as one worn guard line is relieved by another not yet rested, men drop utterly played out, face upward on the bare hill, and immediately as if stricken, fall deeply asleep. Some ask for cigarettes; some eagerly tell of mutilations practiced upon American dead by the ambushed guerrillas—the Cuban niggers—who side with Spain. ‘Publish that,’ they say, ‘and let the world know the sort of men we are fighting.’ It is too horrible for print. Sympathies are excited, however, before the word of the colonel and of the surgeon testifies that there were no mutilations. There is a funeral presently. Four bodies are sewn in canvas and placed in a trench on a hillside, and over the open grave, the first of our men in Cuban soil, the chaplain reads the brief commitment, and a full company fires two volleys in final leave taking. Then that afternoon the place all around is clamorous with volleys not religious, but discharged with blasphemous signs of anger. ‘Where is the enemy?’ the officers ask. ‘Twenty-seven thousand regulars will be here to-night or to-morrow,’ is the answer, and it is repeated to the wan-eyed, hungry men for their encouragement. They are incredulous and will not cheer. But ‘to-night’ arrives, and still no transports on the horizon, no reinforcements from insurgents, although they too are hourly expected. Darkness settles down upon the hills and ambushed hollows. From three sides and seven places come shots from the invisible, indistinguishable enemy, and the Colt quick firers, which have no stop-mechanism, but pour in their hose stream of nickelled bullets, until their chambers are empty, they play upon every spot lighted by a Mauser flash. Little help is afforded by the searchlight of the Marblehead, twice we have to wigwag to her that she is revealing the American position, and, however lovely the stars and stripes on camp McCalla appear, everybody knows that the pleasure is not equal to its possible cost. Suddenly, near the central earthworks, a man tumbles forward. “My God!” is all he says, and when his features are made out by the powder flashes, he is recognized as Goode, the sergeant-major, blood flowing from a mortal hurt in the abdomen. Some men get wounded—the enemy is farther away and the Mauser bullets do not tear so much as the night be-



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS.



MAJOR-GENERAL WM. LUDLOW.



MAJOR-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.

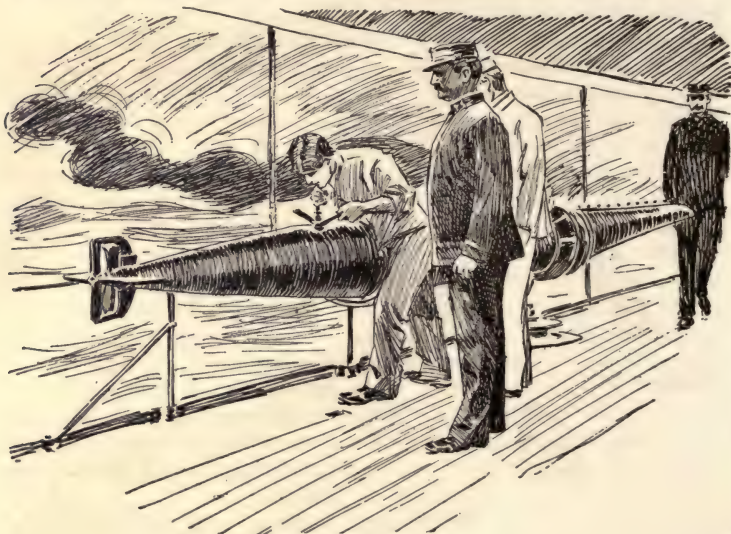
fore. Skies turn pale; on the face of the men crouched in a rim round the hill crest, rifles covering every approach, there is a smoky, grimy, done-up look. Another guard is changed; the young officers' chorus, 'Oh promise me' and inquire, 'did you say we had an army? Show it!' In comes Neville with his scouts—one missing, three wounded. Of the missing one it is said that he is only slightly hurt, but that still believing Spain's guerrillas had visited strange cruelties upon men disabled, he had jumped over the cliff into the sea, crying 'The hellions shan't get me!' They did not get him but his 'own people' did at last, and there was again an open grave and prayers and two blank volleys, and flags in the bay sunk to half mast."

More, it seemed, to keep the public diverted, than to compass any material part in the contemplated campaign, spasmodic naval attacks were made at various obscure points of the Cuban coast. These were invariably attended by the same phenomenal ardor on the part of the assailants, that signalized the more important engagements. But the price paid was in dolorous disproportion to the end gained. The work of blockading, is perhaps the most wearily irksome of all the duties assigned seamen. It involves the alert readiness of actual battle, without the excitement of combat. The ship is obliged to be kept on the *qui vive*; the men can secure but fitful rest. The tension in the end enervates to such an extent that prudent commanders are prompted to take precarious risks. Among the blockading divisions, we had a restless little squadron off Cardenas, an insignificant harbor of consequence only through its relations with Matanzas and Havana. In the recesses of its bay, a fleet of Spanish gunboats found secure shelter. The commander of the blockaders yearned to try his guns on the evasive craft, and to this end, sent the Winslow, an active but fragile vessel, to lure the enemy within reach of the fleet's batteries.

Two small crafts accompanied the Winslow—which, catching sight of a Spanish gunboat near the dock made sure that it could be assaulted and cut out. The attacking trio rushed onward in ominous quietude until at a point in the middle of the harbor, the Winslow ran into a covey of buoys. The purpose of these for an instant absorbed the attention of the rash commander Lieutenant Bernadou. But there was not much time for speculation. A withering blast of shells began to fall on the deck of the vessel. The buoys were a cunning device to fix the range for the enemy's batteries on shore. The massacre was prompt and relentless: the wretched craft was completely in the Spaniards' power and in any other hands than those working her she would have surrendered at once. One missile fall-

ing square on the deck killed Ensign Bagley, wounded the commander, and so disabled the machinery that the little craft was helpless. But the devotion of the companion crews was equal to the emergency, the crippled ship was aided out of the harbor. The Spaniards were delirious with rapture. They had compelled the withdrawal of an invading fleet. Madrid beflagged itself on the report, and for an instant drank all the intoxicating joy of a conquest.

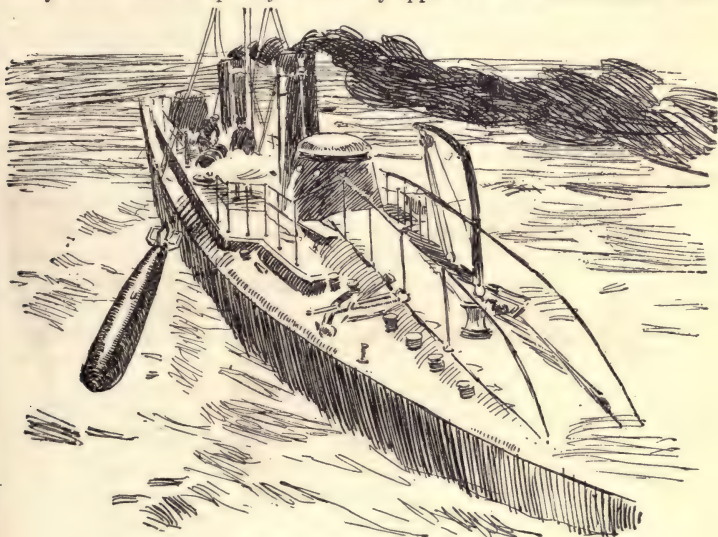
It was not reassuring to the country to learn when the extent of the disaster became known, that the Navy Department had strongly disapproved of these sanguinary escapades. That the commanders, left largely to their



LOADING A TORPEDO.

own discretion were responsible for them; that they had no part or purpose in the general scheme of invasion. The effect was painful to the country, for it revealed the almost naïve ignorance of the generality in the calamitous gravity of war. Clearly it had been the universal belief that we were to assail the armies and fleets of Spain with no hurt to our men or ships! The incident gave the first well-grounded apprehension that matured plans were not controlling the operation of the fleets and to that extent prepared the public mind for graver disasters. But with the

evidence of hierarchical uncertainty, the conviction became equally firm that the men might be trusted to make up for the ineptitude of the commanders, for the fortitude and constancy of the Winslow's crew, were in stimulating keeping with the wonder work in Manila bay. These first tentatives of war were saluted with the reverent sympathy and ennobling testimonies that seem to come instinctively to a great people, in heart-touching episodes. Young Bagley was celebrated in the press, in Congress, everywhere that the quality of chivalry appeals to the sensibilities of men.



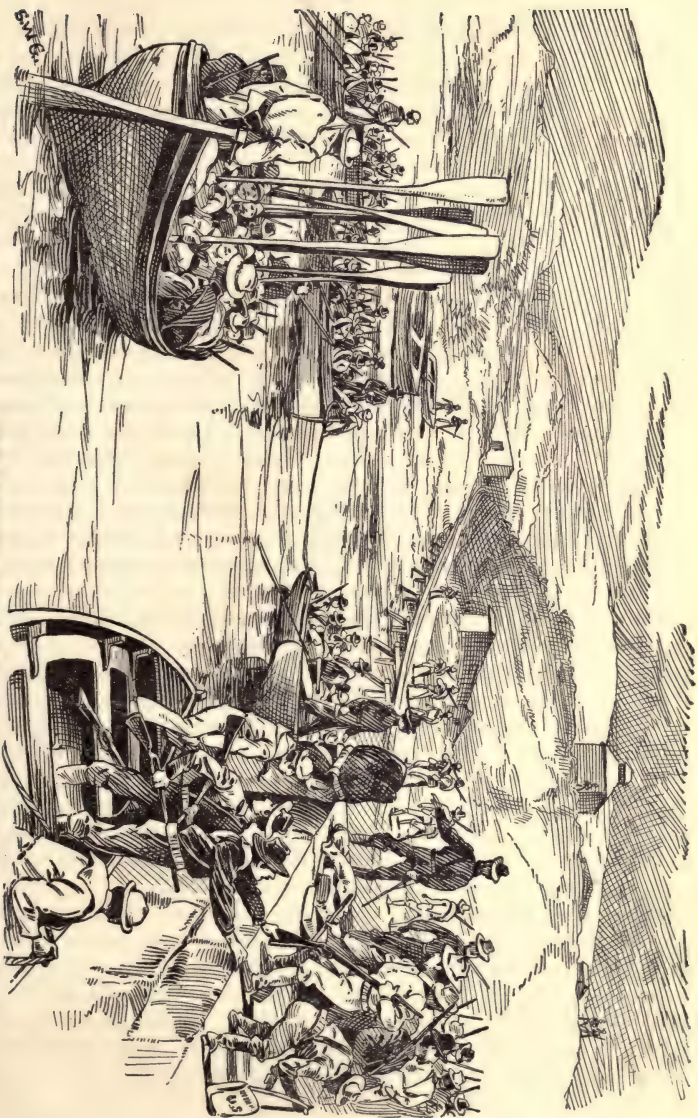
LAUNCHING A TORPEDO.

The Winslow was, perhaps, not one of the consummate efforts of the torpedo-boat species and her swift disablement went to confirm the growing conviction of experts, that this class of destroyers have enjoyed a delusive renown. For in the Manila combat, and the subsequent trial at Santiago, the most ordinary prudence with even inferior craft, were found equal to the certain destruction of these hitherto dreaded inventions. The question is by no means disposed of however, by the experience of this war—for our deadliest craft were not called upon where their resources could be fully tested. The Winslow was on a gridiron so to speak, doomed the instant she reached the point prearranged for the concentration of the Spanish fire.

The army was debarked with every evidence of improvised material. By the favoring chance of clear weather at the very time storms were the rule, the soldiers were carried through the surf to the shore in front of a hamlet variously called Bajquiri and Daiquiri. No intimation had been given of the point selected for the landing of the army, and there was a fever of wild conjecture until Cervera's presence in Santiago bay suggested the value of that town for a military enterprise. The point selected, offered many advantages for the base of an army of invasion bent on a prize so tempting as the fleet of Cervera and the army of occupation. Furthermore, the town had the very appreciable advantage of cable communication with the continent, for the French line had its terminus there. But there the invitation ended—indeed nothing could well be more uninviting for the display of grand tactics or Napoleonic strategy, than the hideous sixteen miles of nature at its wildest, between Siboney and Santiago. The land rises sheer from the sea, and buttresses two colossal ridges of the mountain plateaux, extending all along the coast, save where broken by spectral streams or yawning chasms. To make the roads passible for artillery, the whole army would be forced to turn into pioneer corps. Sherman's corduroying campaign in the Carolinas seemed an ordinary task compared to that confronting the men who were anxious only to fight, according to the daily asseveration of the newspaper *Zenophons*!

It would exhaust chapter on chapter of even this generous volume, to set forth the multifarious needs of 15,000 men moved by ships, and from ships to a shore to all needs barren, for though the Spaniards nowhere and at no time discovered the genius of preparation, they were made foreseeing in spite of themselves, by the chronic denudation of the country. The arrival at a decisive point of encounter inflamed the devouring greed of the press for action! The wretched commander found the cable a curse—he was now within recriminative touch of the aulic council in Washington—but this he could have placated. The press could not be lulled; it was clamorous for action. So, foodless, without guns of the decisive character implied by aggressive warfare, the heads of the columns were hurried forward toward the enemy. Veterans of the civil war heard the flamboyant acclamations of the press, the subdued approval of the hierarchies in Washington, with foreboding. We had seen futilities of the same sort during the Civil War. Virginia was a thrice told tale of the adventures of Milroy, Hunter, Pope, Siegel,—passing prodigies in war making, who mistook a few thousand willing men for perfected armies.

While the mass was gathering itself together gaily and confidently, the



THE LANDING AT BAIQUIRI.

two squadrons of the Rough Riders that accompanied the expedition set out adventurously in the direction of the enemy and Santiago. There seems to have been no thought of the rudimentary operations of invasion—a careful reconnoissance of the country the army must pass over. There were bands of Cubans at the service of the general staff—men who presumably knew the routes or the surfaces capable of being made available for forward movements. But until a heavy cost had been exacted, their knowledge was not utilized. When the sagacious Sherman made his memorable excursion to the sea, his army was spread out like a vast fan, the tips separated at times by a distance of a hundred miles; before these, rode concourses of cavalry so far in advance that if an enemy blocked the way at any point, the fan could fold up and be in superior force wherever the obstruction presented itself. This elementary principle seems to have been ignored or forgotten. The Rough Riders, brave to temerity, took no precaution to scour the thickets either immediately in front, in the path they were following, or the lateral spaces on either hand. Even a less enterprising foe than the Spaniard would have been inspired to sanguinary surprises by such unqualifiable laxity.

Pushing gaily through the dense growth of chapparal—a hedge fashioned by nature more obstructive than the *chevaux de frise* of the military engineer, the thin column was beset when out of reach of support, by bands of invisible ambuscaders. The volleys crackling from dense curtains of green, where no smoke gave a clue to the point of danger, forced the only tactics in such a case—a futile charge. The Rough Riders proved that they were of the stuff fine soldiers are made of. They did not break in a panic, as better disciplined soldiers have done when caught at the same disadvantage. The scion of a family of distinction was one of the first victims. When the news reached New York, tenfold importance was given the skirmish—indeed there was an outburst of larmoyant sympathy, such as salutes mishaps to royalty in older societies. That the elect of all the troops, the Rough Riders, should have been victims of inconsiderate haste in moving, seemed doubly derelict to the million who were regarding the war as an opera box spectacle.

But it must be said for the men of the regiment engaged, they never took themselves so seriously. They in fact did not quite realize what the meaning of soldier was. They had the vague, inborn, unquestioned patriotism implied in George Eliot's noble line: "That hour (to the soldier) is regal when first he goes on guard!" The athletes and hunters, the cow boys and social amphytrions enlisted, just as they would have joined a polo club or a "Wild West" hunt, or any opportunity for manly

adventure. They accepted readily the direful monotony and half menial camp duties, incident to soldiering, with good-natured tolerance, but they seemed to think that when battle was in prospect, they were free to seek it wherever it was to be found. Hence they met the bloody reprisal with buoyant equanimity. Colonels Wood and Roosevelt discovered the qualities, admiring friends had preconceded them. They faced the bullets from the vernal palisades, as if that particular form of self-sacrifice had been their daily habit. But the country, while deliriously proud of the men, was not disposed to look kindly upon the conditions that brought about the ordeal of the favorites, particularly as nothing tangible seemed gained. Again the shriek of "mutilation" was raised and the fine flower of society demanded reprisal. A strict examination revealed that science and nature, were the malefactors. It was the inhuman Mauser bullet that made the dead unrecognizable, or made the gashes seem the furious slashes of insensate hate. But there was a still ghastlier agency in disfiguring the dead—even the wounded—an agency that no care could prevent or waylay, no prescience turn aside.

Under the glistening chapparral, among the razor edged wall of the cactus, in the dark lush foliage, lurks and preys a malevolent little monster called the "land crab." The odor of human blood electrifies the scaly members of this obscene marauder. No sooner had the Mauser completed its maiming work, than the land crab, "devils claw" the natives call it, claws its way, with incredible velocity to the prostrate body. In a flash its wiry tentacles are pinching out particles of flesh from the exposed places. These in every case were the mutilators of the dead—Spanish as well as Yankee. Nor was the branding summer sun a less merciless agent of torture. It fell in festering heat upon the unacclimated skin of the invader; it parched his flesh, it blurred his aching eyes and blinded him, as he groped feverishly in the assassin thickets; for assassin they were. The mere touch of the flesh upon certain cacti, the inhaling of certain blooms, stung the flesh, poisoned the blood and disturbed the action of the cerebral system. In the fœtid gloom of the thicket, squirmed and hissed a viperous brood of uncanny and monstrous things, their eyes glowing in spots, like a firmament of tiny stars, and even where these repulsive and loathly things were not present, the hint of them insidiously spread by the Cubans, filled the mind of the exploring soldiery, with that terror of the unseen to which the ordeal of battle is mere football or polo.

In the end, when the column had endured such agonies—the mind shrinks from further relating—when a score or more had been slain, the point was made secure by a strong earthwork circumvallating the pla

teau. Spasmodic attacks and venomous defence alternated until the whole force Shafter had at his disposal reached the topmost height, forming a vast natural bulwark about the lower plateau—upon which the city of Santiago spreads in a confused net work of alleys to the waters edge. The Spaniards always under cover, had little to fear from the most frenzied rushes of our soldiers, and frenzied is really the only term to qualify the strange onset that followed the fitful arrival of the divisions concentrated about the beleagured city.

In all warfare where an army attacks, the first work is the planting of guns to concentrate a destructive fire on the point chosen for assault by the line. As has been seen, the work from the base of operations at Siboney was impracticable, military men said, for the infantry. The hauling of artillery, capable of breaking the Spanish defences, implied days at least of very hard road—making by every available man in the army. In this dilemma the Federal commander thought that the Cubans, who were not exactly distinguished as soldiers, could be made available as pioneers—sappers and miners, as the road makers are called. But the lofty pride of the “patriots” refused all such service. They were willing to march and fire, when the troops of the republic were in sufficient force to assure them from a charge by the enemy; they were ready likewise to hover where death mowed down the Spaniards, ply the machete on the wounded, disfigure the dead and despoil all—but they could not be brought to the work of clearing the roads or aiding the success of the expedition.

As in the Civil War, so in this brief promenade in Cuba. The Yankee soldier proved himself as full of ingenuity in overcoming natural obstacles as he has always shown himself equal to the deadliest dangers. The roads were made passable, the bulk of the army was within striking distance within a week of the debarkation. Then the vivacity of the soldiers either anticipated orders or exaggerated them, a series of desperately bloody combats went on at every point of impact with the enemy. These were signalized by an almost romantic disregard of death, on the part of the soldiers, and an almost equal absence of intelligent directions on the part of the directing commander. The men charged up artfully defended acclivities, swarmed over barbed wire obstructions, through stone walls, through dykes and over earthworks—bent only on pushing forward—no matter how invincibly defended.

While “storied urn nor animated bust” cannot bring back the fleeting breath, the eyesight-ecstasies of the plain soldier may be accepted as in a sense a mirror of the momentous crises, when bravery wrought its conquest. Sergeant Oursley of the Third Regulars, unconscious that he was

adding to the resources of scientific narrative, charged his mind with this moving picture of the advance :

"At Baiquiri we had a little skirmish with a small body of the enemy, but it did not amount to much. From there we moved on to Damayo, where the remainder of our troops landed. It was as fine an army as one could wish to see ; all of us were of the Regular Army, except the Seventy-first New York, the Second Massachusetts, and the Rough Riders. It was rather tough on the volunteers, fresh from their offices and workshops, and some of them were overcome by the heat. It was no uncommon sight to see a man discarding his clothing, even his trousers ; blankets were strewn by the thousands all along the line of march. There is a thick growth of underbrush and cacti and no roads, nothing except small narrow and winding paths, so that marching in line was impossible, and we moved forward much of the way in single file. All of the cavalry dismounted, and it is probably the only country where a cavalry charge could not be effectively made. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages, however, our boys brought up in line very well. There is a range of hills along the coast, and another just above Santiago, which runs at right angles to these ; it is upon these hills that the Spaniards have thrown up their breastworks and where they lay intrenched, largely hidden by the bushes, shrubs and small palms.

"On the morning of June 24th the Rough Riders set out to take up a position in advance of the others, and in fact, ventured far out beyond the skirmish line. As a matter of fact, those fellows, brave and fearless as they are, and deserving of great praise and credit, actually conceived the idea they could take Santiago, themselves, and then return and tell the rest of the army how it was done ! They were over daring and advanced farther ahead than they were ordered to go. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when the two forward troops were moving slowly ahead, that they were suddenly fired at from one of the outer trenches, hidden from view by the underbrush, where the enemy were concealed. They were taken by surprise, but stood their ground uncommonly well, although their relief was fully a quarter of a mile in the rear and their support still further behind. Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt went at once to the front and were in the thickest of the fight. It is little less than a miracle that either escaped with his life. Roosevelt, when the first volley was fired, quickly dropped his sword and side arms, and picking up a rifle stood by the boys and fired shot after shot with them as long as the skirmish lasted. He is idolized by his men, and his daring on that day still further endeared him to them. The two Ameri-



ROOSEVELT LEADING THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LA QUASINA.

can troops of cavalry had been allowed to advance to within twenty-five yards of the entrenchments before the Spaniards fired their first volley, and the wonder is that at so short a range, they were not all killed. The only explanation is, that the Spaniards all shoot high, and the fact that they are all big cowards. [But if they were cowards, then there was no glory in conquering them!] They fire a volley and then turn and run back to their next intrenchment. When they had fired their first volley at the two troops of Rough Riders the Spaniards moved to the right, behind another line of breastworks, and began a cross-fire upon our men.

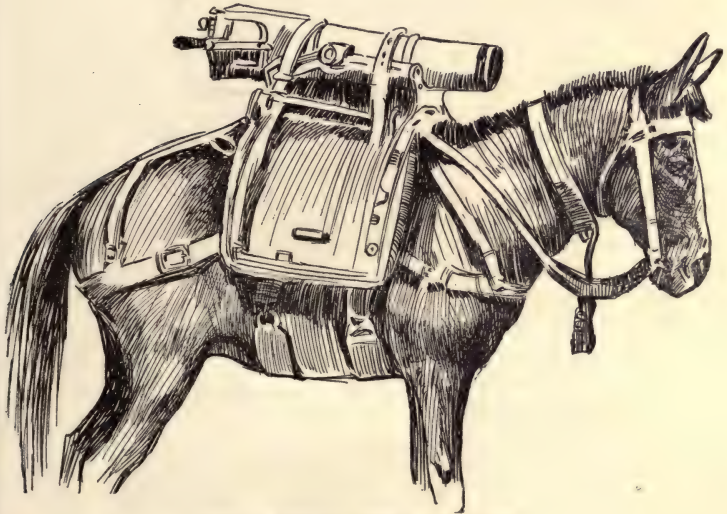
"It was in this first fire in their new position that Captain Capron was mortally wounded; he was the first army officer to fall in the Spanish war. Sergeant Hamilton Fish died first, for he lived but ten minutes after he was shot. While mortally wounded Captain Capron supported himself by placing his left arm, which was shot in two places, about a small palm tree, and drawing his big pistol used it with effect, killing or wounding a Spaniard each time he fired, so close was the range! [How could this be verified?] Just before the enemy fled they turned and fired a volley at the officer and he fell dead, with seven bullet wounds in his body. The first to come to the relief of the Rough Riders were companies from the First and Ninth cavalry. In all there were not more than nine hundred men, but for one hour and fifty minutes they withstood the fire of the Spaniards, and finally succeeded in driving them, fully 4,000 strong, back into the second line of intrenchments! Our company reached the scene just before the firing ceased, and none of our men were injured, although we poured several volleys into the line of the retreating enemy. We bore our dead and wounded back to the rear, and all of those killed, except Captain Capron, were buried within a hundred yards of where they fell fighting. In the intrenchments we found forty dead Spaniards, and half as many more scattered a short distance away. Some of them died after the firing had ceased, and were so far beyond help that we made no attempt to do anything for them. These we buried where they fell, nearly sixty of them in all. Had the Spaniards been good marksmen, they might have annihilated the whole division, so close was the range."

Volumes have already been written on this episode and volumes will still be written, but Sergeant Oursley embalms the actualities of the scene from one point of view. The squadrons of Rough Riders, buoyantly heedless of the first precautions of war, ventured far beyond their place and were made to pay a grievous penalty. They knew no fear, and they met the consequences like veterans. That is all that can be

said. It was a plunder. In war a blunder is a crime. But in this case the crime was condoned, the blunderers were enshrined as heroes. It is due however to the directing folk of the Rough Riders and the commander in charge, the sagacious, cool headed and experimented—to use the French word, eloquent of what I mean, General Wheeler, to say, that the Rough Riders had been given minute orders in the foray. They were, according to the consign given them, neither surprised nor discomfited by the sudden downpour of Spanish bullets. They knew that the path was to be contested; that the Spaniards would have given up, Santiago itself, had they not made known their presence just where they did. All this may be conceded, it is no doubt true, that the five hundred Rough Riders were sent just as they went and fought just as they were expected to, but, the millions who fought in similar enterprises during the Civil War, recall that wherever the enemy was expected to do all that an enemy should, clouds of skirmishers were spread out like the tentacles of a colossal devil fish, a mile in front of the main body—so that when the shock came—only sparse groups could be hurt by the first volleys. This, on testimony of the most vehemently impulsive of the admirers of the Rough Riders, was not done. That a mere handful of these joyous troopers was made to pay the reckless gallantry of their officers, is due quite as much to the impenetrable veil of foliage, as the ineptitude of the Spaniards—who of course never dreamed that a sane commander was entrusting a mission so formidable to so few men. And this incident illustrates, what I have recurrently pointed out; that a stupendous blunder in battle, is often as effective as the most dazzling Napoleonic conception. Linares took it for granted that, at least a division of the invading army was advancing on him; he took it for granted, as he was bound to do, that the front attack was but a feint, and that his flanks were in due time to be struck by the superior forces, his reconnoitering groups had seen pouring out tumultuously from Siboney.

Hence, instead of cowards, the Spanish column that halted to force—or as the tacticians say—demask, the enemy's intentions, were just the sort of men, a profoundly wise commander depends on. It would be a poor testimony to the sacrifice and devotion of the men who endured—more than the horrors of the Moscow deroute, to charge the wretched Spaniards with cowardice. Indeed, one lively sentimentalist, who was present and recounts the fateful struggle, that won Santiago, makes lament, that he could not have been a Spaniard, for to him the sublime immolation of the enfeebled ranks that stood and died, in hunger, in despair, in the lack of all the incentives that make men heroic—was the

most captivating rôle, known in war. For while every man in the invading army knew that our end would be gained, if it took a million lives, the Spaniards knew that no matter how many assaults he repulsed, in the end the flag of Spain must go down. He knew that, no matter how masterfully commanded, no matter how scientifically administered, the commissariat and supply, the time must come when neither bread nor bullets would be obtainable. It was heroism, then, for the Spaniards to stand the volleys from the determined, hilarious-jocose conquerors, who were really playing war as they would have played polo or baseball—hardly realizing the gravity of the situation—either in a moral or military sense.



FIELD GUN CARRIED BY MULE.



INFANTRY RECEIVING VISITORS AT TAMPA.

PART II.

IT was not the fault of the newspapers, that every man and woman, every boy and girl in the republic, were not crowded on the sand wastes of Florida, on that memorable 14th of June, when the expedition for the conquest, that as it turned out, meant Cuba, meant peace. For months, or to be determinate, from the instant the volunteers gathered on the sand dunes of the Florida peninsula, the country fastened its eyes on the corps, very much in the "opera box" attitude as it seemed to the European presses. To this grand and trying tryst came the light and heavy artillery of the press—to narrate the daily and hourly doings of the restive argonauts. Imposing hotels designed for the pleasuring of winter tourists had been transformed into casernes for the keeping of the imposing army of officers, military attachés, historians and what not, invariably found at the decisive point, where mobilizing armies take their point of departure. The tawny coasts, the dreary stretches of sand, the exotic foliage of southern Florida, were in a few weeks as well known to the eager kinsmen of the assembled soldiers, as the White House in Washington or Grant's Tomb at Riverside Park. Columns of the writing called "picturesque" that would fill the expansive volumes of the completest encyclopædia ever written, were telegraphed and mailed northward from day to day, by the brigade of novelists, critics and general litterateurs impressed into the service of the new journalism. In spite of a censorship, smacking disagreeably of old world "methods," even arrogance, the people to the uttermost ends of the republic knew from day to day the numbers, condition, the status of the armada, concentrated at the most convenient striking distance to Cuba. The minutest details of the joys and sorrows, the complaints and pleasures of the waiting heroes, were a household tale in the million families where a son, a brother, a husband or father, made one of the cherished crusaders, dedicated to the cause of humanity, as declared by the Congress of the republic. Even in the rhapsodic romaunts of the "fine writers" there were premonitory notes of jarring, ominously adumbrating the dolorous miscalculations so soon to be verified. There was a shiver of apprehension when some of the more observing litterateurs gave out the note of warning, that the machinery of moving the supplies of the mass was in hands not able to handle the diverse instrumentalities

of the movement. The dazzling corps of political, social and official favorites, entrusted with feeding, speeding and safeguarding the needs of the fighters, were even in the peaceful purlieus of war, proving inadequate to that uttermost of all needs—the commissariat. Depressing hints of an ineffective medical train, inkled northward and lent new vigor to the Red Cross activities, already supernaturally zealous in its ministry. But the note that struck loudest and bore most encouragingly upon the



25TH U. S. INFANTRY, (COLORED) PACKING UP IN A HURRY.

country was the feeling of the ranks for action. They panted for war, now that they had outgrown the novelty of its forms and pageantry. They demanded the shock of battle, the march, the tumult and glory of war. And yet, when the order was reluctantly given to Shafter to set out on the 14th of June, the sixteen thousand men were not ready in the sense that the organizers of armies, the architects of victory mean by ready. The troops



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER.

had been sweltering and repining on the transports seven days, when the start was definitely made. Every man of the cramped mass knew the fleet by sight: every man invented a pastime to lull the hours and cheat disease of its prey. But within a day of embarkation, an army with banners, could not have been more terrible to the imprisoned host than the decks and deeps of the vessels. Life at sea is trying at best; language fails to describe its torments, when men are packed together, leaving barely space to stretch out in compact lines on every superficial foot of deck and cabin. But it was of excellent augury for the metal of the cru-



U. S. INFANTRY EMBARKING FOR CUBA.

saders, that Yankee-like, they made these discomforts subjects for joke, the deprivations, hilarious sarcasms. Yet historically this continent had never witnessed a spectacle so imposing as the sweep of this armada from the Florida sand dunes. It would have well repaid a journey to witness, for even the facile pens of the literary corps, could not, like the Egyptian wizard, reproduce from a well of ink, the majestic panorama of the sea pageant, the mile on mile of ships brilliant in color, animated by eager forms moving in rhythmic unison over the opaline waters, through the endless expanse of tranquil sea. The head of the fleet faded in the purple mists of the horizon, while the rear was emerging from the squalors of Tampa. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, a fleet of transports is only as swift as its slowest craft; hence the journey Cubaward

never exceeded seven miles an hour. Hearts beat high as the majestic line moved in the solemnity of the sea, straight southward. Every soldier in the armada had studied his map of Cuba, and every man knew that the direction of the fleet must bring the adventurers to the port of Havana. That exhilarating anticipation made the hours pass with inebriating swiftness, for to the most ardent that terminus meant battle in its fiercest form. Night fell and the pageant was eclipsed. Lights were forbidden. Under the luminous radiance of the tropic stars, the wondrous beauty of the sea was still visible; the eager thousands hung over the rails to note what came to pass. The borealis play of lightning that illuminates the southern skies added to the enchanting mystery of the scene. The least sentimental felt the glow of rapture the poets profess, over beauty so perfect, so whimsically in contrast with the mission of the spectres speeding over the soft summer sea.



LOADING SUPPLIES FOR THE EXPEDITION.

It required twenty-four hours to get the tail end of the fleet on the high seas, that is far beyond the Florida Keys, while the head was skirting Cuban waters. Never had this generation beheld a spectacle so imposing; even the armaments, though vast during the civil war, Butler's, Banks' and Burnsid's did not number so many vessels nor so many troops, in a single expedition, for besides the forty or more vessels of

transports, there was a squadron of war ships to guard against the possibility of attack by the enemy. The battleship *Indiana*, steamed far in advance, the eye of the armada. It was the twentieth—the sixth day from the setting out at Tampa, that the ship-worn thousands saw with wonder and relief, the purple horizon above the waters of Santiago. Every man knew then the secret, so resolutely maintained during the month of waiting and the week of sailing. To the Spaniards, neither the sailing of the fleet, its direction nor number, even its probable destination, were a mystery. For as the straggling line hugged the coast, signal after signal went up from the headlands, and knowing the capacities of the transports, the coming force could be estimated to a man. Even the probable objective must have been divined, when the head of the column passed the eastern capes and swung westward toward Guantanamo and Sampson's sentries before Santiago. The thousands were worn with confinement; land never uprose more hospitably inviting than the serrated terraces that spread under the eager eyes of impatient throngs. Death or glory, or both, lurked in the mysterious deeps beyond, but at least the limbs would be free; the hateful duress of the ship, the torturing sounds of the machinery, the deathly smells would be gone. Baiquiri, the spot chosen for disembarkation, is a picture of nature in its most striking conformation of mountain, sky and water. The hamlet lurks furtively at the base of a mountain spur, that seems to rise sheer twelve hundred feet in the air. This immense mountain wall is indented irregularly, making room for little bights, accessible to small craft. Streams, when there is no rain, glide in crystal purity through the wondrous herbage—kept green by incessant rains. Plateau and plain intermingle in quick succession, as the land is penetrated inward and upward. To the seaworn soldiers the whole range of valleys and precipice, cliff and plateau, took on the reality of Robinson Crusoe's isle; for among the glistening palms and giant foliage, could be seen cocoanuts, mangoes and other delights of the parched stomach. For twelve hours Shafter's legions were boys on a picnic, lost in the wonder and delight of the embodied reality of lifelong dreams. But the haven of delight was not easily attained; the sea leaping and gamboling on the rocky ledges, sent up veils and volleys of spray, that drenched the lighters, the wading ranks, the over eager thousands. Nor was the picture devoid of wonder, even to eyes accustomed to military pageantry. Horses were lowered from the lofty decks to the water and forced to swim landward, many of them succumbing to wave and fright in the short journey. On Wednesday, June 21st, the leading division of the fleets had disembarked their quotas; as the darkness fell,

the vales and glades that had been Arcady were aglow with campfires, the soldiery eager to "see more" were impatient to plunge into the interior.

Millions followed with an interest tinged with anguish, the exasperatingly inconsequent reports of the landing of the troops: the joyance and even jocundities of the men, as they met the needs of an entirely untold undertaking. It was indeed a time of cheers and laughter, as the sixteen thousand scrambled from the prisons the ships had become, and made for the jocund shore in the shallops provided for the work.



LOADING PACK MULES FOR THE MARCH.

That there was any serious ordeal before them never seemed to strike the men. With the curious docility of the soldiery of a republic, they invested the commanders with prescience and capacity to meet all that might be humanly prepared against them. Even the lack of the commissariat, irksomely evident so soon as the masses were landed, did not suggest grumbling. In the exhilaration of the novel it was rather jocose raillery than the ill-nature that precedes gloom and demoralization. The circumscribed beach and limited space of Baiquiri, were soon overcrowded and then the legions began to spread out—taking the form of an advance

—unpremeditated in the plan of battle. Hence it came to pass that skirmishes, more or less sanguinary, were fought entirely outside the calculation of the commander.

But for that matter, there was no need for elaborate strategy. The Spaniards had simplified the campaign by relinquishing the landing, by retreat from the imposing bulwark nature provided—the sixteen miles of impenetrable jungle and toilsome bridle paths, leading from the sea hamlets to the city of Santiago.



CONFERENCE BETWEEN SHAFTER, SAMPSON AND GARCIA.

Captain-General Blanco had forewarned the republic that the spirit of the Cuban people was high and proud; that if through inexhaustible wealth and unlimited resources, the invading armies reached their aim, the cost would be so appalling that even the republic would stand aghast. He said and said with truth, that he had one of the finest armies the continent had ever held; not less than two hundred thousand men in arms

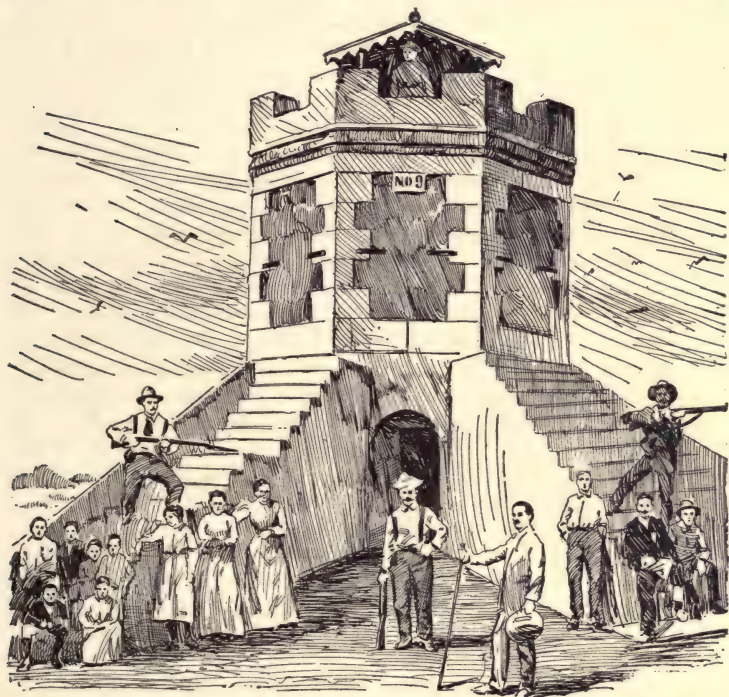
stood ready to die for Spain and the integrity of the patrie's conquest. Certainly no place could have been better chosen than the declivitous stretch of natural fastnesses between the base of Shafter's army and the intrenchments of Santiago. An enterprising commander with a dash of originality, might have made Satiago's cost in blood as much as the taking of Havana. Indeed, the taking of the city—with Cervera's fleet in the harbor—was looked upon as a more hazardous enterprise than the assault of the capital itself. Nor could our cabinet counsellors and men versed in war, be made to believe that Blanco was blind to the possibilities of the campaign. He knew that Shafter had with him the flower of our army; and in consonance with the hasty opinions of the educated soldier, the volunteer forces called into action by proclamation, were hardly to be taken into consideration. Hence a reinforcement of from 10,000 to 20,000 promptly sent to Santiago, as soon as it was certain Havana was not the point aimed at, would have transferred the war to the eastern end of the island; it would have compelled a tedious halt in the campaign; would have given the climate time to work havoc with our army and so changed the situation, that for a delusive moment Spain might seem capable of coping with her enemy. But even without a diversion from Havana—there were columns dispersed with a stupefying disregard of sound military judgement that might have made every mile from Santiago to the sea a sanguinary battleground. Even General Linares' force was adequate to a step by step contest from the sea—over the discomfiting ridges, the deadly chapparal, the natural fortresses, the whole country presented for such a campaign, for illustration—as Joseph E. Johnson fought in 1864 in defending Atlanta.

It was therefore not surprising that the Rough Riders assumed that where natural obstacles had been so heedlessly disregarded, no Spanish soldiery need be looked for. In this belief—swinging gaily over the mountain wall, buried in forests of almost malignant obstacles, they were surprised. But again, the woeful ineptitude of Spain saved us. A capable chief anywhere between the first mountain ridge and Sevilla, would have made the entire advance of the somewhat heedless army, a slaughter—perhaps a disaster—changing the course of the campaign. A jaunty disregard for the primary prudence of war, as well as ignorance of first principles, marked our conduct of the campaign, as well as the action of the advance.

The various detachments marched toward Santiago apparently indifferent to any of the safeguards, always redoubled as the resistance of the enemy becomes weaker—for then there is good reason to suspect. It was

due to Spanish negligence, rather than to the prevoyance of the commanders of the invading column, that every hillside was not littered with our dead.

And the army soon had proof of this: not only in the murderous surprise of the handful of Rough Riders, but in the deadly efficacy of the primitive blockhouses buttressing rude intrenchments and barbed wire



LIME KILN CONVERTED INTO A BLOCKHOUSE.

barricades, holding the charging columns suspended in the onrush, while perishing under the withering flight of Mauser bullets. From the moment the columns set out from the sea, such fighting as went on was whimsically like the result of individual enterprise, or as the correspondents ironically expressed it "squad fights." That is, bodies of men, pushing out adventurously and meeting opposition, instead of making

back for the main body, as all well organized campaigning exerts, stood their ground and held it until other squads in curiosity or a spirit of adventure joined them! This was brave, even brilliant, but it was in no sense war. A foe of the least address or resolution would have cut off every vestige of these sporadic forces. Indeed, the contrast between the determined resolution of the Spaniards, when in line, and their incomprehensible laggardness when every chance coveted by an inferior force was heedlessly abandoned to them, would argue that the defence on General Linares' part was purely perfunctory. During the Civil War—to go no farther, we saw innumerable instances of forces vastly inferior to Linares', contesting a federal advance inch by inch and finally repulsing it in disaster. In the Red River expedition in 1864, General Banks undertook to conquer Shreveport and Central Texas, by a movement not unlike Shafter's. His advance was marked by nearly the same grotesque disdain of military axioms. He was made to pay the penalty by a defeat, that under other circumstances would have imperilled the whole campaign. But the Spaniards having relinquished the striking advantage, the Morro would have given them in a defence of the coast line, merely "annoyed" the advance over the hills. It was their unsystematic plan and desultory execution which betrayed Shafter into the final series of what for a time looked like bloody repulse, at San Juan and El Caney. Indeed—it is no exaggeration, no undue pride in our incomparable Regulars, that impels the assertion, that had it not been for the inexpugnable resolution of the compact mass of Regular soldiery, entrusted with the mission, Shafter's movement would have ended as Banks' ended. From the memorable exploits of Napoleon's invincible phalanxes in the first Italian campaign to the most stirring of their prodigies at Ulm and Eckmühl, soldiery in action never surpassed the heroic resolution, evinced by General Lawton's, Chaffee's and Kent's battalions. They stood in line of battle, when standing meant incessant exposure—swift, sure hurt; they maintained the perilous line, taken when each Spaniard in front by virtue of arms and shelter equalled ten of the invaders. They could not be moved by the maelstrom of death each discharge of the murderous Mausers inflicted; they were as impassive in the red glare of the perfectly directed volleys, as in the breathing space afforded by the trenches; they stood calm, majestic, agonizing; they died and made no outcry; they charged and never wavered in the alignments, they lay prone in the hideous trenches and never for an instant could it be detected that they were not as terribly effective thus spread out, as in the rush of the charge or the sinister line of battle. Indeed, the Regular was to the land combat, what

the imposing Texas, Iowa, or Indiana, were to the fleets—a mechanism so perfect that nothing but complete destruction could impair that prodigious force. Against this indomitable mass, the Spanish impetuously spent themselves in the three days of determined fight which brought the campaign to an end. Now the effect the Regulars wrought upon the enemy was not less potent upon the volunteers. Brave, too brave, these fine soldiers, were; for there is a certain valor bred of lack of knowledge of the danger one is confronting. When the volunteer masses looked into the seething cauldron of fire and saw the impassive lines of the Regulars, it was impossible to realize that death was the penalty of the slightest movement. The bullets sang and hissed and did their deadly work, but it seemed normal, so long as these imperturbable figures, made head against them, in all the tranquil unconcern of the parade ground. The bullets struck them and they fell quietly. I was about to say decorously, but the term hardly befits that final sacrifice, the brave make for their country. Had the defenders of Santiago possessed a genius like Napoleon to lead, or an army like Massena's to resist, the qualities shown by our Regulars, in the storm and stress of El Caney and San Juan, would have defeated both. This is claiming a great deal; but when the action is studied, when the corroborating facts and details are compared, no mind imbued with the real business of soldiery will question the assertion. If fine soldiery is a fine thing, this republic has perhaps as redoubtable a phalanx as can be found organized in war. But during the three or four crucial days of the advance, when the Santiago shrubberies were sinister with slaughter, when the pens that command vivid phrases were picturing the deeds of the day to the poignantly attentive millions, it would never have been suspected that the strong rock of our reliance, the sure, the indomitable instrument of victory, was the thin but invincible bulwark of disciplined valor, making so little of the worst that befalls the soldier, that the untrained historians, seeing no signs of fear, overlooked the fact that terror was the garment that covered all.

Once the small army was distributed for its work, the plan of campaign, simple enough from the disposition of the Spanish leader's limitations, went on with definite finality. Each version of the advance differs according to the relations and partialities of the recording scribe. The Rough Riders and certain New York regiments might be supposed to have decided the fortunes of the event, by heroic dash and omnipresent utility. Never was a small army so abundantly provided with historians. The affluent journals of most of the large cities were deluged with points of view from every regimental headquarters. Each of these active ob-

servers saw with an eye trained to effect. The campaign in front of Sevastopol evoked no more diversity of unbridled eulogy or acrimonious commentary.

In some of the narratives, the republic was made to gloat over the almost jocose dare-deviltry of various favorite divisions; others were painted as restrained from something like disaffection, only by pride of organization or state jealousy.

General Shafter was bodied forth alternately as cowering in his tent far in the rear, ignoring all that was going on; bewildering the war junta in Washington by clamor for reinforcements, or stolidly forcing forward his inadequate forces to gain the cheap renown of a Fourth of July conquest. This diversity of tone extended to the uttermost detail of organization. It was clamorously set forth that the provision for the nourishment of the harassed ranks was derisory; that within an hour of the fleets and transports, within twenty-four hours' sail of New York, the sweltering, the maimed and the halt were on half rations. And in the dire hour of death, when the Mauser was mowing down the onrushing and misled ranks, there were no provisions for the wounded; no surgeons, no tents, no medicine, in anything like reasonable proportions. One surgeon to a regiment was the rule during the carnage at San Juan and El Caney. Ten minutes to an operation, the amputation of a limb, or even the more serious attempts that surgeons now undertake, in the very crisis of battle, was the allotted space. Surgeons wrought among the mangled, and fell fainting in the pestilential air; the wounded ranged in helpless prostration, like cattle in a slaughter pen, waiting their turns, from early morning until the merciful darkness fell with the dewy coolness of the tropic clime.

These painful disclosures were made all over the battlefield, and so circumstantially corroborated, that the charge cannot be disputed. Even in the comparatively facile affair of removing the wounded who reached the sea, the lugubrious tale of mingled inefficiency and peculation found more sinister material; the transports allotted the wounded were unfit for them. The able bodied and influential were awarded the comfortable quarters, while the mutilated and helpless fared as they could.

Held by the arms of the sea as in a trap, General Linares, the Spanish commander of the Santiago district, from the first, was under no illusion as to his fate. He had no food, little ammunition, and few or none of the military appliances essential to the defence of the vital points which, if adequately armed in time, might have made the capture of Santiago quite as formidable an undertaking as Havana was generally admitted to be. Above all, the unfortunate Spanish commander had an army, which, if not

exactly mutinous, was destitute of that buoyant spirit which nerves men to dare, no matter how weighted the chances against them. And in truth, as the Spanish army found itself, or rather as General Shafter found it, its destruction ought to have followed the first impact with our soldiery. But what we now know of the Spanish commander's miserable predicament General Shafter did not know, when his buoyant battalions spread themselves onward out of his reach and set about the capture of the city by a coup-de-main. This indeed is the story of the ten days' manœuvring and combat which finally ended in the breakdown of the Spanish defenses. It is, however, a misuse of the term, as ordinarily understood in military parlance, to speak of the sporadic combats and the bewildered movements as an advance or a siege. The presence of a group of guerrillas in the thick undergrowth, the ominous whirring and whizzing of the repeating Mauser, seemed to the excited imagination of the volunteers, the fire and fury of war at its gravest. Even such reports as came from the regimental brigade and division commanders, evidenced a sort of naive surprise that real war permitted of such disorderly disturbances of regimental formation, as the successive but half-hearted ambuscades presented.

It is within bounds to say that there was more soul-stirring narrative of the sort called "thrilling," for the casual encounter of Colonel Roosevelt's rough riders, than was written for the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg or Gettysburg. Successful ambuscades, at points where prudent military judgment would have foreseen just such encounters, gave the semblance of war to the movement of investment which, it must be owned, delighted a large majority of the volunteers, for it gave them just the sensation that youthful ardor covets. But among the more wary, the fifth day of the advance, when Shafter's army stretched in a long and precarious line from, what may be called the extreme left of the Spaniards at El Caney, to their extreme right at El Morro or Aguadores, a distance of eight miles, was filled with the gloom of an apprehension, which in the cold light of subsequent facts seems grotesque. Sinister prophecies of an Adowah trap, wherein General Shafter was to meet the fate that the Abyssinians visited upon the Italians, were whispered under the breath, even by the most daring. For it was covertly declared that the march from Aguadores and Baiquiri to Sevilla, was an almost wanton invitation to the enterprise of some obscure Spanish Moseby, Stonewall Jackson or Jeb. Stewart. Indeed, there was not an hour from the landing of Shafter's sixteen thousand, until the moment the wretched Toral handed over his cartel, that a sanely led diversion to our flank or rear, would not have withered the army as a strong sunshine on new snow.

Not that the march was too fast, nor the seizure of the various points misjudged, but that isolated regiments were thrown forward beyond available touch with their supports; above all because this extraordinary army adventured itself far beyond the guns of the fleet, without a single piece of artillery to defend itself, in the event of a strong attack on any given point. In war at least, if not in morals, the end justifies the means. It may be that General Shafter knowing from secret sources the exhausted, supine and unfit condition of his enemy, felt that the ordinary precautions of war were a waste of time. Nothing else can explain the thrusting of his grotesquely inadequate forces beyond the range of instant reinforcements. But what seemed more inexplicable than all this happy-go-lucky improvidence, was the persistent disregard of that most vital of all elements to a fighting column, victualling and shelter. Napoleon in his most daring ventures, when in his first Italian campaign as he jocosely declared: "The army moved on its boots and its belly," never ventured to let the cry of hunger be heard, no matter what the peril to his complicated combinations.

Yet the intrepid bands who found themselves in possession of the advanced line, and for days none of them knew how, fell in the sticky morasses and mountain mud, bent under dripping branches, or packed themselves together for vital warmth, with not even the sustenance of a hardtack.

We have drunk so deeply of the glory, inebriated ourselves so inexhaustibly in the panegyrics of what our army did, that it is wise, even essential that we should know that even the daring of the republic's soldiers cannot be placed in comparison beside their constancy, and that nameless something, which makes a man trebly a soldier when he possesses it. This, when the last word is spoken on the Santiago campaign will be the peculiar trait the military critic must signalize as the differentiating distinction of our volunteers, as compared with the perfunctorily drilled mechanisms that make up the old world battalions. Nor is it without signification, to keep in mind that none of the prerequisite engineering details obligatory upon the armies marching in an enemy's country, seem to have been thought of. The men who were launched out under the shower of Mauser bullets were likewise the builders of bridge and road, of abatis breastwork and trench.

Apparently the guiding mind of the United States army was apprehensive that the Spanish commander would, on the mere apparition of the Tampa army, sacrifice the city and carry his garrison to swell the forces of the Captain-General northwestward. Hence, having secured the iso-

lated advanced post of Siboney, he spread a thin line to the northward in order to shut the beleaguered garrison in, or to at least make it impossible for any considerable number to march out before the besiegers could make themselves felt in sufficient force to check the exodus.

It was these columns which brought on the fitful and momentarily fierce combats of San Juan hill and El Caney. Our thin line on attaining within five miles of Santiago, on the northwest and a proportionate distance from the arm of the sea, which forms the bay southward to Aguadores, could see no Spanish line, could discern no troops, but for an instant felt the sting of the Mausers and at certain points, the deadly explosions of artillery. It was the very intelligence of our soldiery that made the situation difficult. For every man could see, even though devoid of military training, that with anything like equal force, the defenders, on such terrain, could hold ten times, yes, a hundred times their own numbers at bay.

With characteristic nonchalance too, the majority of the regiments decided their own plan of operations; fixed the date of assault and surrender for the republic's birthday, the fourth of July! No official mandate had gone out to that effect, but it is perfectly obvious from the strenuous onrush of isolated regiments and brigades, that each commander secretly determined to signalize his force by a triumph on Independence Day. It is not unlikely that General Shafter had this whimsically laudable purpose in his own mind. It is the only admissible conjecture of what would otherwise have been a criminal adventure.

But ill as the Spaniards were prepared and desultory as their onsets, it was seen that the shrewdly planted lines of blockhouses and the murderous entanglements of barbed wire masking ditches and other not badly conceived impediments, forced a recourse to the orderly appliances of siege operations. The heavy guns capable of knocking down blockhouses and demolishing the defences, could alone be depended upon to make the advance of soldiery possible without slaughter, criminally out of proportion with the end to be achieved. It was fully four days after the heads of columns, which may be called squadrons of discovery, reached the decisive points of defence, that a few straggling guns were heard near the strong point of El Caney and the hill of San Juan. The flower of the army, its strong rock of defence, in fact, seven regiments of regulars, reached the crucial point on the extreme right, the Malakoff as one might call it, in a small way, of the situation, after an all-night march, foodless but unimpairedly ready. It tells most eloquently the difficulties of the woodland march, the mountain impasses, the roaring streams, the impene-

trable paths, that a large percentage of these men, who had battled the Indians in the West, had dropped exhausted in their tracks and were reported for twenty-four hours at least, as stragglers. Nor is it without its significance that the line when rushed into order for battle, was found so mixed up, that stragglers from one regiment were found in bewildered groups searching for some place to fight, unable to find their own commands.

As the outcome proved, General Shafter's objective fulfilled the first maxim of sound military tactics; to meet and beat the enemy wherever his loss would be greatest, and the consequences most decisive to the assailant. Santiago was a double prize. It was the eastern centre of the defences of Cuba; it was only second to Havana as a defensive point, and with Cervera's fleet locked in its harbor, it was of even more value to our forces than the Cuban capital itself.

It is one of the universal reflections suggested by the war, that there was hardly a man in the ranks who did not appreciate the strategic value of the place, so soon as the vast armada of transports came to a pause within sight of the threatening walls of the Morro. But more than this, there was not a man in the 16,000, who was not in a primary sense an educated man. From the General down, the history and associations of the beleaguered city, added to the zest of a young soldiery's first attempt at war.

Santiago had been the scene of Columbus' ministry, it had been the home of that great group of conquistadores who had made Spain famous. It had something of the effect on the imaginations of the men, that Jaffa and the oriental strong places, produced upon the young warriors of Napoleon, when he invaded Egypt. Santiago was to all Spaniards, as well as all Cubans in a sense, the Sacred City—St. James of Cuba.

Huddled in the contracted fashion which the Spaniards adopted from the Moors, the city itself would not meet the expectations of those accustomed to our wide streets, our vernal alleys, our abounding parks and vast suburban residence quarters. Nature, however, framed it in an environment of ineffaceable beauty. Lapped by the waters of the bay on its front, its outskirts mingled with the sensuous foliage of the tropic plateaus. The mystery and enchantment of four hundred years of the unknown, or vaguely known, aided the fancies of the invaders, and to some extent relieved them of the oppression of the intolerable surroundings met the instant they disembarked. Every detail of the disembarkation was known from Buenos Ayres to St. Petersburg almost an hour after its happening. Never probably in war was a contest of what was at

best but of secondary magnitude, watched with an interest so thrillingly absorbing as that which centered itself upon Shafter's slender column, whose work virtually ended the war.

It was dimly felt throughout the country, so soon as the first despatches were read announcing the difficulties of the country between the landing and the city, that the hosts cantoned at Chickamauga and a score more of rendezvous in the republic would have been more wisely employed in making the invading column irresistible. For almost from the instant of landing, until the ominous reports of Shafter's uneasiness reached the country, it was clear that the forces were not adequate to the conquest of the city, if the Spaniards showed anything of the resolution and heroism of their ancestors at Saragossa.

The Havana and Madrid presses had confidently assured the world that the Yankees should meet before the walls of the Sacred City of St. James, the fate that befell Napoleon's legions at the hands of Palafox and the Joan of Arc, who made the name of Saragossa renowned as an example of what a people can do, when determined to defend their hearthstones. Now, in spite of their jaunty confidence and inexpugnable thirst for adventure, something of these admonitions fell upon our adventurous legions, as the indescribable difficulties of the march began. For to the torments of a roadless mountain side broken by gulleys and defended more cunningly by nature than the art of man could devise, there uprose dense and fairly impenetrable chevaux-de-frise of thorny plants, so stiff and obstinate that an ordinary scythe, or any of the appliances of the husbandman, made but faint impression upon them. Add to this a sun scorching in the intensity of its rays and never clouded from its rising till its going down, superadd to this, almost regularly of an afternoon, a downpour of rain which transformed the clayey soil into a stickiness that made lifting the feet the labor of a Hercules.

Before the armies quit their camps in the Union, an elaborate series of instructions had been given each soldier providing for his welfare in the new conditions he was about to face. First of these was, that no water was to be used without boiling. And in keeping with other shortcomings, brought to light by the very first manœuvre, it was found that the soldier's kit was unprovided with the means of heating, even had the conditions been favorable. Luck, however, was the god ruling the planet of our armies, as well as our navies. For almost every road of the mountain side was broken by rivulets of clear pellucid water, refreshing as nectar to the sweltering legions as they toiled painfully upward and onward.

It was recommended to the legions too, that they should never sleep

upon the ground and this admonition soon became the derisive byword of the maltreated ranks, stretched for miles on the soaking grass or in the muddy tracks of the column itself, as it advanced. It is very doubtful whether a single man in expedition was wholly dry at any time from the moment the march began, until the gates of Santiago opened in surrender.

The Cuban contingent, while unprovided with clothing and destitute of arms, never failed to have its hammock, and while the men who did the fighting burrowed in the mud and under the dripping foliage, the



REGIMENTAL COMMISSARY TENT.

Cubans were at ease, swinging from the trees in aerial beds. Some of the complaints sounded with shrillness by the correspondents, were indicative of the naïve ignorance of the men that made them, and the soldiery who endured them. It was held a great hardship that there should be nothing to eat but "hard tack" and salt meat. Yet during the Civil War, the two million and more of men who fought between 1861 and 1865, never dreamed of anything better, save when in camp and far from the battlefield. The strategists of the campaign, however, had overlooked the necessity of having this simple food in abundance, and within reach, for, as there were no roads, no vehicles were at hand to accumulate stores at such points as the heads of columns were directed to.





MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.



MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

PART III.

GENERAL YOUNG was despatched from the base at Baiquiri first. He was to have had a strong corps, but the precipitancy of his march and the impassibility of the roads forced him to do the brunt of the fighting with the brigade of Regulars, the Rough Riders and the Second Massachusetts. This march to the north and east of Santiago was



GENERAL LINARES.

determined upon, in order to separate General Linares' army from an auxiliary force of 7,000 at Guantanamo—to the eastward. It also provided for an ultimate enfolding of the north and west debouches from the beleaguered city, as well as the prevention of reinforcements threatened from places to the north and west. The cavalry had no horses, nor could they use them if they had; the officers of all ranks were likewise dismounted during the earlier stages of the march. But it is a misuse of words to call the advancing movement a march. The troops were really more in the predicament of Alpine climbers, or bushmen

compelled to slash their way through the impenetrable wall of obstinate growth spreading out of gulch sides and rock-ribbed juttings, where nature had played her wildest volcanic pranks at some unknown seismic epoch.

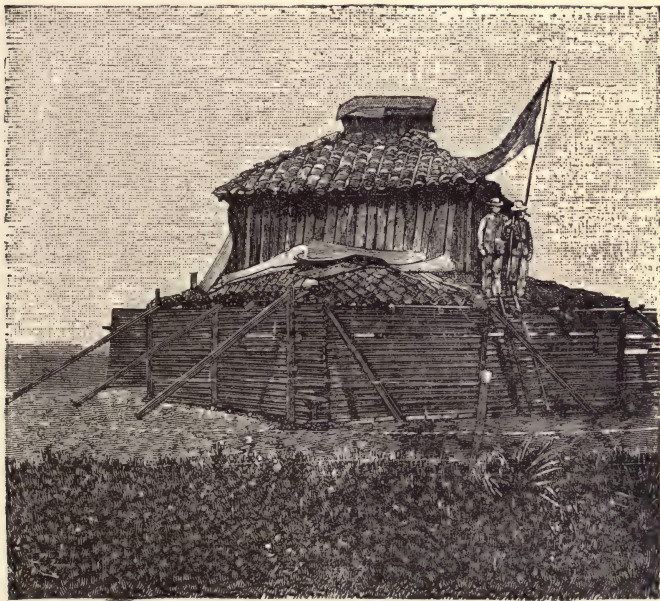
"Altares," is the name given by the Cubans to the corrugated fretwork of ridges that break up the country into territory adapted more for the passage of birds of the air, than man or beast. While not precisely like the famous lava bed lands on which General Canby fought thirty years ago, in Oregon, the veterans among the Regulars, who made the journey from Siboney to the gates of Santiago, saw a painful resemblance. Now when the land itself uprose in forbidding obstinacy, the Spaniards began the defence which they declined at the seashore. That the invaders made headway, is the extraordinary part of this extraordinary campaign; for in answering the well-studied volleys from unseen sources, our toiling masses were forced to take aim at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, almost

vertically in the air. But quite as trying as this, in fact immeasurably more arduous to limb and brain, was the labor of dragging the body up what was in effect sheer declivity, in many parts of the advance. More depressing even than the implacable resistance of earth and wood, there was no sign either by traveled wood paths or cursory openings, that the immense mountainous circumvallation ended anywhere. It shut in the horizon completely; the most vivid fancy could conceive no city in the abysmal deeps of this rugged nature. But the maps, liberally supplied the ranks, showed El Caney, San Juan and other inhabited hamlets, at points of vantage for the assault upon Santiago, as well as excellent bulwarks for a capable line of defence.

The Rough Riders debouched through the density of the wood upon what was called the "hog back" and on reaching that fateful plateau, seared with fissures and bristling with chapparal, found themselves enfiladed by an unseen enemy. The hilarious Riders, on foot, were caracol-ing through the thorny way, enlivening the solemn stillness of the woods by the jocosities that seem part of the exuberance of our diversely mixed blood, during hours of danger. The narratives of French troops in action from the revolutionary epopee until Waterloo, dwell on the "gaiete Francaise." This was the wear of the soldiery, all through the Santiago campaign. Whether things were going well or ill, whether the rations were scant or abundant, you might hear from end to end of the line, mingled with more sinister exclamations, the grotesque humors and fanciful slang, that expresses the joviality of good nature, good humor and that semi-serious levity, which it is so difficult for other peoples to comprehend. For a breathless half hour, death was the chorus to the Rough Riders' jokes. A score of the light-hearted merry-makers was stretched quivering or silent on the palpitating sward, for the heat was so intense that the very earth seemed to rise and fall as it exhaled the hot, pungent odors of the dank, decaying vegetation. It was here, and at this time, that young Hamilton Fish fell; that the journalist Marshall intrepidly venturing to "get all the news," reeled to the earth fairly riddled with Mauser balls. But though the first reports represented this episode as something of an unauthorized escapade on the part of the Riders, it was really part of General Young's scheme to seize the outlying points, commanding the Santiago entrenchments.

By a road somewhat easier than that which fell to the Roosevelt companies, General Young reached a point parallel, and forced the enemy to rush backward to the blockhouses of Sevilla. These were perched far above the "hog back"; to attain them the Regulars, patient as pack

horses, were forced to use hands, and in some cases men were seen holding overhanging branches in their teeth, to steady themselves for an upward lunge. The observant army officers set it down that the climb was never at less than an angle of thirty degrees, and often forty. But when death had taken its tale; when the herculean climb had ended, a paradisaic vision rewarded the astonished column. Spreading far away on every hand, far as the enraptured eyes could follow, on the vast



BLOCKHOUSE AT SEVILLA.

plateau, the villas, haciendas, homesteads, of the Santiago's well-to-do, glimmered and glistened like friendly monitors. But the promises to the hope were broken to the heart, for the gay walls and enchanting gardens were broken and in ruins; wild plants, of inconceivably luxuriant growth, covered paths, once symmetrical and solacing; walls once gay with the hues the natives love to employ in decoration, were mere mosques of paved elegance. For years the marauders of the "patriot" army have made these homes of ease and leisure, tenantless. The lizard

and the wild fowl perch where music and laughter once resounded. The cost of this vision, the conquest of the plateau was heavy, the action is known as the battle of Sevilla, June 24th.

Meanwhile, the army was still crawling, clambering and fighting onward from the seashore, in paths still further to the northwest, aiming at the furthestmost bastion of Santiago, El Caney and San Juan. Sevilla was in a direct line not more than three miles, but these three miles took the exhausted soldiery from eight hundred to a thousand feet above the starting point. El Caney is six miles from Sevilla, and the army had no sooner clutched the vantage, than it was obvious to the group in command that the advance must be instant or the army would be endangered. But the very completeness of the clutch on Sevilla, added to the mountain of difficulties that discovered themselves, curiously enough, only as the troops advanced. For food and supplies vitally essential to the army and the guns, could not be hoped for in time to put the men in shape for an advance, or what was still more probable, a massed attack from the Spaniards, whose lines grew ominously closer and more compact, as they were driven backward. To add to the torments of the time, a series of rainstorms poured down, and the soil where exposed to the sun became like partly dissolved bricks. Every depression in the ground became a rivulet, and every ridge a waterfall. Roads, or what had been semblances of roads, became yellow streams, rapid and even dangerous to the infantry. There were veterans present who were reminded of the famous "mud march" of the army of the Potomac, brought to a pause by the impossibility of moving over such footway. The dilemma was for a moment so serious, that suggestions were made to General Shafter to suspend the northwest movement, and by capturing a small town in the bay farther southward, secure a base nearer the investing line. But the troops were already en-route, and the northwest movement continued and, whimsically enough, the nearness of the Fourth of July stimulated the officers to undertake the impossible. This was on the 29th of June when the council of war was held. Officers who had been part of the army in the Civil War, looked with some distrust upon the ability of our over-willing ranks to withstand the deadly volley of the Mauser, under the fatal disadvantages of a powder that betrayed our lines to the Spaniard at every shot. At the least calculation, one Spaniard was in offensive qualities equal to five of the invaders.

For most of our men were armed with the old-fashioned Springfield rifle, which is as out of date now as the ungainly Queen Bess when the Enfield came in. The Spaniards could count on killing anything bearing

the semblance of life at a distance of nearly two miles, and this had happened frequently under the horrified eyes of the officers. No tactics, no manœuvering, could compensate the invading lines for this almost supernatural advantage. Even that last resource of a perplexed general, movements by the flank, were unavailable from the density of the thickets and the lack of roads.

Now standing far out from Santiago and covering the approach in every direction which we were obliged to pursue, stood what was called the fort of San Juan. But to reach that the crenelated village of El Caney must first be in our hands. From the counsels came the determination to assault El Caney at dawn on the first of July, Generals Young and Chaffee were given the post of danger while General Lawton was directed to swing around northwestward, to be in a posture to give the decisive blow. Reconnaissances were, however, essential, and General Lawton made these with three brigades. The gist of this resolution, so momentous for thousands of bedraggled soldiery, foodless and shelterless, became known in the mysterious way that army secrets have of conveying themselves to those on the alert for them. The men dared light no fires for the Spanish grape, as well as the Mausers commanded every inch of the plateau carefully studied in advance by its defenders. General Chaffee, through the night edged his men through the death-pits to within striking distance of El Caney, where, by unheard of toil, they entrenched themselves. Pits guarded by a thick ridge of earth, covered the entire force by daylight. In these rifle-pits, as they were called, the men found a reward for their toil when the fury of the battle began next day. The general and staff knew that the Spaniards had defended themselves by all the appliances at their command. But it was not suspected, until the battle began, how intelligently, even astutely, they had taken advantage of every favoring undulation, preparing surprises where least expected, and masking ambuscades almost in front of the rifle pits. But the invading force could neither advance nor retreat without the capture of this fort or series of forts. . . .

The sun rises and the day breaks on the Cuban earth almost at the same instant. There is no slow dawn as in our northern climes, and as if in mirage the invading hosts saw the sun and the flash of the enemy's guns simultaneously. The advance was ordered. Then the fateful certainty of the Regulars' onset displayed itself. Wherever the fight fell upon the Regulars, there the work that the trained soldier is expected to do was done calmly, intrepidly, with no fanfare of theatric show. At a crisis in the combat, when the stoutly defended hill of San Juan was

working slaughter with its Mausers, Lieutenant Parker of the Thirteenth Regulars made his way to an opening between that regiment and its neighbor on the line. There was a slight gap in the inverting ranks, where the ground rose to a knoll. Upon this the lieutenant set a battery of four Gatling guns of the newest and most murderous pattern. These four pitiless instruments ground out death as a coffee mill grinds out its aromatic grain. The effect was instant, visible, heartrending—even though it was the enemy who suffered. The bullets sent in a hail, unceasing, carefully aimed, withered all semblance of life, all attempt at cohesive resistance out of the blockhouse or its defenders. This significant episode had no journalistic witnesses. It was part of the prescribed work of the Regulars. It had the effect of half a brigade, but in all the dithyrambic details of the battle there is nowhere a word of mention of it. Possibly because it is the conviction of the volunteers, the scribe and the on-looker, that the Regular is in some subtle sense a creature of war; that danger is his delight, his element; that overcoming the impossible is part of his training; that to deal death and make no display, receive death and make no sign, are part of the Regular routine. Be this as it may the Regulars redeemed all the precipitancy of the untrained, safeguarded the imperilled lines, even when the danger was as menacing to fly as to stay. These four well-placed Gatlings opened the way for a rush forward—that nettle danger which, when plucked, gave the rashly adventured mass safety. The plateau was an immense sieve of surprisingly concealed rifle pits. In each rifle-pit a group of tenacious Spaniards, clustered, showering the stretch of ground between them and the advancing host with clouds of bullets that fairly seemed to make the air black. But there was no halt, not the scintilla of a waver in the heavy column steady, devoted, lurching forward over the irregularities, gathering in line after line of the furious crevasses. But even when these were overcome, behind them uprose massive stockades fairly aflame with the density of the firing. These too the Regulars rushed upon, seized, conquered. Meanwhile the ranks gathered about San Juan were waiting and—dying as they waited—for Chaffee's blows at El Caney were no longer a mere menace. In the very heat and fury of this triumphant furious advance this leonine fighter received wailing messages from his comrades in command, imploring him either to advance to the seizure of the blockading fort or retreat, as it was death to the other brigades to remain where they were. The message spread along the ranks and the men who had been out-daring dare-deviltry itself, took on a new impetus. Inebriated by the opening volleys of Capron's guns, which by an inspiration of the commander, so ranged themselves that they poured a concen-

trated fire into the blockhouse battery, the piteously thinned ranks seemed to increase in prowess, as they diminished in numbers. Capron's guns sent their missiles through the line of blockhouses knocking whole panels from the flaming sides. The effect was to benumb the defenders of the still untaken rifle-pits and to dislodge the gunners, who had been scattering death from these stone bulwarks. But though shaken, dying and dislocated, the Spaniards still had new coverts; no sooner had our lines routed one rank of defenders, than they swarmed as if reinforcements had arrived, in another.

At this juncture the commander, Chaffee, received again the startling tidings that the real battle of the day was going on at San Juan and that unless reinforced the decimated ranks would be compelled to retire. It was not an absolute command to suspend the more than half-won victory, but it was one of those crises in action which tries the judgment and reveals the soldier. It was the adjutant-general who came to bring this disheartening word. He was taken along the line, shown what had been accomplished and what remained to do; the fate of the battle and the siege depended upon the outcome. The decision was left to Breckenridge the Inspector-General, who was not in authority: "You must take the village," that official replied without hesitation. And thirty minutes later the wall of death was in the hands of its assailants.

In the wild hurtling on-rush, Colonel Haskell of the Seventeenth Infantry had orders to support the Seventh Infantry, but his predicament put his men in the very maw of the engulfing fire. There is a sublime egotism in the bravery evoked in the crisis of battle, the naïve belief that the point to be gained depends upon the individual's effort; it is the cumulative egotism of company, brigade, and divisions, that compels victory, when decisive results hang on the conduct of one man, whose example is a contagion. It was in this spirit that this admirable commander pushed to the front of the line. The volleys from the Mausers withered everything above the uneven surface; it seemed to the panting men, worn with the upward rush through the woody entanglements, that the barbed wire fences had been flung *enmasse*—sped with satanic velocity, to scrape the surface. Barely had Haskell stepped a pace forward to lead his battalion, when he reeled to the earth. Lieutenant Dickinson of the same regiment, turning impulsively to aid his chief, was struck in the arm but maintained his ministry. The men were taking such meager advantage as the irregularity of the ground afforded, to preserve their numbers for the death grapple, and did not see the fall of their chief. But Lieutenants Hardway and Roberts among them saw the disaster and



BRINGING UP ARTILLERY AT EL CANEY.

called for volunteers to lift and carry the commander to a place of safety. The call was barely uttered when a dozen voices responded. Five went out into the pitiless hail and three of these were riddled. Colonel Haskell was dragged out of the vengeful maelstrom; he was pierced with three severe wounds. His Lieutenant, Dickinson, paid for his devotion by another wound—which killed him.

The assault led by Colonel Haskell was what might be called a tooth and nail conflict, for actually the men seemed to use their fists and feet as well as their guns. Haskell was a patriarch in appearance, with a long, white beard that floated backward, as he fled onward into the fire, the men of his command actually seeming to crowd upon each other to stop the flight of bullets that came toward the veteran chief. The Spaniards stood to their arms with a valorous constancy that revealed what they would be capable of in a better cause. Indeed, to the educated on-lookers who could not take part in the battle, they seemed indifferent to death, determined only to wrest revenge from the foemen despoiling them of their stronghold. Fifty historians would be required to narrate in detail the heroic episodes of the half mile of conflict, that resulted in the rout of the masters of this fortified Golgotha, for the entire plateau was a place of death deliberately planned and valiantly defended.

The first guns heard from our ranks at El Caney—the battery of Captain Hamilton, were equal to a reinforcement of a division of men—for it is one of the phenomena of the battlefield, that the soldier feels security, invincibility in fact, as the roar of his own guns breaks out behind him. For reasons never very clearly set forth, a movement of considerable concentration was ordered within range of the enemy's guns. That is, the line of battle which is usually formed outside of the enemy's fire, was carried on at El Caney and to the south and eastward in the agony and stress of the fight. The resultant slaughter was in the very nature of such heedlessness lamentable. One regiment, the Thirteenth Infantry lost thirty per cent. of its number, the officers suffering out of proportion to the ranks. Nearly every man bearing the insignia of rank was either killed or wounded. It would be impossible to render more eulogistic testimony to men pursuing war, than the plain tale of what the right of the army withstood. Had the Spaniards known the havoc they had wrought, by a very slight reinforcement they might have compelled a retrograde all along that part of the line. Indeed had the Spaniards been of the fiber of the attacking forces, the right wing of the army must have been dispersed. Nor was this an advance, a conquest of territory to assuage the ravages wrought on the maltreated remnant. The dead lay where they



CAPTURE OF THE HILL AT EL CANEY.

fell; the wounded encumbered the open spaces, or if by chance they were able to drag their mangled bodies under shelter, the prying eyes of the guerrillas searched them out and riddled the torn bodies with volleys of Mauser missiles. But in this most trying of war's vicissitudes, no one saw a sign of wavering, a movement in retreat, by the able bodied. The work of concentration under fire went on, in the crucial points of the battle, from July 1st to July 3d, nor after the continuous slaughter of hours, was it found achieved on the noon of that day. In almost humorous keeping with the imprevoyance of the march, the provision of materials, food and what not, a balloon with unwieldy impedimenta was riddled by shrapnel and left to block the main artery of passage to the men under fire. The Regulars who marched in such order as the narrow way admitted, moved into line under fire and died in groups, were entirely unprovided with surgeons. The surgeon of the Seventeenth Regiment, Major Ebert, was so exhausted by the continuous calls upon him that he fainted in the middle of an operation and was revived by a Boston journalist, who by chance had enough cold water to bathe the fevered victim. It was the authenticated testimony of those at hand, studying the episodes and phenomena of the manœuvres, that twenty-five per cent. of the wounded who died were lost by the lack of the most ordinary medical aid provided for the battle line. Men badly wounded, too much hurt to move without aid, gasped and groaned two days, where they fell, before hospital assistance reached them. No commander can see a whole battlefield, but any commander can foresee and so order in advance that every man and appliance needed in every conceivable emergency shall be within reach, or as nearly within reach as human prevision can bring about. Most of the errors and shortcomings, however, were ascribable to causes far from culpable. It was to be on the line of fire, under the storm of shell, that the officers overlooked preliminaries. To illustrate, General Ludlow, the head of the engineers, so soon as the firing began, flew to the front to take active command, instead of remaining to supervise the mechanical details of his corps.

PART IV.

PRELIMINARY to the decisive operations of El Caney and San Juan, something of the work incumbent on a prudent army officer can be understood by a glimpse at some of the dangerous routine, involved in a rational advance over ground whose possibilities for defence are unknown to the invader. In fact, to fully comprehend the endless and inherent obstacles meant by a war of invasion, it is essential to glance for a moment at audacities as thrilling in their way, though less inluridated by report, than the charge or bayonet grapple. General Lawton's division with headquarters at a dreamy little oasis in the wilderness of chapparal and cacti, El Pozo, five miles from Santiago, was from the 29th of June until the 3d of July a place of peril. No one knew what was immediately beyond, no one knew whether a path would take cavalry, artillery or infantry in a single step into the range of the enemy's missiles, no one knew whether the enemy was swarming in masked battalions, or lurked in the convenient forks of the trees to slaughter the unsuspecting skirmishers. Here again, the deplorable inefficiency, shortcomings or unwillingness, or as our soldiery expressed it "dog cussedness" of the Cuban "patriots" manifested itself to a degree that made it difficult to keep the volunteers, at least, from falling upon the worthless ingrates, for whom the republic had declared war. They refused to do or dare a single step beyond the protecting bayonets of the Federal soldiers, though they had beguiled the commanding general into a belief that they knew every step of the way, and were holding back from attacking the "cowardly Spaniards," by the desire of showing their "generous allies" the difficulties which the patriot army had been compelled to face in the struggle for "Cuba Libre." Hence, to move forward over the ground prepared by the Spaniards for the destruction of whatever approached, after reaching certain distances, skirmishing squadrons of topographical engineers were sent out, and these modest, not to say obscure missions, performed vitally important functions so far as they were called into operation. Unhappily, they were not employed to the extent prescribed by military ordinances, hence the difficulties which afterward beset what is called the "turning movement," to the north and east of Santiago.

At six o'clock in the morning of June 29th, Lieutenant Guy Smith of

the topographical engineers was directed to push out from El Pozo toward Santiago, and map every rood of the way, that the commanders might comprehend to an inch almost, the diversities of the terrain over which the charging troop was obliged to pass. He was given a company of the Seventh Regulars, under command of Lieutenant Durfee, and these fifty men and sixty Cubans set out on what would be called a forlorn hope, under ordinary circumstances. A rivulet large under the rains, but dry when the sun shone, the Rio Seco, formed the starting point or rather the boundary, where the United States troops patrolled. The educated topographers set their instruments at work, every instant expecting volleys from the trees above, from the dense clusters of chapparal or from the thousand and one natural hiding-places that an enemy, master of the country, would be apt to know, and the stranger could only find out by murderous experience. Hour after hour this breathless band crawled at much less than a snail's pace, for each man was forced to remain on the alert, his gun at his shoulder ready to avenge the death of the surveyors, immolated as it were on the altar of monotonous and inglorious duty.

For, fantastically enough, to die in the scientific service of war seems to bring none of the acclaim, we so readily yield to the victim who falls in the charge, or in line of battle. A characteristic suggestion of Spanish inconsequence was found at a country residence, magnificent but deserted, the estate of an affluent merchant, sacked and gutted by the energetic Maceo. The place had been turned into a blockhouse ideally adapted to an ambushade, had the Spaniards meant a "last ditch" war. But it was now a ruin. On the walls, incredible to say was found a crayon sketch of the entire chain of blockhouses and earthworks barring the road to Santiago. From this extraordinary carelessness the topographers were enabled to lay before the invading commander a fairly lucid plan of the circumvallating defences; though of course the natural obstacles of bush and brake, ridge and deep, were not shown.

The little group of topographers had marched upon a plateau hardly more than three miles from the coveted city of Santiago. It was the first glimpse that any considerable body of the invaders had caught of the walls, and a cry of delight broke impulsively from the men, for even the streets, the houses, the time-worn tiles, the grey minarets, the romantic suggestion of an older world, dropped into the fanciful verdure of the new, ravished eyes acquainted only with our monotonous blocks, or our meager northern foliage. The ravages from the civil strife of Cubanos against Spaniards, were discernible in the broken crenelations of the walls, dismantled churches, a general decay wrought by the wrath of man, and not

the elements. The city, indeed, spread out like a vast, unwieldy chess-board, slanting downward from the Sierra Maestra, to the pellucid waters of the lovely bay. Brown ploughed fields, once affluent in coffee crops; vestiges of sugar patches and the thrift of a servile race of planters could be seen afar off, checkering the sloping plateau, in dreamlike quiet, as if war had never been heard of. Between the surveyors and the ominous outlines of blockhouses, rifle pits and defensive embankments, spread a vast gulf of what seemed stagnant water, but what was in reality the lush density of green, growing in murky swamps. This revealed one of the difficulties that the advancing legions would have to meet, when the final charge came. The Cubans called the place a jungle, and jungle it certainly was, for in the attempt to penetrate it, crawling and slimy and fearful things were startled in repulsive masses; vultures fled shrieking upward; all of the uncanny forms of nature seemed to have assembled in this sinister bulwark, a thousandfold more ominous than all the preparations of the Spaniards to torment the marching men.

In obedience to his consign, to make himself master of every possibility of advance, Lieutenant Smith pushed from end to end of the sweltering wastes and morasses, to mark the most available points of entrance. After hours of experimenting and exhaustive labor, dim woody ways, dark almost as caverns, were found here and there, where by agility and indifference to muck to the knees, it were possible to push on. It was not until after the Santiago blockhouses had been won by columns coming in from other than this direction, that the adventurous group found how far they had really advanced, further than any skirmishers that had come out on what is called the "Camino Real"—the state road,—not two miles from the heart of Santiago itself. Here the Spanish soldiers could be seen loitering, drilling, occupied in fact in all the routine of barracks. Groups came wandering from the town, and some of them walked squarely into the Yankee ambuscade, never dreaming that any of Shafter's men would be so adventurous as to come within half rifle shot of ten thousand guns, ready to sweep the ground as clean as a lawn mower would.

Mangoes were growing in many of the openings, and our adventurous group had barely settled itself for observation, when little bands of women and children wandered suddenly from behind the walls or points of concealment, and began to fill their baskets with these, about the only food left to the poorer inhabitants. The Cuban contingent watched them with ferocious intentness, until these unwary seekers were within reach and then pounced on them, stifling their screams to prevent the alarm to the soldiery, but a few yards away. Among the food-seekers two or

three lusty youths were seized and taken back to headquarters, for such information as they might be able to give the staff. One point of information gained from these unwilling witnesses, though they professed ardent sympathy for "Cuba Libre" was, that General Vara del Rey who had inflicted condign severities on the Cuban ranks in various encounters, had been compelled, even when marching at the head of his Spanish column, to disguise himself in woman's apparel, in order to escape the sworn vengeance of the rebel guerrillas. For a price had been placed upon his head, and the poor man was hardly sure that his own ranks might not take advantage of the ten thousand dollars, to sacrifice him to guerrilla vengeance. The topographers counted on passing the night in this place of peril, but the heavens ordered it otherwise, for a downpour of rain began at the very moment an audacious advance was planned to sketch the altitude of the fortifications. This rain was so continuous that further attempts were impossible, and in the darkness of night the march back may be imagined; the condition of the men subjected to the sticky soil and the hardships of the forest.

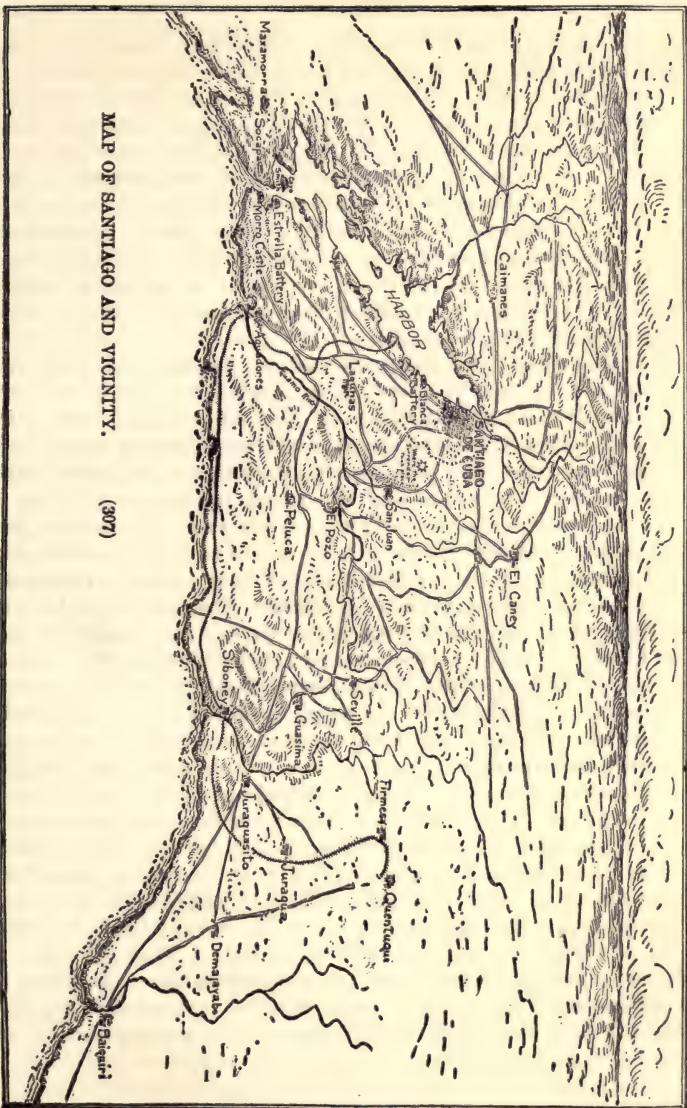
Not a man in the sixteen thousand in Shafter's force was ignorant of the obstacles to be encountered. Whimsically enough, El Morro was the dreaded enemy. For three hundred years, that mass of masonry has been the shield of Spanish domain. Nature had made it invulnerable, man had made it a horizon of death. Gibraltar itself is not more formidable to attack than El Morro. No sea gun can ever reach it; no armed mass can approach or surprise it. Wrought from the primeval rock, El Morro is part of a bold granite headland. The ocean washes its base. Its upper sea battery, bristling with Krupp guns, is nearly one hundred feet above sea level. It has an all-around fire, commanding the sea front for many miles, due east and west along the coast, as well as over all the land within sight. The lower battery is constructed to command the narrow entrance to the harbor. The inway there measures 580 feet across.

Opposite El Morro is another bold headland, surmounted by La Socapa, an old time fort dating to the time of Columbus. The guns of the lower battery of El Morro face the entrance. Short of blowing that headland of rock into the sea, El Morro may be deemed impregnable. The guns are ancient, but many rapid fire Hontoria and Ordenez rifles were added so soon as Cervera took refuge there. La Socapa, is of the old fortress type. Its elevation being less, it has neither the natural strength nor the range of El Morro, but it has a usefulness all its own, as formidable as its ally directly opposite; with the guns of Estrella Point

battery it can rake any ship that may pass the entrance. While El Morro and La Socapa are designed to keep ships out, the Estrella Point battery is constructed to deal with such as may have forced an entrance. It is built of solid masonry, the counterpart of Fort Augusta, built by Spain in the island Jamaica, over three centuries ago. Cayo Smith, or Smith's island, nearly opposite Estrella Point was abundantly fortified. Beyond Estrella battery, on a small elevation there was an old time earth-work meant to finish anything that might have escaped the forts and battery. Between the latter and the city, there are no fortifications. In time of peace the topmost wall of El Morro is used as a semaphore station. This, with a series of hill branches extend to the city, the distance between the two being five miles. Owing to the narrow channel, one vessel only is allowed to enter or leave at a time. Hence the signal stations.

It was piquantly suggestive of our restless activities as a commercial or business force, that the point selected for debarkation had been for years the scene of our irrepressible commercial enterprise. The activities of "Iron Kings" or "Coal Barons" had made this unknown, or vaguely outlined, segment of Cuba, a treasure-house of the iron industry of Pennsylvania. The money of our operators, the sagacity of our wealth breeders, had developed that part of eastern Cuba, by opening up many miles of mineral lands, by a substantially constructed coast railway, with two elaborate piers, one on the coast and one in Santiago harbor itself. Railways had been built to carry out the mineral treasures, and when the hour struck, these lines were of strategic value. The railway pier at the western terminus in Santiago bay is on a headland projecting well into the harbor. Just below the pier and headland, the shore of the bay runs inland almost a quarter of a mile. The very substantial and costly iron pier is lofty, and runs well out into the channel. Ocean going steamers load at its gangways. The hillside from which it runs, occupies a commanding position of strategic importance. It lies just midway between the city and El Morro. The main military road connecting the city with the fortifications at El Morro and the battery at Estrella Point, passes just inside the shore end of the pier. The position once taken by our men, the two fortifications were irretrievably isolated from that city. Any force holding such a point, commanded the channel opposite it.

El Caney lies about sixteen miles northwest of Baiquiri. It is one of the termini of the El Cristo railway, a broad guage road connecting a number of inland points with Santiago. The march through the hills and mountains ending in the capture of El Caney, gave us another railway to



be used in investing the city proper. The station of this railroad is on the northern end of the main street, facing the harbor at the foot of Concha avenue. Holding the two railways meant absolute control of the whole district due east of Santiago. The engines and cars were of United States manufacture. The flat and ore cars when armor clad, would have been found very valuable and could have been used for rapid fire and Nordenfeldt guns. From Siboney to Santiago, a distance of sixteen miles to westward, two routes were open. One by the royal coast road, which passes over high mountains, and the other by the Juragua Company's railway, which skirts the coast to within one mile of Santiago. Neither of them is easy traveling, at most points the two routes are utterly inaccessible to each other.

From the moment war was proclaimed, the Spaniards, who really cared for the end, put all their trust in the agency of yellow fever. There were very few who did not realize that the Yankees must inevitably win. But yellow fever is such an atrocious war-maker, deals out death so unsparingly, that the jingo inconsequents made themselves believe that we would shrink from immolating our young and ardent youth in the shambles, where there was neither glory nor gain. For an army with banners is not so dreadful to those who know its harrowing decimation, as the loathsome fever. Yellow fever has been endemic in Cuba ever since the Spaniards conquered the island. The public records show it yearly, for over one hundred consecutive years. In all that time, Spain has taken no adequate measures to stamp out so dire a foe to her own children. The vast public presidio, or prison, at Santiago, has no outlet for drainage. At night, after the people are in bed, its accumulated filth is allowed to run down a public street to the sea. The military hospital situated on an elevation in the upper and rear part of the city, near Concha avenue, is a comprehensive establishment. Within its enormous enclosure there is a vast cesspool with no outlet. This poisons the air and infects the soil. While Spain has lost tens of thousands of soldiers and sailors in Cuba from preventable disease, the desolation has taught her no lesson. The wicked loss of life, and its cost to her as a nation, have not been examined or reformed. In times of peace her soldiers have died in thousands. The ten years' war—from 1868 to 1878—cost her 200,000 men, the flower of the Spanish army, of whom 191,000 died in hospital—largely of climatic diseases, while less than ten thousand fell in battle or died of wounds received in action, and even these might have been saved by foresight.

Spain's neglect of sanitation in Santiago de Cuba is duplicated in San

Juan de Porto Rico. Her methods are fairly incomprehensible. The main military and naval hospital in Havana has 1,500 beds. It is a substantially built place, near the end of the foul and pestilent harbor of Havana. All patients were sent to it from the army and ships, yellow fever patients were not isolated. For many years the building was a centre for distributing the poison of yellow fever, not only in the Antilles, but all over the world.

The hospital was the medical storehouse for the island system of hospitals. All supplies including bedding were sent from it. Yellow fever was found at some port or town all the year round. In 1878, the Cuban pestilence reached New Orleans, costing thousands of lives and a money loss estimated at over \$200,000,000. The ideal Holt maritime quarantine system enabled New Orleans to shut it out. Britain had her experience with Jamaica after Spain was forced to abandon it. Britain's sailors and troopers died there in thousands. It was a pest hole. Pure water was introduced, the soldiers and sailors were instructed and watched, unhealthy sea level camps were abandoned, the death rate fell from 121 per 1,000 to 11.13, or less than half the death rate of New York, and this was due wholly to sanitary measures, camps in the mountains and the introduction of black regiments (West Indian negroes) officered by white men. Had Spain kept abreast with Britain, Cuba to-day would be healthful, and fairly safe for people of any clime.

As there are few things done by man that seem to interest men so profoundly as the meeting of ranks in battle, so there are very few things under the contact of life against life so difficult to reproduce exactly as the phenomena of actual conflict. This ought to be readily understood by every reader of war history; no one eye can see more than the swift happenings directly under a circumscribed line of vision; no man is quick enough to impress instantly the meaning of the movements that end in the victory of one mass or the deroute of the other; hence, the thirty-six hours of really titanic wrestling which Shafter's army underwent, forms almost as many absorbing episodes as there were minutes in that agonizing interval, for agonizing it certainly was, to every man within the sphere of the Spanish guns; not only within the sphere but far outside of it, for as has been said, death lurked in the most unexpected places. The Red Cross Samaritan took the wounded, no matter how far from the line of fire, never sure that the tree above him or the thicket beside him did not conceal an enemy secure in the density of the tropical undergrowth. The brief siege and the turbulent assault or series of assaults will probably take up as many volumes of critical controversy as the endlessly dis-

puted assault upon the British lines at Monte St. Jean when Waterloo was lost and won. In the *mêlée* of the two engagements at El Caney and San Juan official reports vary. There were however many semi-officials, non-combatants, vividly observant of every phase of the occasion, whose testimonies serve to fix the critical moments and identify most of the men who wrought the victory. Breckenridge, the Inspector-General of the army, has already put his comrades under deep obligations by a narrative of what he saw, which equals in interest the famous narrative of Quartermaster-General Meiggs, of Hooker's "Battle above the clouds."

In nearly every one of the thousands of newspapers published throughout the United States, the participants and victims of the Santiago campaign contributed personal observation of the battle; the combined testimonies, if ever collated, would give definite account of every instant of time from the moment the armada left Tampa, until the flag of the republic was flung out over the civic palace of Santiago. The abundance of testimony, while a reassurance to the historian, is at the same time an embarrassment, for many of the individual testimonies cover identical hours, minutes even, and hence, make a choice difficult. But it is to be said for the first time in war, that the men who fought it have been its most striking historians; every regiment possessed its Xenophon, and it will be difficult to perpetuate such errors for example, as defaced the allied battles in Spain as for sixty years disfigured—even the disaster of Waterloo. Let the reader, curious to make himself an image of the man in action, compare the vigorous sketch of Captain John Bigelow of the Tenth Cavalry, with the reports of Generals Kent, Lawton and Breckenridge, covering in general the same episode:

"Our Tenth Cavalry was encamped over to the left of El Caney and we had pickets thrown out toward Santiago. We could see the fighting over toward El Caney, through our glasses. We could hear the noise of the battle and could see our men emerging from the brush and advancing to attack the Spanish position. We watched the fight for some time, and then came the order to lay aside everything except arms and ammunition. Of course we knew what that meant. We piled our knapsacks and other accoutrements together, and I detailed a couple of men to guard them. We had to guard our things, not from the Spaniards, but from the Cubans.

"Soon after this bullets began to come our way. It was the most mysterious thing imaginable. We could see them strike around us and hear them singing through the air, but we couldn't tell where they came from. We knew the general direction, but no amount of looking in that direc-



YELLOW FEVER HOSPITAL NEAR SANTIAGO.



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT AGUADORES : DESTROYED BY THE SPANIARDS.

tion disclosed any of the enemy. It is a good deal of a nervous strain to be ordered to stay still while the bullets are skipping around you. Occasionally a leaf cut off by a bullet would come floating gracefully down to us, in an easy, pleasant way that made us shiver. We got tired of lying still and doing nothing while under fire, and as there was no superior officer around I concluded every command would have to shift for itself; I started my troop forward (we were dismounted) to see if we could get up to the battle line and take some active part in the affair. We pushed on until we got near the edge of the bushes, and we found our battle line retreating. The retreat of the battle line seemed to enrage and arouse our men, for suddenly all started forward simultaneously over a line a half mile long. I heard no order, and there could have been no order given along that line. It was one of those inspirations which sometimes moves a large body of men. Out they swept from the bushes into the open space, our men with the rest. I saw no general officers. It was every man for himself, and all for the enemy. There was no regular line nor formation. It was a straggling mass fifty yards deep running across the open and firing over each others' heads at the hill. We could see the dust fly where the bullets struck on the Spanish defences.

We were about half way up the hill, and I was just looking over the mass of men advancing up the steep, when I suddenly felt as if my left leg had been struck by a cannon ball, and as though my little finger were in a machine that was grinding it to pulp. It didn't take me long to find that I was wounded. It seemed to me that I must be horribly wounded. I was afraid to look at that leg for fear it was entirely shot off. I called one of my men who cut my trousers open and found that the wound which had seemed so serious to me, was only a flesh wound through the calf of the leg. One bullet passed through my left little finger. A bullet ploughed a groove in my left shoulder. The one which went through my left thigh I did not feel at all, and did not know it had struck me until some time afterward. The Spanish sharpshooters were in the trees with smokeless powder, and they stayed up in the dense foliage of the treetops, while our men marched right under them. Under these conditions, we did not know of their presence, and could not distinguish their firing from that of our own men. They had unchecked opportunity to pick off the officers, and they improved it well. About twice as many officers were killed, as are usually killed in proportion to the relative number of officers and men."

Philosophic Europe broke into a chorus of wonder when Thomas Carlyle, at the apogee of his fame, produced the military annals of the Seven years' War in which Frederic of Prussia was the commander. It

was not exactly supposed to be a waste of time on Carlyle's part, to incorporate the testimonies of the humblest in the ranks, but it was something so entirely new, that even Froude, Green and the long line of able writers who succeeded, rarely ventured to give the story of a people's doings, from the point of view of the humbler segments in the social scale. The history of this war however, would be a bare chronicle of cold official facts, without color, were the contributions made by the rank and file omitted. The human side of the battle was of course seen by the plain, private soldier, who, while nominally irresponsible, as a matter of fact has the crucial responsibility. For it is idle to say that the four or six officials, performing perfunctory duties, can move or in any sense change the volition of a hundred men. As a matter of fact, all battles are fought by the men in the ranks. But it so happens that the testimony of this handiwork was never so clear and striking, as in the astonishing conflicts at Santiago. Tennyson says in *In Memoriam*: "They speak their feeling as it is, and tell the fulness of their pain."

What for example could be more elucidative of the mingled confusion and intrepid purpose of a body of men, than the adventure of Color-Sergeant Andrews of troop B in the Third Cavalry. He was tearing up the hill at San Juan with the impetuosity of a boy, although he has been in the service eighteen years, and in the climb from the ditch while holding the colors tenaciously, he was knocked over repeatedly. He clung to his precious charge. For a moment in the *mêlée*, covered by the wounded, and helplessly entangled in the ditch, he called out to his lieutenant to take the flag, but the roar of the battle drowned his voice and, unable to rise, he thrust the standard upward. "When I could get my head out I sat up, and I could see the line of battle for a mile. There are no words in any language, that I know, to tell what the fellows were doing. The bullets came like the swash of water against the side of the ship, as I heard it many a night sailing from Tampa. The nippers would not cut the wires, and then you should see the men brace themselves with their guns and jump upon them and push them over. Sergeant Mulhearn grabbed the colors and planted them on the highest spot on the top of the hill. Fully 200 shots were fired at the banner and it was riddled almost to a rag. My clothes were cut into ribbons, and I got to within 300 yards of the main body of Spaniards, just as our fellows were capturing a regimental flag with the letter K on it. About that time, Colonel Roosevelt and Major Westervelt of the Rough Riders came up and I shouted to them to lie down or they would be shot. But they wouldn't. Major Westervelt was shot in the neck, and the fellows that went to take him

out when they came back said, that as soon as he was bandaged he began to puff his pipe. Then when he found out he was not seriously hurt, he insisted on returning to the line, but the surgeon objected. He felt himself all over and remarked: 'Well, I guess I'm boss, and I'm going.' He had barely got to the line of fire, when he was shot again and this time knocked out."

What volumes we should be spared on the battle of Waterloo for example, if some color-sergeant in the maddening charge with Ney, had been able to tell us precisely what did happen in those fateful hours of the swift-coming twilight, when as the British accounts have it, Wellington felt that the storm had broken, and that he might release his sheltered regiments from the cover that had saved them all day, and launch them against the worn-out fragments of Ney's hideously misused cavalry.

Valiant men, who never dreamed of throwing the sheaves of their modest glory in the wallet of time for remembrance, wrote private letters, which proud kinsfolk published for the comfort of others—for the emulation of future heroes. In the subjoined, the attentive reader will observe how the writer verifies other narratives, and yet wrote only to transcribe his feelings and the scene, to those he loved. His kinsfolk had no idea that the official reports would identify the officer—but there were no confusing number of shoulder-straps in the first entrance to San Juan.

"We have been in Cuba now for twenty days. The other day, as we were changing position from the left to the right of the line, some soldier in the trenches called out: 'Have you fellows just got in?' A man in my company called back: 'H—l, no; we've been here always.' And indeed, it seems as if we had been here for years, so many, many hot miles have we marched; so many wet nights have we slept on the bosom of Mother Earth. We were landed without transportation, and everything we have is what we carry. I have not even had a blanket. We sleep in our clothing and wallow in the mud. We live on hardtack, bacon and coffee. For nearly two weeks we have been daily and nightly under fire, except when a flag of truce is up. The great event, so far as I am concerned, was the fight of July 1. We were aroused at three in the morning and put in march at the first peep of dawn, over a road which we had built the day before. We waded through a river, and then were halted, while on our left a battery of artillery opened fire on the enemy, who was shelling our balloon. We were under the balloon, and you may easily appreciate the interest we took in the proceedings. Shell and shrapnel shrieked about us, the angry buzz and vicious bursting of the shells seeming to be on every side. A piece of shell tore through a man's

thigh. The noise was terrifying, the effect of shrapnel being dreadful when it hits. Fortunately, it does not hit often.

"Our battery silenced the fire of the enemy, and we pushed on for-



A LETTER FROM HOME.

ward. Another river was waded, but it was only a little more than knee deep. On its further bank whistled the enemy's bullets. The men crouched down and rushed from cover to cover. We turned to the left; thicker and faster flew the bullets, which tore seams in the hot summer air, all about us, above us, on our right and left, and at our feet. A part

of the company ahead of mine balked upon an open space. I drove them on, and my own company followed me. The regiment was soon huddled together in a bend of a river, surrounded by brush and trees. A few moments and the order came for Captain Turner's company to move forward; another moment and Captain Kennon followed him. Out into an open, grassy field, where the hum of insects was replaced by the venomous 'zipp' of the deadly bullet. 'Not to cross the river.' Such was the order. Zipp, zipp, zipp came the bullets. The air was full of them. What to do? Nothing but stay there and be hit. Two more companies came up, and all fell back but mine. But I was ordered to join on the left of these, so I ordered my company back. 'I'm struck,' called out a man. I hastened to him. His arm was bored through, and the rich arterial blood was spouting his life away. I called a man to help me, and while the bullets fell like rain about us we put a tourniquet on his arm. The bullet had entered his side. Poor fellow! The blood was stanchd there, and we helped him—carried him, rather—to a place where he would be sheltered from sun and bullets.

"But our line had gone back. We took him with us, the bullets around us seeming almost like a solid wall of lead and brass, for the brutes were using brass-covered bullets. There is the colonel. 'Colonel, what orders?' 'Move forward,' and forward again we went, the colonel going with us. He crossed the river, I after him, my company following. Here we breathed, for we were under the shelter of the bank. I placed my men in a hollow. The colonel sent my second lieutenant back with orders for the other companies to join us. The poor boy was shot through the heart after giving the order to two companies. I caught my breath and plunged again into the storm to see where we were, where the enemy was, what we were to do. On either hand were Spanish works, the one to the left being Fort San Juan. It sat on a high, steep hill, with a wide, flat, grassy plain in front, and a barbed-wire fence for us to climb. Oh, that fence! Many and many a fine fellow failed to cross it. There, dear Sandy Wetherill, the last of the 'Old Sixth' left to us, was killed, a bullet going through his forehead.

"A line was forming in the field. I went back and brought out the company, forming on the right of the line. There was the rattle of war the loudest. The crack of our rifles and those of the enemy, the whizz of the bullet, the shouting of officers, the groans of the wounded, the sound of the light artillery, the bursting of shells.

"We began to go forward. I got in front of the company and called, 'Come on, boys,' and the brave fellows went forward on a run, across the



Lieut. SCHIFF
10th Cav.



Lieut. J.N. AUGUSTIN



Lieut. CHAS. H. FIELD.
2^d Mass.



Col. CHAS. A. WIKOFF.
22^d Inf.



Col. CARROLL
6th CAV.



Lieut. Col.
JOHN M. HAMILTON
9th CAV.



Lieut. W. M. DICKINSON.



GEO. RICHMOND
2^d MASS.



Lieut. CHURCHMAN

field and up the spur of the hill on which was the fort. Here we found ourselves ahead of the rest. A Gatling gun opened on the enemy with a noisy rattle, and with deadly effect. The Spaniards were firing from trenches, we from the open, but the storm of bullets from the machine gun seemed to shake them. I saw several run. I sent a man down to the regiments who were forming at the foot of the hill to tell them that if they moved forward at once the place was ours and begged them to advance. Then with my company I pushed on, and was the first officer to reach the summit. A few Spaniards were still there, the rest were retreating. I directed the arms to be taken from the wounded and dead Spaniards, and fire to be opened on the retreating enemy. They started to make a stand, but the others now coming up the hill, and lining up on either side, poured volley after volley into them and they sought safety in precipitate flight. An attempt was made later to retake it but was repulsed. In the evening we were ordered to the left, and intrenched our position.

"Eleven officers out of thirty-one, 120 men out of about 450, killed and wounded, that is the record of the Sixth on the 1st of July. Every day my company has been under fire, both of artillery and infantry. It was worth a man's life to stand erect. A bullet came within less than six inches of my head as I was taking my breakfast. It lodged in a tree two feet away."

In this Hadean crucible of war the fabric of painfully repressed lies, perished. The atmosphere was clarified; the Spanish soldiery were stupefied to find that surrendering themselves to the "Yankee butchers" did not mean instant scalping, as their presses had forewarned them. For even though the hospital and medical provisions were painfully, criminally stinted, the wounded Spaniard, like the wounded soldiery of the republic, were tenderly cared for; shared the meager comforts of the invading ranks, both in the Red Cross refuges and the military hospitals. This humanity which was so natural, that it was unnoticed by our soldiers, evoked a praise from the foreigners that is hardly flattering to the European conduct of war. Captain Webster of the Norwegian military staff, bore this testimony:

"One thing which specially pleased me was the magnanimity with which the United States hospital corps ministered to the wounded Spaniards found on the battlefield. They were picked up and placed in the ambulance wagons and carried to the rear, where they received the very best medical attention. American surgeons on the battlefield would bandage the wound of a Spanish soldier to stop the flow of blood till the

ambulance wagon arrived. The hospital service of the American army is worthy of the highest commendation.

"I was told by American officers that the Cubans killed wounded Spaniards with their machetes, but this barbarous practice was stopped by the officers and men of the United States army.

"The Cubans could not be seen when an engagement opened. They knew nothing about scientific warfare. The men are not trained; they fight as an organized mob. The Cubans rendered very little service to the invading army, except as guides."

A startled Briton, reporting the campaign for the war office in London, witnessed this characteristic trait: "In the whirlwind crisis of the San Juan attack, an officer leading Regulars was struck, at short range, in the cheek. The Mauser bullet made a small, clean hole, and came out through the side of its victim's nose. He did not know he was hurt until another officer, seeing his face bleeding, jokingly said: 'Why man, you're wounded, mortally wounded—look at the blood. I don't know but you're killed already—look at the hole in your nose. You've got four nostrils, man, if you don't get plugged up, you'll be going about breathing like a porpoise.' With that he led his comrade off to the hospital, to convince him that he was disabled by holding a mirror to his face."

But fitful glimpses of the enormities going on in the small space beleaguered by an army, reached the multitudes in the rear as far as Siboney. For the track of an invading army is precisely like a city that has been pillaged and dismantled. The roadways improvised for the swift rush of the fighting cohorts, relapse into worse than the quagmires and tangle hastily converted by corduroying, cutting and filling to give the artillery space. From the sound and fury of the fight, to the ghastlier environs of the field hospitals, the non-combatants, the stragglers, the thousand diverse personalities of an army in movement, huddle or crawl or ply an obscene trade in the pillage of the helpless, the robbery of the wounded. Added to these repellent groups, in this campaign were the surly mobs of Cubans, muscular whether to ply machete and stolen firearms, or ravage the miserable remnants of the soldiery at their mercy.

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An encounter of soldiery in a country like Cuba, or our own for that matter, is fertile in surprises. It is the preconcerted thing that never happens. To stand up on an open plain and deliver volleys into the faces of men distinctly seen by each side, is the quintessence of soldierly perfection in European armies. But it has been very rare since the Thirty Years' War, that a European army has been called upon to encounter



BOAT CLUB HOUSE, SANTIAGO.



Mining Village near Santiago.

natural obstacles of the really insurmountable sort that tried the muscles, as well as the nerves of the soldiery in our Civil War, and in this brief but gigantic operation at Santiago. Nor will the reader fully comprehend the tortures of mind and body involved in what seems to the outsider a brief interval, but to the men engaged, a year of phantasmal futility with no reward at the end. In other words, at half the force exerted and infinitely less cost of life, battles that have given their commanders renown have been won in every war. It is therefore impossible to understand the magnitude of the dangers encountered, conquered, without following step by step every regiment, almost every platoon. For, as a matter of fact, so soon as launched in the labyrinth of the battle plateau, each regiment was a corps in itself, undertaking the manœuvres of a grand strategic operation, while unconscious of the influence that each of these integral parts were exerting on the whole.

But with the third of the officers slain and twelve per cent. of each regiment incapable of moving, wounded or dead, a conviction suddenly settled upon the minds of the masses, after thirty-six hours of titanic wrestling, that there was neither victory in further effort nor security in retreat; exactly the frame of mind that precedes the dissolution of organized armies. In this juncture, many of the commanders on the night of July the first, urged General Wheeler to withdraw. They saw nothing but disaster in remaining where they were, and extinction if they attempted to advance. But Wheeler had been in dilemmas of a more trying sort in the Civil War. He had been surrounded by the bayonets of the Federals, and many a time had cut his way through massed ranks which were quite as formidable as the barbed wire bulwarks, stone walls and clay defences of the Spaniards.

The crafty old Confederate knowing the effect of a combined remonstrance to a distant commander (Shafter was at the time ill on a transport) wrote to his chief saying: "I presume the same influences are being brought to bear on you that are working with me. But it will not do. American prestige would suffer irretrievably if we give up an inch; we must stand firm." And yet at this very moment, when hope was extinct, when brawn and muscle were at their last exertion, when the most ardent were chilled by the empty belly and the parched throat, cumulative causes were at work to end the extraordinary situation. Cervera's fleet was quitting the harbor of Santiago.

General Breckenridge, touching the conditions on the night of July 2d, in his report to the Secretary of War, departs thus widely from the tone of official literature:

"Doubtless, through telegrams and otherwise, there have been sufficient indications of the intense strain in the whole military situation on the field of operations which led to the consultation at the El Pozo house the night of July 2, and some of the general officers favored a retrograde movement during the day or two prior to our intrenchments taking shape and the armistice being agreed upon. . . . Probably it is now evident to all that it was far better to stand steadfast, and perhaps quite possible to advance rather than retreat so near the Fourth of July, and certainly we have demonstrated our ability to hold our own."

While the enemy's flag remains in sight, while the embrasures spit fire, and death comes in torrents, no matter how much has been won, victory has not been gained. And though we had crushed the volcanic outpouring of El Caney, the thunders at San Juan and the mangled lines struggling and crawling through the gullies, lingering by the streams, made it plain to the rushing ranks of reinforcements, that the decisive point had not been won. San Juan embodied vaguely to the minds of the hurrying ranks the formidable personality of the Malakoff. One of the extraordinary incidents of the battle as it arranged itself now, was the transposition of columns in the dense thickness of the undergrowth. The divisions of Kent and Sumner crossed each other unseen, and when they emerged into the line of fire, they were found to be in exactly reversed positions. This itself will give a reader uninformed in military technicalities, a vivid idea of the maddening noise and confusion going on, within the eight miles of fire the battlefield comprised. For if two friendly bodies of men could pass each other, oblivious each of the presence of the other, how easy would it have been for an enterprising foe to place a force in a position to destroy legions moving at such disadvantage. It was late in the afternoon when the tide of battle became congested in front of what may be called the headquarters of the invading army at El Pozo. A battery of artillery which had painfully worked itself to this point of vantage, while by no means disconcerting the enemy, brought down upon the gathering masses of Kent, Sumner, Lawton and Hawkins, the deadly fire of every Mauser in the enemy's blockhouses. Hawkins himself seemed to breathe the intoxication of joy under the ordeal. He rode at the head of his infantry brigade, across the plain and up the steep hillside commanded on three sides by fire, and pushed determinedly forward, absolutely unconscious that he was the best target of the thousands on the field. The infantry moved like a train of cars, with dismounted cavalry clustering by their side. It seemed as though they disdained to use the old-fashioned muskets, for they moved implacably forward, the brilliant colors of



BUILDING A CORDUROY ROAD.

the flag accentuating the precision of the line. Slight as the incident was, Hawkins' unostentatious tranquillity, as he took off his hat, with a slight gesture of courteous command, stiffened the sinews of the marching men. And it would be almost within the line to say that they met with derision the black flight of bullets and the shrieking canister, as they bore onward with gaping ranks, to the citadel of the enemy's resistance.

Ordinarily, in fact universally, by the concomitant testimony of the European critics and monitors, this movement was a criminal impossibility. No soldier had ever been called upon to walk up to unbroken walls, to face, tear away, break down or in any way whatsoever, overcome thick networks of barbed wire, one strand of which suffices to stay the momentum of ten thousand herded cattle on the plains. Yet, under the fire of the Spanish embrasures, in the maelstrom of the Mausers, those who had the calmness to watch, could see bayonets twisting the wire, hatchets chipping them, or some stalwart fellow, with his gun bracing him, trampling the wire and holding it down for the others to pass over. "It is not war," exclaimed the German attaché, "but it is magnificent. Men who can make such soldiers as that could never be conquered by all the armies of Europe." And over the entire eight miles, heroic insanity of this sort was seen during these two abysmal days. More incomprehensible still to the foreigner, accustomed to the methodic warfare of the books, whether by an oversight or the instinct of the men themselves, the bayonets were not fixed on the guns. Which either meant that our soldiery, as by an interpenetrating, common consent, had determined to give the Spaniards no time to fight body to body, or that the enterprise seemed so hopeless that none expected to reach that last stage of desperation, when men meet, bayonet to bayonet, a thing very rarely seen in war.

But the battle was fought by the colonels, majors and the captains: the division commanders, the brigade commanders, had followed their orders in aligning their troops, the troops themselves saw the work that must be done and resolutely went at it. The darkness on that space of carnage fell as suddenly as the daylight came in the morning; and while this heroic struggle had won the outward and almost invincible defences of Santiago, the last range of a despairing but undismayed army was still between the war-worn ranks and the city. As I said before, other causes were at work to make it unnecessary to further prove the valor of our soldiery or the abnegation of the line and staff. It is not surprising that with the relaxation of the night, with the tension gone, dismay and doubt reigned at headquarters, and that simultaneously with Sampson's despatch electrifying the country, the Cabinet was stupefied by an ominous hint



CHARGE OF THE REGULARS AT SAN JUAN.

from Shafter that his energies were worn out, that without a redoublement of his army, he could neither hold what he had won, nor safely retreat.

The torrid hours of the July night were passed by the regimental remnants under the fire line, in burrowing. Every man became his own engineer. To remain on the surface, quiescent, was inevitable death. The ground was transformed into monster mounds where the turf and the bushy sedge had softened the arid hillsides or occasional level, the morning found strange protuberances of reddish earth, backed by a cavity large enough to afford a grave-like covert for the outstretched warrior. Sprawled at full length with his head to the ridge the fighter was safe from the incessant search of the Mauser. He was able also to rest his gun on the level earthwork and by quickly sighting, give the enemy a taste of the unrest he had been inflicting the day before. It would be hard to make any one realize who had not been under fire, the swiftness with which men untrained in emergencies, seize and adapt themselves to the chances of warfare. To look at these recumbent, sprawling, dirt-bedraggled ranks on the 3d of July, it would have been assumed that they had passed a novitiate in burrowing, in improvising defences against foes armed with such advantages as smokeless powder and repeating arms. Confident, or rather, reassured of existence until the time of charge came, a poignant anguish of another sort arose. There was no food at hand. The paths the army had passed over, even if found, were turned into quagmires by the diluvian rains, they were littered with debris, the cast-off garments of the men, the innumerable impedimenta that oozes from an army as the rage of battle transforms the human into a mere fighting machine. The weight of an ounce becomes a ton, as men are shifted under fire, and only the most indurated veteran foresees far enough to cling to his haversack, bulging with a stated supply of rations. These weights had been lost or cast aside, in the ten thousand shiftings of the thirty hours' battlings: hence at the very moment food was much the most imperative need, it was almost totally lacking. Neither the grewsome hardtack nor the equivocal salt meat were to be had. Coffee, that support and mainstay of the fighter under every privation, was rare even among the staff or the line. An empty stomach is a delusive counsellor. It is the ruin of strategy, the destruction of armies. Yet the extraordinary ranks which had been defying immemorial precedent in attack, added another proof to the adage that no rule holds in war. For in spite of hunger, in spite of the ominous aftermath of rumors that flew along the line, the ironside tenacity of the ranks never for an instant relaxed.

The jovial quip, the biting sarcasm arose from the clustered figures wherever the din of the rifle fell long enough for the accents of the voices to be heard. Not a man of the burrowed ten thousand dreamed of what was in store and not a man gave the slightest evidence that he cared. But at the headquarters the peril had effaced the wonder of what was done, and even in the throes of this peril, before the plight of Cervera was known, the fateful resolution was reached to demand the surrender of the foe, whose advance would have been our destruction, whose defiant delay would have checked the campaign until another army could have been brought to the coast, to protect the one we had wasted.

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During the awful hours of hunger, expectancy of no hopeful sort, when the forces of nature were lowest, when the blood crept and the nerves pricked when "time was a maniac scattering fear, and life a fury slinging flame," as Tennyson sings, the observant philosopher noted that the Regular bore the strain with preternatural composure. Wherever profanity and the obscene gibe were heard, it was known there were no Regulars! Brave and fine as the volunteers were, they were not the admirable phalanx the Regulars were found in every emergency. The volunteer is a coquette in campaign. He demands the incessant regard of the country. He must have his every movement chronicled, his discipline lauded, his bravery adulated. Taking war as a "vast picnic," a "good time" when all the rigors of social propriety are relaxed, he insists that his doings are precedents; his obedience wonder-working, his naïve curiosity to test the utmost that bullets, bombs and the infernalities of war can do, the cap and crown of heroism. "When I hear a soldier swear," testifies an observant historian of all the momentous movements at El Caney and San Juan, "I know without looking that he is a volunteer." As was noted in all the despatches recounting the scramble of the Rough Riders, the colonel was compelled to admonish the men to swear less and to fight more. But the Regular neither swears nor demonstrates. He chews tobacco in the stress of hunger, occupies his hands in brightening his toggery, in verifying the efficiency of his Krag-Jorgenson. But in the matter of profanity it is worth the study of the philosophic to trace the process, which evokes from the victim of a bullet, the almost invariable exclamation "My God, I'm hit." The volunteer if he has breath enough, however, is more profuse in his profanity and empties his expletives in proportion to the painlessness of his wound. Yet at the same time it was the concurrent testimony of chaplains and surgeons that a general religious sentiment ran in a strong current among the majority of

the Regulars and volunteers, as gauged by the evidences afforded in the hospitals. In the pockets or among the private appurtenances of a large majority of the wounded, Bibles and Testaments and other tokens of churchly attachment were found in a large majority of cases. But more impressive than this the foreign observer remarked with surprise on the first Sunday morning when the army stood at bay before the bulwarks of the besieged city, when the bells of Santiago rang for church service the men in the invading army were seen with a Bible in one hand and a musket in the other. It was the conviction of the old world observer that a remnant of the Puritan blood still ran in the veins of descendants generally believed to be anything but Puritan. The men under him were a study and delight to the transformed rebel, "Joe Wheeler" who in other days made campaigning very serious work for the armies of the Union. The boyish gaiety of his Confederate tatterdemalions found no equivalent among the decorous Regulars, moving at his will like so many machines. But he was reminded of the Confederate stress and storm, by the scant larder and the fluctuating phases of victory or the counsel of retreat. The general, seated in his meagerly furnished quarters, one day, had a Spanish deserter brought before him. The Spaniard was a comely, even jovial youth, obviously relieved to find himself beyond the uncertainties in store for his beleagured brethren. The interpreter gives this piquant narrative of the colloquy :

He admitted he had come into our lines to save his neck ; he had been sent out to forage and had slipped over. The Spanish soldiers, he said, were not by any means discouraged ; they were indignant at not being properly fed and at not receiving any money. The officers, he said, took care to have their wants attended to, and had all kinds of luxury at their mess, including wine, ice, and meat. Since General Toral had succeeded General Linares, things had somewhat bettered. They had been paid three dollars, the first money they had received in six months, but the officers had been paid with something like regularity. There was no bread for the men, but the wealthy people could get it. The ice factory at the head of the harbor was still running. The hospital was full of wounded. The Spanish Sisters of Mercy remained, tending the sick, but the Cuban sisters had left, and also the Sisters of Charity. All the stores were closed, but General Toral had seized all provisions in them and taken possession of the wine shops. When the deserter left, the Spanish had not looted any houses, but had seized horses and mules left by the pacificados, and were slaughtering them for the army. The Spaniards, he said, had from 17,000 to 20,000 troops in the city. Cervera, had

supplied the army with ammunition and guns. When asked if the Spanish liked the Cubans, he promptly replied: "No, no. They are



GENERAL JOSÉ TORAL Y VELASQUEZ.

cowardly and treacherous, and the Americans will soon find that out. While the Spaniards would always fight, they were tired of the war;

they did not think Cuba was worth fighting for. If the Americans captured Cuba, many Spanish soldiers would desert and settle there, because they knew they could earn an easy living by farming, but they would never stay under the treacherous rule of the Cubans. He was told to return to his lines, as he was not wanted. He replied that he did not want to go, and upon the general threatening to shoot him, having suspicions that he was a spy, he replied: "If I go back, I will be shot, so I would as soon be shot here."

It is the strongest instinct of life in all ranks of animated things to fear and abhor death. Our organs seem to inherit this shrinking; the dread of death by pain, is the phenomena we call cowardice. The explanation of the interest mankind takes in battle, in war, arises from the consciousness of this. For no man differs from his fellow in the shrinking from the ghastly mangling, the carnage of the bullet and bomb. The heroism, therefore, that evokes wonder and adoration, consists in the degree in which men suppress that natural terror and perform the work assigned them like sentient machines, governed by impulses quite beyond the normal developments of resolution. The single difference between valor and recreancy, is, that the heroic fiber feels, thrills, but bears; the coward collapses under the shock and seeks escape. But indeed, in this state, the victim is as often paralyzed by a mental disease as the subject of apoplexy. Cowardice is simply the inability of the mind to control the body's mechanism in the perfect hold the mind possesses over the body. Now the battlefield has an atmosphere of its own. The mind, by some quite indefinable process, acts with a million eyes and sees the cumulative chances against life. No man ever fell into the line of march toward battle without a conviction that death awaits him. Hence a panic, the instant eclipse of the reasoning faculties, is as apt to arise from those who would be heroes, as from those who seem cowards. It is largely a matter of accident; some of the most valiant warriors that ever dared death, have fallen into panic. It is only men of unconquerable pride, who can resist this moral cataclysm. There is no training, no safeguard that can assure a commander against this temporary aberration. This is to be borne in mind by the millions who exult in the hardihood and constancy displayed in the Santiago campaign, for in this enterprise above all others recorded in war, the causes and conditions were ideally calculated to create the atmosphere in which panic is inevitable; the wild and weird country, with its aggressive shrubberies, its uncanny animal life, its mysterious deeps of impenetrable gloom, its corrugated walls of soil that imprisoned

the limbs and clogged the steps, the volleying deaths from above, where instead of birds, the Spaniards lurked among the branches: the havoc wrought from massed bodies, arising out of the very ground. Death flying from every direction, sped by a mechanism that made no sound and emitted no smoke. All this was calculated to disturb the constancy of the most perfectly trained soldiery. That Shafter's legions endured them and wrought effectively, is as impressive as the valiance that won Austerlitz or Marengo.

Official reports and eyewitnesses record but one instance of panic in the pandemonium of death, that met the converging columns of Kent's division. The seventy-first volunteers, a New York regiment of admirable materials, was given the order to align on the left of Hawkins' brigade. This movement brought them into the very vortex of the Spanish fire. The leading battalion plunged forward, the hissing and hurtling lead seemed to clamor for life; the men quivered in bewilderment, paused, the instinct of preservation, the inexpressible something that makes the soldier oblivious, that, in battle at least, it is not all of death to die, overwhelmed the file leaders; there was a quiver of hesitancy, and in that moment the soldier's shield and defender, pride, was lost. The mass turned, in panic, and for an instant the doom of the whole division was sealed. For there is nothing so swiftly contagious as terror, unless it be daring. An instant's hesitation or hesitancy on the part of the officers, and Shafter's army would have been a body of flying shreds and patches. But the hurricane roar of the guns the ghastly, venomous hissing of the Mausers, drowned the dastard cry, of "*saue qui peut*," a cordon of the uncontaminated uprose in a flash, and the ordeal was ended. But had General Kent not been on the spot, even the drawn sword and pointed guns might not have stayed the unmanned groups. The general ordered the battalions of the regiment still intact, to lie down. This brought the chaos of fear to a pause. It gave the wretched culprits time to recover, and when they were again called upon, they were all that men needed to be.

Such momentary aberration has been known in all armies in all times. One of the most valorous bodies in the corps that performed Napoleon's most resounding prodigies in Italy, was for a moment overcome in the same way on the plateau of Rivoli. The general promptly deprived them of their colors. In the succeeding engagement the regiment thus tarnished, eclipsed the audacity of the most intrepid bodies, that won the miraculous battle of Arcola and the flag restored to them was thereafter identified with the most glorious regiment that marched from Naples to Moscow.

PART V.

IT is characteristic of our many strained race that it is the jocular form that seems to come to the lips, no matter how grave the ordeal. It was instantly known from end to end of the harassed line, that "old Shafter" was playing the Spaniards a "bluff." For by that inscrutable clairvoyance with which the very minds of persons in authority seem to be apprehended by the multitude, every man in the outworn ranks knew that desperation alone held them to the ground they had won. It is easy to conceive the immense sigh of relief that went up through the dim recesses of chapparal and palm, over the beaver-like mounds that engirdled Santiago, when white flags were seen waving wherever a point of vantage could be gained. Nor was it less humorous that as the morning wore on our imperiled commanders made plaint against the Spaniards that they were taking advantage of the truce to strengthen their works and run out embankments, where, in the event of a resumption of hostilities a broadside or enfilading fire could be brought to bear from end to end of our improvised fortifications. Again we were indebted to the Cubans for a gratuitous augmentation of our perils, for the Spanish doggedly made answer that the rebels had not recognized the flag and were carrying on their accustomed warfare of sneaking assassination and predation. But the flag brought a rebound to the old gaiety, the old confidence. The men could rise to full height and from favorable points look far down into the city, watch the people passing, watch the normal activities of life going on very much as though the thin line of blood and iron had coalesced, and the pandemonium of attack had passed. But the sights were not pleasant to witness, for the roads were filled with the dying or the wounded, and the stench of the decaying horses covered by the clouds of vultures, came up almost as sickeningly as the feast of blood the day before.

Swarms of refugees laden with their treasures could be plainly marked passing out of the entrenchments westward and northward. The cannon which had wrought such destruction on the charging regulars could now be marked clearly, and the soldiers of the republic looked back wistfully to count the brazen tongues that had tardily reached the field on our side. But it is to be noted, and the fact is no discredit to the valor of our men, that by common consent the very ranks that had been yearning for

action—glory or the grave—admitted that it would be murder to continue the battle of the two previous days, if the Spaniards held out and defended the formidable lines now clearly visible to every eye. Again, the depressing disadvantage of our black smoke powder, revealing the exact position of the men and the almost preternatural work of the smokeless powder, revealing nothing, had its effect on the imaginations of those who had already felt the immense disparity of the two mediums. Up to this point the soldiers felt that they had themselves taken the reins in their own hands, that they had done the fighting and whatever faults or mischances had resulted was largely of their own doing. It was their own eagerness to seize the embattled lines in front, that deprived them of incalculable advantages of the Gatling guns painfully clambering toward them from the rear. A battery of these destructive machines at El Caney or San Juan would have saved half of the 1,500 lives lost in the adventure. In fact, by common consent, the capture of San Juan hill was ascribed to the extraordinary inspirations of two captains of the Sixth United States Infantry, and in days to come when the daring of the march and siege are discussed, the tale will take its place among the thrilling legends of military history. The Sixth lost 131 men killed and wounded, out of a total of 450 who came through the *via dolorosa* of El Pozo under the command of its colonel, Egbert. These 450 men launched in the dark, vaguely directed to cross the San Juan river and hold the foot of the hill, found themselves as it were, isolated, that is to say, out of the reach of the staff guides and division commander.

The hill uprose bristling with cactus and impregnable with the thickly set wires and traps prearranged for death. Up in the air, far above the Sixth, rose the ancient crenelated ruin turned into a fortress or block-house. The ascent from any side accessible to the regiment was by actual measurement forty-five degrees. The segment of the hill to be taken and held, about a third of a mile crescent. The river oozes furtively through an immense brake of jungle, wire, grass and all manner of clinging and obstructive growths. The water at no point fell below the middle of the men as they struggled through. Into this pit of gloom the Spaniards had prearranged a fire which was so well nourished, as the French would say, that hardly a leaf was spared on the taller growths, and it seems like an invention to say that a man of the 450 escaped from the down-pour of Mausers. It is no discredit to the battalion that they broke in every direction, not to seek cover but to avoid death in order that they might achieve the task set them. In this dispersion, the various companies were so dislocated that the men could not find their surround-

ings nor the officers their commands. In this blizzard of mingled death and confusion, Captain L. W. V. Kennan of Company E, and Captain Charles Byrne of Company F, asked the colonel, in despair, what they should do. The previous consign had been not to push beyond the river until the proper supports came up on either flank, but to remain in the pit of death was to sacrifice the regiment uselessly, whereas by advancing, the range of the Spaniards might be disconcerted. The two captains just mentioned gathered together fragments of many companies as they came to hand. With this dauntless band, Byrne made at the wire palisades, where the men were already mowed down in heaps. He seized a machete from the hand of a Cuban, slashed an opening in the wire and, amazing to say, almost in single file the band poured through and as anticipated were for a momentous pause sheltered from the plunging fire above. But a harder task still fronted them, for the uprise was so steep that the men were obliged to pull themselves up by the bushes. And it often happened that the shoulder of one man was the stepping-stone to another to retain his footway. But there was a surcease from the Mausers, for the bullets went far beyond the squirming companies as they painfully toiled upward. At the top of the hill Byrne and Kennan gravely shook hands in commemoration of the feat done, and the work to do. On this gloriously won point of vantage they found the brilliant and brave Lieutenant Ord, who had paid for his temerity in seeking the spot, by his life. With straggling fragments of the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth he had, although a staff officer, taken it upon him to silence the fort that was dealing such destruction, and in the charge he was riddled by the bullets of a revolver in the hands of a wounded Spaniard.

This one of the painful tragedies of the line of battle, in the deadly climax of onset, illustrates the "hell" aspect of war. One of the aids of General Hawkins—Lieutenant Ord—had distinguished himself by a bearing and energy worthy of his lineage, for the young man was a son of that splendid soldier General O. E. C. Ord, whose service during the Civil War gave him rank and influence with the most admired of the group just below Grant, Sherman and McClellan. Young Ord had proved the fine fabric of his lineage, by entering the army as a private soldier. He had won the rank of lieutenant through the test of fitness. He had undergone the trials and dangers of the combats at Santiago, with such firmness, with such an insight into the devoir of an officer, that his name was telegraphed to Washington as one among the signally deserving. He was everywhere on the deadly line guiding the broken ranks, informing the officers of their positions and the work incumbent upon them. He

was hailed as the "gunner" by the ranks, for wherever his handsome young figure appeared, there was danger, but there was intelligent purpose.

He was carrying out his task at the head of the charging columns at San Juan; he had reached the summit of the hill, and saw the Spaniards breaking just beyond. At the instant, observing a wounded enemy with a gun in his hand, the lieutenant called out: "Take care of that man." The Spaniard, as is supposed, mistook the intent of the officer's injunction—supposed that he was directing his troops to kill instead of care for the helpless, and fired point blank at the victim. Ord fell dead. The soldiers of his regiment,—the Sixth Infantry—inflamed by the sight of the young man's slaughter, rushed on the assassin in a fury, riddled him with bullets, even tore the body into fragments and thrust those into the sticky soil. The vengeance no doubt seemed natural—at such a time; Ord was passionately admired by his company, his death seemed an assassination, but it was not. The soldier with gun in hand is chartered by the laws of war to kill all who come within range. The wounded Spaniard, misled by the fabrications of the Cuban presses, took it for granted that death awaited him and he only imitated the most devoted figures in all wars, by selling his life dearly and lessening the enemies of his country.

But even the most vigorous application of duty could not justify a company in avenging the lieutenant's death. The Spaniard was helpless—he was almost in the company's keeping, a prisoner. Now had this episode happened to a Spanish officer, and had the United States soldier who killed him, fared as the Spaniard fared, what would the world have heard? It would have been another evidence of the inborn depraved ferocity of the Spanish character. It would have justified any and all reprisals. The incident is of moment, only as admonishing the impulsive that in war, wrongdoing is the rule, rightdoing the mere chance of fortunate circumstances.

Byrne and Kennan, without a pause, concentrated the fragments of the companies that had clambered up the hill, and by what seemed a miracle of pure impudence charged upon the blockhouse, routed its defenders and ran up the flag.

But the deeds of the day were scattered over so many points unwitnessed by staff officers and the agencies usually accounted on to make reports, that these extraordinary exhibitions of individual courage and sagacity found no mention in the official reports. Yet this passage was to the general battle, what Hobson's feat was to the destruction of Cervera.

A witness of the adventure relates that the two captains moved entirely on their own responsibility, and that during the upward climb they became separated and as if by a mutual instinct on reaching the crest ordered the same manœuvres. Captain Kennan made his men lie down and ordered them not to shoot at anything but men, and not to fire without orders. The men watched him eagerly, anticipating the word to advance. Very soon he ordered them forward. "The men's faces," Captain Kennan testifies, "were like the faces of schoolboys when they heard that they are to have an unexpected holiday." They rushed on eagerly, and found a road which fortunately saved them from a good deal of slaughter which other companies met in crossing a barbed wire fence that borders the meadows here. They lined up at one point with some of the men of the Sixteenth Infantry, but left them again; they passed on up the hill—not directly at the blockhouse, but in a flanking direction, which gave them an easier ascent and then turned at right angles to face the blockhouse. All the way up Captain Kennan led and encouraged his men; but not one of them anywhere showed any disposition to waver. When the turn was made, Captain Kennan found himself and his company alone on the hill; he had supposed that the whole regiment was coming up. He hesitated a moment, wondering if he must retrace his steps. For one company, reduced more than one-half by the scattering in the woods and the falling of men before the Spanish fire, to take the fortification alone, would be impossible. The captain sent his junior officer down the hill with this message: "The hill is ours if you'll come up; for God's sake come." Meanwhile, he saw other men ascending, and pressed on. At the same time, the Gatling battery, under Captain Parker of the Thirteenth Infantry, poured a galling fire from below straight across the edge of the Spanish trenches into the defenders' faces. Kennan saw the Spanish leaving their blockhouse and getting into the trenches, which was a sign of panic. On he went with his men; and now he saw the Spanish, who by this time were menaced with the advance of other companies up the hill, abandoning the trenches and flying down the back side of the hill toward Santiago. In another moment he and his men, now reduced to about twenty, were leaping over the trenches, which they found full of dead and wounded.

Battle itself would have been almost preferable to the hardships of the miserably inadequate ground where the army lay sprawled, it cannot be called encamped, during the trying hours of General Toral's pourparlers with Madrid. The hill was too steep and cut up, to admit of even pitching of shelter tents, and beyond this, not even an officer was provided.

But the grave-like ditches were enlarged, and by dint of branches and all sorts of inventions which come readily to the Yankee under stress, made huts of more or less capacity. These spread all over the sanguinary plateau, which to some extent sheltered the bodies or part of the bodies from the inconceivably thick downpour of water which seemed to come regularly every afternoon in these leafy uplands. But the walking, since walking was now possible, with the white flag flying, became a burden for the mud was sticky as glue and left a murky spot wherever it touched the flesh or the garments. All ranks and conditions were "painted red" as the men humorously described it, for all were obliged alike to crawl into the mud holes for shelter. Not a man in the entire mass had a whole garment on his back or body. Few had shoes that were not outworn and in most cases tied on by cords. From the highest officer down, there was scarcely a man in the grim ranks holding Santiago in leash that did not resemble the worst form of "tramp" that wanders about the northern cities. All the baggage was left at Baiquiri and carried back to Tampa in the empty transports. Had any of the millions admiring the bravery reported from day to day seen with the eye of the flesh the men who achieved it, it would have been difficult to make them believe that these mud-stained indescribables were the architects of an unparalleled victory.

It is impossible to exaggerate the density of the uncanny growths that fairly pinioned the writhing masses attempting to push through, even in single file, man behind man. In the tangled wildernesses in which our armies were engaged during the Civil War, the lusty growth of briars was thought a torment almost beyond endurance, but in the Santiago impenetralia, the rank arms of a dozen different thorn bushes, from cactus to briars, clustered in vast reaches, thickly set as the most carefully trained hedge. The lances, prickles, were in most cases over an inch long, piercing as needles and tough as steel; the leaves of the cacti were sharp as knives and of a consistency that defied blade and bayonet to break or wrest them from the stem. Never were such instruments of torture invented, for the edge of the leaf was practically a saw-like obstacle, with millions of spurs and vicious teeth. The tortured ranks could neither cut them down, burn them nor crawl under them; they were forced to wedge through them, tearing their clothing to shreds and lacerating every inch of the body exposed to the venomous points.

The Cubans indeed had established themselves along the route, as if life had finally reached the stage that realized their highest expectations. Picnic pavilions, not uningeniously constructed of palms, jutted out from

the edge of the roadside, making miles of what under less acute sensations might have easily been transformed into vernal villages of Arcady. But though apparent ease to these nomads, the existence could not be called peace, with all the signs and tokens of war straggling past in the shape of the maimed, the wounded and the implements of war. To those who had time to observe the destitution of the natives, the task at hand for the new masters of Cuba when the campaign had ceased, came vividly to mind. As night fell, the male portion of these refugees assembled in surly counsel to bemoan the fate they had brought on themselves. For there was no concealment made of the fact that they had begun to conceive a more violent hatred of the masterful invaders than they had ever borne toward the easy-going, if cruel Spaniards. Words fail to describe their emotions when the more adventurous from the front, retailed the hideous heartlessness of "los Americanos" in denying the "patriot" bands their inherent privilege of entering the towns taken in fight, looting the stores and perpetrating the death ceremony on such recalcitrant Spaniards, as persisted in living after the sword and gun had done their work. At first when the army landed, these dark-browed conspirators had received the most humble soldier in the ranks, with a servility that soon became nauseating. They could not lift their ragged hats too high, nor bend their supple bodies too low when welcoming their rescuers. The tide had now turned. Their rescuers were beasts come to burden their beloved Cuba with a new tyranny. For it seemed from the plaints that could be gathered by those comprehending the jargon of the "patriots" that law and order were the most odious signals of tyranny to men who had for years lived by rapine and slaughter.

The observant newspaper correspondents found no end of amusement in studying the promiscuous herding of these disenchanting natives with the hardly less ferocious "land crabs," and these animals under other circumstances would deserve a chapter to themselves. A lurid red in color with black trimmings—so to speak, the crab swarms and rattles through the palm villas of the herding Cubans, as ants might in a more civilized community. This crab ranges in size from a soup plate to a "plug" hat and what is more grossly grotesque about it, a casual glance reveals a hideous resemblance to the human countenance, as sketched by careless artists in making charcoal studies for pictures. No matter how crowded the roadway, no matter how thick the battalions pressing onward to the fight, or the litters carrying off the wounded, these loathly crawling things skirmished and scattered under the very horses' hoofs, seeking the offal of the camp when helplessness no longer gave the human bodies to the maws of

these hideous things, for forage. Their locomotion was a constant surprise to the astonished invaders. They could go forward, backward, upside down, or down side up, any and every conceivable way, where a natural object offered itself for their tentacular clutch. The small Cuban children could be seen at times playing with them as with cart-wheels, the crab revolving, very much as the old-fashioned fourth-of-July fire piece called "spin-wheel." No interior, no matter how well constructed by the soldiery, resisted them. They were in tents, under the straw or leaves, in the hospital wards, in the wagons in short, wherever the sight or smell of flesh or food attracted them. It was no unusual thing for the worn soldier to be startled in his sleep by a clammy vulpine clasp on his face, and on waking find these pestiferous marauders crawling over and about him. They inflict on the flesh a very painful bite, which if not attended to, degenerates into a poisonous wound.

Some of the adventurous and half-famished soldiery attempted to retaliate upon the "varmints" by potting them. But whether through lack of skill in cooking or lack of the proper ingredients, these vicious monsters fattened upon the flesh of the dead, were found unavailable, to the no small satisfaction of the hospital people, who regarded the attempt to cook them as almost canibalistic.

For two or three days after the army's advance began stalwart Cubans almost naked as to garments, without arms or any evidences of soldier-ship, flocked to the ranks demanding accoutrements and the wherewithal to fight.

But it was very soon found that their fighting meant pillage, and that they had no sort of notion of the discipline exacted in the conduct of large bodies of men. They were incredibly clever however, in penetrating the jungles of cactus and thorn, and suggested to the staff some ideas as to the proper way of traversing Cuba, should our conquest of the island involve a campaign against the very people we set out to rescue. For instead of using the ground as our thousands were compelled, to sleep on, no matter how wretched, the Cuban had a hammock and a few simple appurtenances, whereby at the coming of night he was comfortably couched far from the crabs and out of danger of the malarial effluvia that oozes from the soil or exhales from the foliage.

They became humorously expert too in picking up the refuse of the outworn soldiery. For, as universally testified, the painful labor of road building and the unforeseen hardships involved in the jungle march, compelled the strongest to disembarass themselves of very nearly everything but gun and ammunition. All these *disjecta membra*, fell spoil to the far-

seeing Cubans. Now and then a staff officer striking out through an opening came upon recesses where the accumulated accoutrements, blankets and what not, of the army made the leafy glades resemble a government storehouse. In many cases too when regiments were sent off suddenly upon a reconnoissance, piled their impedimenta, and at first neglected to place guards over them, the entire store was seized and secreted by the Cubans. It not unfrequently happened too that small squads of men, worn out by the march, halted by the wayside, were attacked and pillaged by Cuban marauders.

A British correspondent who had seen war in all the recent outbreaks in Europe, witnessed nothing so fierce for the time taken, or the sacrifices of life involved, than the advance on Santiago. He gives a few glimpses that the readers of military history will prize:

“When afternoon came—I lost exact count of time—there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front, our men were away out of sight behind a ridge far ahead. Beyond, there arose a long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning.

“Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up this hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ants’ nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward; but they still went forward. It was incredible, but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at these splendid athletic daredevils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and intrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long, exposed hill, swept by a terrible artillery fire, frightened them not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

“As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; then they nearly stopped; then they went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all round the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we

saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came from somewhere beyond the blockhouse and from somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them, and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spaniards.

"It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the St. Juan River to the ridge before the main fort. We could tell so much at 2,560 yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear.

"Later on, we knew only too well how heavy the cost was. As I was trying to make myself comfortable for the night in some meadow grass as wet with dew as if there had been a thunderstorm, I saw a man I knew in the Sixteenth, who had come back from the front on some errand.

"'How's the Sixteenth?' I asked him.

"'Good, what's left of it,' he said; 'there's fifteen men left out of my company—fifteen out of a hundred.'

"We have fought a great battle, but we have not taken Santiago yet."

Indeed, without the guaranty of actual eyesight, the future student of war might suppose in the plain tale of Santiago he was reading an exaggeration of the memoirs of Napoleon's rough riders, Marbot or Nansouty.

"It was the day after the big fight, and the road was busy both ways. From the front, the heavy, jolting, six-mule ammunition wagons were returning empty after dropping their boxes of cartridges at the firing line.

"But not quite empty, for as they came nearer you saw that awnings of big palm leaves were lightly spread from side to side. And then, when, with a 'Whee hooyah!' and a crack of the long whip and a 'Git in thar, durn yer,' from the Texan teamster, the mules swung round from the road up the steep bank into the hospital field, you saw as the wagon tilted that under the palm leaves pale, bandaged men were lying. They groaned in agony as the heavy springless wagons rocked and jolted.

"'For God's sake kill me out of this,' screamed a man as he clutched in agony at the palm leaves between him and the sun. It seemed awful that wounded men should be carried back in such fashion, but then, as some one explained, 'Guess there's a considerable shortage of ambulance



THE FIRST FLAG OF TRUCE FROM SANTIAGO.

traction.' And then there was a certain grim appropriateness to the proceedings of yesterday.

"The men had been fired as ammunition against intrenchments and positions that should have been taken by artillery. It was quite in keeping that the poor, battered, spent bullets should be carted back in the ammunition wagons. But besides the wagons there came along from the front, men borne on hand litters, some lying face downward, writhing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hats placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them afoot, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.

"'How much further to the hospital?' they would despairingly ask.

"'Only a quarter of a mile or so,' I would answer, and, with a smile of hope at the thought that after all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"But the ammunition wagons and the few ambulance wagons did not carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital, came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could from the jumble of mules and wagons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced to walk it. They were the men whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simple flesh wounds, or only one injured leg or foot, walk it. Siboney was only eight miles away.

"True, it was a fearfully bad road, but then the plain fact was that there was not enough wagons for all, and it was better for these men to be at the base hospital, and better that they should make room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot. There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree, which he had padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was padding briskly along when I overtook him.

"'Where did they get you?' I asked him.

"'Oh, durn their skins,' he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile, 'they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot, and a bullet through the calf of the same leg, when I was being carried back from the firing line.'

"'A sharpshooter?'

“‘The fellow was up in a tree.’

“‘And you’re walking back to Siboney. Wasn’t there room for you to ride?’ I expected an angry outburst of indignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken. In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said :

“‘Guess not. They wanted all the riding room for worse cases ’n mine. Thank God, my two wounds are both in the same leg, so I can walk quite good and spry. They told me I’d be better off down at the landing yonder, so I got these crutches and made a break.’

“‘And how are you getting along?’ I asked.

“‘Good and well,’ he said as cheerfully as might be, ‘just good and easy.’ And with his one sound leg and his two sticks he went cheerfully padding along.

“It was just the same with other walking, wounded men. They were all beautifully cheerful. And not merely cheerful. They were all absolutely unconscious that they were undergoing any unnecessary hardships or sufferings. They knew now that war was no picnic, and they were not complaining at the absence of picnic fare. Some of them had lain out all the night, with the dew falling on them where the bullets had dropped them, before their turn came with the overworked field surgeons.

“‘There was only sixty doctors with the outfit,’ they explained, ‘and, naturally, they couldn’t tend everybody at once.’

“That seemed to them a quite sufficient explanation. It did not occur to them that there ought to have been more doctors, more ambulances. Some of them seemed to have a faint glimmering of a notion that there might perhaps have been fewer wounded; but then that was so obvious to everybody. The conditions subsequent to the battle they accepted as the conditions proper and natural to the circumstances. The cheerful fellow with the improvised crutches was so filled with thankfulness at the possession of his tree-branch that it never occurred to him that he had reason to complain of the absence of proper crutches. I happened by chance to know that packed away in the hold of one of the transports lying out in Siboney Bay there were cases full of crutches, and I was on the point of blurting out an indignant statement of the fact when I remembered that the knowledge would not make his walk easier. So I said nothing about it.

“I had to make the journey to Siboney myself. There was nothing more than a desultory firing going on at the front, and I had telegrams to try and get away. So I passed a good many of the walking wounded, and heard a good many groans from palm-awninged wagons. The men were, all the same, bravely and uncomplainingly plodding along through

the mud. As they themselves put it, they were 'up against it,' and that was all about it.

"And down at Siboney? Well, thank God, the hospital tents had been unloaded. They were short of cots, short of blankets, short of surgeons, short of supplies, short of nurses, short of everything. But, thank goodness, by squeezing and crowding and economizing space there was shelter for the men as they came in. And thank goodness, too, for the Red Cross Society."

During the Civil War, when battle was raging along the long front of thousands of miles, President Lincoln haunted the homely quarters where the Secretary of War was housed in those days, like an uneasy spectre. Any hour of the day or night when it was known that the armies were engaged, the President could be seen in pathetic expectancy, waiting the word from the battling hosts. Many a soldier who had borne unshaken the deadliest charges, where carnage had claimed its thousands, was moved to tears by the sight of the awful solicitude of the chief magistrate in the crises of the campaign. President McKinley knew from personal experience what Abraham Lincoln underwent during those memorable days. McKinley passed some hours of the same sort during the heat and fury of the Santiago campaign. Meagre reports of the varying phases of the combats at El Caney, San Juan and Aguadores reached the White House during the trying hours of July 3d and 4th. But there were more elaborate preparations and appliances for keeping instantaneously *au courant* with the developments of the battlefield in Washington during this war, than there were during the troubled incumbency of Lincoln. The "war room" of the executive mansion served as an assembly for all the counsellors of the executive. The walls were lined with charts and the insignia of the game of war. Maps, revealing down to the minutest detail the points of attack and strategic positions were spread out to enable the civic Commander-in-Chief to comprehend the marches and movements of the armies and fleets. From hour to hour the vague echoes of what was going on along the lines at Santiago came with exasperating incoherence.

The President grew grave and graver as the tale went on. For with the unparalleled records of valor, at the crucial points of the battle line came straggling accounts of the cost of the glory won on the Santiago hills. Before anything definite as to the result achieved had come to hand, it was known that more than a thousand lives had been lost. It was not known that these had been the price of El Caney, San Juan,—all the most serious outworks of the Spanish defence. The worn look on Mc-

Kinley's face grew deeper and deeper. If it had cost so much to merely storm the advance works, what would be the penalty of the main line of battlements? If there were 10,000 men in line and 1,000 had been wounded or killed, how could Shafter be expected to continue? The very fear that began to haunt the mind of the President soon flashed across the wires like an ill-boding echo. Shafter in the despondency of his losses, confronted by an aggravation of the difficulties of transportation, broke down. He saw nothing but retreat before him. His utmost effort had been put forth and the enemy gave no sign of yielding. He had no reserves within reach, indeed, it would have done little good if he had, as the roads encumbered with the long train of wounded would have been impracticable for an advance. The flowers of the army had been withered in the hot fire of the two days' combat. The glorious Regulars who knew how to die were no longer in force to teach the volunteers the conduct of the soldier. He didn't exactly know the forces of the Spaniards but he was certain that now he was besieging an army equal at least in numbers to his own. It was an hour of such bitterness to the President and his dumbfounded strategists, as the despatches from Manila must have caused in the cabinet of the Spanish Queen Regent. The President realized in an instant the fierce cry of wrath and scorn that would salute the event, if things were going to turn out as Shafter, in his discouragement, hinted. He would be held responsible to the world for the hurrying forward of incompetent forces; for the crass ignorance of a movement that showed imprevoyance in every detail. Neither Bull Run nor Fredericksburg wrought more misery on Lincoln, than the few hours of doubt as to the outcome of Santiago revealed in the worn face of McKinley.

The first days of July had been intolerably hot in Washington, the thermometer had gone as high as 106° in the shade. What then must the normal temperature have been on the sunburned hills of Santiago, in the stifling fumes of battle smoke, in the rush and hurry of charge and action? No wonder Shafter's heart fainted when he saw the sanguinary lines of wounded dragging themselves past his quarters. It looked as if the entire force were victims of the Mauser. But even more cruel than the wan cavalcade of mangled, the hecatombs that covered the sun-blistered hillsides made it seem that the whole army was disabled. No wonder that Shafter, himself ailing, despaired of pushing forward, where to merely breathe seemed a hardship. For the 1,000 killed and the 1,000 wounded were not the only visible results of the week's marches and combats. Many were inanimate or seemed so, from heat, the water and the

food. Shafter knew that if he could summon 5,000 able-bodied men out of the 16,000 thousand on the rolls he would be doing extremely well. In the war room in Washington, as in Shafter's tent at Santiago, this was all vividly realized so soon as the commander's hint of retreat came. The councillors of the executive probably realized it even more poignantly, for they had already heard something of the hideous lack of system and prevision governing the administrative details of the campaign. Fear like a robe of penitence fell upon every one in authority—for there was a dim introspective vision of the coming storm, when millions began to learn the story.

But the hardest of the strain was the secret fear of all that Shafter had not ventured to tell the worst; that more agonizing was to follow! It was even whispered under the breath, that he was already flying in disorder along the choked roads, stripped of every semblance of an organized force. To lend to the worst apprehensions, there were inexplicable breaks in the despatches; intervals of what seemed unnecessary delay when the President lost all hope. He was steeling himself for the catyclasm, when an almost grotesque word trickled over the wire. The armies had agreed on an armistice! That meant time for reinforcements; it meant that the wretched Spaniard had already half surrendered, for a man in his place would never consent to stop fighting an instant with such conditions confronting him, unless he was making ready to give up. This too the merest amateur in the besieging ranks realized, and from the moment the white flag fluttered out over the bloody spaces, the armies knew that whatever further fighting went on, would be perfunctory. The truce was all in favor of the invader and in no wise in favor of the besieged. But as the wretched Spaniard was compelled to take counsel with Madrid, and as the Sagasta cabinet had been warned that the forces could not resist a siege, the truce was meant from the first as a preliminary to the end. This, however, General Shafter didn't know. He was now to some extent relieved of the burden by the arrival of the General-in-Chief, Miles, who set to work to push reinforcements to the sorely worn ranks. The pourparlers went on from the temporary truce until the 15th. General Toral the Spanish commander who had succeeded General Linares, was in feverish correspondence with the authorities in Madrid, who for some reason not explained, delayed a definitive answer to the soldiers' prayer to be permitted to give up the useless contest. Even when General Shafter felt himself strong enough to take the city by a coup de main, the wiser method of persuasion went on.

It is worth setting down that the irrepressible soldiery, so far as their

wishes were expressed, desired carnage. They wanted to go into the city in the tumult of battle. These too were the men who had gone through the Walpurgis torments of those early July days, when the air burned the lungs that inhaled it. But at noon on the 15th of July the tedious preliminaries were brought to an end. The chiefs of the Federal army, in the presence of the two lines, Spanish and Yankee, met a short distance from the intrenchments, and the last solemnity was observed. Followed by a regiment of the Regulars, Shafter and his staff were conducted to the civic palace where the flag of the United States replaced the banner of Spain. There was little attempt at the spectacular, but the masses who witnessed the scene were impressed with the indifference of the Spaniards. For both the citizens and soldiers seemed relieved. The capitulation revealed to General Shafter the amazing luck that had attended our whole campaign, for the forces surrendered were almost double the number brought to the island from Tampa. Those who had wrought incessantly for weeks were rewarded with a spectacle such as we had not seen since the armies of Washington and Rochambeau were drawn up at Yorktown—the filing past of an army corps, under the laws of war. Our soldiery, in this intoxicating hour of triumph, confirmed all the traditions of chivalry we have been accustomed to associate with them; they gave the Spaniards no cause to regret the giving up. Shafter himself like the stout soldier he had proven himself, refused to take the sword of the Spanish commander. In an hour after the flag of the republic swung out over the turrets of the municipal palace the troops of the two armies were mobilized in the kindest confraternity. The good augury was still later fulfilled by a document which forms a point of departure in warfare. On leaving the country for Spain, the armies captured at Santiago issued this remarkable testimony to the cordiality of the relations established in the stress of war.

“To Major-General Shafter, Commanding the American Army in Cuba :

“Sir: The Spanish soldiers who capitulated in this place on the 16th of July last, recognizing your high and just position, pray that through you all the courageous and noble soldiers under your command may receive our good wishes and farewell, which we send them an embarking for our beloved Spain. For this favor, which we have no doubt you will grant, you will gain the everlasting gratitude and consideration of 11,000 Spanish soldiers, who are your most humble servants.

“PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO,

“Private of Infantry.”



SURRENDER OF GENERAL TORAL TO GENERAL SHAFTER.

J. S. F.

"Also the following letter, addressed to the soldiers of the American Army:

"Soldiers of the American Army: We would not be fulfilling our duty as well-born men, in whose breasts there live gratitude and courtesy, should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending to you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell. We fought you with ardor, with all our strength, endeavoring to gain the victory, but without the slightest rancor or hate toward the American nation. We have been vanquished by you (so our Generals and chiefs judged in signing the capitulation), but our surrender and the bloody battles preceding it have left in our souls no place for resentment against the men who fought us nobly and valiantly. You fought and acted in compliance with the same call of duty as we, for we all but represent the power of our respective states.

"You fought us as men, face to face, with great courage, as before stated, a quality which we had not met with during the three years we have carried on this war against a people without religion, without morals, without conscience, and of doubtful origin, who could not confront the enemy, but, hidden, shot their noble victims from ambush and then immediately fled. This was the kind of warfare we had to sustain in this unfortunate land. You have complied exactly with all the laws and usages of war, as recognized by the armies of the most civilized nations of the world; have given honorable burial to the dead of the vanquished; have cured their wounded with great humanity; have respected and cared for your prisoners and their comfort, and lastly, to us, whose condition was terrible, you have given freely of food, of your stock of medicines, and you have honored us with distinction and courtesy, for after the fighting the two armies mingled with the utmost harmony.

"With this high sentiment of appreciation from us all, there remains but to express our farewell, and with the greatest sincerity we wish you all happiness and health in this land, which will no longer belong to our dear Spain, but will be yours who have conquered it by force and watered it with your blood, as your conscience called for, under the demand of civilization and humanity, but the descendants of the Congo and of Guinea, mingled with the blood of unscrupulous Spaniards and of traitors and adventurers—these people are not able so exercise or enjoy their liberty, for they will find it a burden to comply with the laws which govern civilized communities.

From 11,000 Spanish soldiers.

"PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO,

"Soldier of Infantry."

"Santiago de Cuba 21st of August, 1898.

"SHAFTER, Major-General."

It was Cervera's fleet not Santiago that decided the siege of that city. With the ungovernable curiosity of our compatriots for information, all the accessible data bearing on this most ancient and picturesque of Cuban capitals was brought into requisition. History, however, has curiously neglected to set forth the innumerable layers of romance that bury Santiago in a vaguely unreal oblivion. Alternately the city of Spanish power, the headquarters of its viceroys and the seat of rebellion, Santiago has for a new world city as much interest to the archeologist as Cadiz or Seville. All the conquistadores from Columbus to Hernando de Soto paused in their conquering flight in this sacred city named after the patron saint of Spain, Saint Iago. Here Ponce de Leon loitered, dreaming his dreams of that mysterious spring that, once tasted, was to restore youth to the jaded and beauty to the outworn. The city itself is an irregular square rising steeply from the edge of the pellucid water of one of the most enchanting bays of the world, and sprawling distractedly upward to those heights which will for many a day be memorable in the annals of this republic.

To the traveler who has seen Spain, the city is a fair reproduction of any separate segment of Toledo. The houses like all tropic edifices, are built for the double purpose of shading the streets and lessening the danger in the event of earthquakes. The walls of the ancient edifices are fortress-like in strength and not without the picturesque suggestion that still makes a Spanish city an object of interest, even delight to eyes that have grown weary of our monotonous brown stone grandeurs, or the depressing "flat" structures that have come to make our cities models of hideousness. It is not, however, so much the city as the people which makes Santiago a study to neighbors even so near as ourselves. For, though within a few hours' sail of the most capacious ports of the United States, Santiago is far less known than Bordeaux or Hamburg. The Santiagoans live very much as their forefathers three hundred years ago must have lived, under the hard mediæval conditions, when the populace had little voice, few representatives and no consideration. The monteros for example, working people, are housed in huts that would incite a riot among the most downtrodden of the Africans of the South. The floors are without plank and the walls rough finished mortar just as it is laid on. The roof is generally broad palmetto leaves and sloped down to within a foot or two of the ground. In this scanty "castle" huddles usually a very large family, for the Cubano is a prolific begetter. Clothing is hardly an expense in the calculation of these monteros families, for the children run about quite as they were born—naked. In the upper

strata of this civic system, while dwellings are marked by taste and even elegance of refinement, the male Cuban has of late years at least, fallen into the British habit of club life. The Don Carlos club of Santiago is the rendezvous of all who are admitted to any degree of social distinction in the city. The single thing to note in this aristocratic cenacle, is the utter absence of any literature of any kind in the clubrooms. But it has long been a singular distinction of the Cubans that they are the most illiterate of any well-to-do race in Christendom. For, like the ancient aristocrats of the feudal days, education still bears the stamp of low birth or equivocal status. Ignorance, however, is rather the result of indolence than a pronounced prejudice against learning. And in a system in which personal initiative found little encouragement, no attempts have ever been made in any of the Cuban cities to put schools to the front as even the most obstinate absolutisms in Europe have found it necessary to do. The chief distinction of the city of Santiago is, that the seat of the Catholic Church is situated there. The archbishop's palace rivals the splendor of the ancient castle of the viceroys. The union of church and state in its militant form, is significantly illustrated in the great cathedral, where an armed warrior stands in effigy beside the high altar, accoutred as though on the field of battle, a memorial of the warlike San Iago. In everything that pertains to life as our busy people understand it, Santiago carries us back three hundred years, and we see the people as the eyes of Cortez or Columbus must have seen them, when they quit the banks of the Guadalquiver to gather the argosies which were to bring Spain the treasure, that were to ultimately work her ruin.

Santiago did not have the good fortune to be burned down under a vigorous administrator like Tacon, who rebuilt Havana. Hence its narrow, filthy streets, its ancient but not venerable walls, suggest the sentiment of Watts reversed in its aspect: where nothing pleases and man is vile. For certainly it seems impossible for anything with refinement, or our idea of order, to subsist in streets that are merely sewers, perpetually confronted by sights repellent and disgusting. And yet, accustomed to the place, every one who has resided in its filthy shambles, confesses to a certain fascination. For, with all their alleged cruelty there is a certain childlike and confiding side to the Spanish Cuban, almost irresistible to our cold-blooded and rather calculating race. Possibly the lavish splendor of the foliage of the palms, whose leaves are large as umbrellas, and the indescribable blossoms that break out in the interstices of old walls, wherever a particle of soil may have lodged, serve to hide the ugliness of outline and even to cover the decay which resembles filth. Under the

benignant moonlight the life of the town has all the fascination of Seville or Cadiz. The streets are animated with languorous cavaliers and senoritas, just as we have seen them in pictures and heard them sung since Don Quixote jibed chivalry away. There is but one public square and this is the centre of the pleasure system, for here all ranks and conditions of the Santiagoans meet of an evening, as do the Venetians in the Piazza St. Marco. Fronting this plaza, rises the ungainly façade of the cathedral, a mingling of Moorish and Gallo-Roman architecture, imposing only by its dimensions. For its 38,000 people, Santiago has fifty churches and six casinos. The latter are renowned for their elaborate fittings and for the constant gaiety going on within their walls.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SANTIAGO.

V.

IF this narrative proves anything, it places beyond dispute the valor of our soldiery, by sea and land. The mere recital of the prodigies wrought by navy and army attest the unexampled loftiness of soul, the devouring ardor of rank and file to do all that falls to man to do in danger. Barely however, had the truce sounded and peace begun, when a dolorous transformation set a new scene. The death and maiming which were spared us in battle set in with astounding swiftness, the moment the deliberate operations of withdrawal began. An outbreak of indignant protest soon filled the land, obscuring for the time the momentous issues to be decided by the peace commissions; letters from thousands of soldiers in camp revealed a state of destitution, of neglect, so incredible that it required verified testimony on the part of those believed most trustworthy, to convince the country. Such examinations as followed, revealed a repulsive reign of unfitness and incapacity not found at the front alone, in the fever smitten chapparal camps of Cuba. The rendezvous from Chickamauga to Washington were found to be all that camps should not be. It was found that our sons and brothers, our husbands and fathers, eager, high-minded, noble, were made the spoil of low-minded intriguers, coralled like cattle under untrained chiefs, shipped to the scene of action by dunces and adventurers, who knew no more of war than the cowboy or the fillibuster.

From the moment war was proclaimed until the hour peace came, it was the nefarious influence of the politician, the hateful greed of syndicates, that seemed to rule the war office. The lust of gain, the privilege of place, the odious mechanism of what is vulgarly known as the "pull" of the accidental holders of place, ruled the precincts of valor, of authority. Shylock expounded the law and demanded the flesh and blood of our heroes, our defenders. The administrative agencies seem to have been dominated by a hierarchy of pitiless speculators demanding, not the pound of flesh the poet makes typical, but the lifeblood of the soldiery, the savings of the millions. The signal was given by the unqualifiable Congress that forced the war. That body passed a revenue law, which exacted the last penny from toil, and left substantially untouched the affluent and influential. From the household salt to the miner's kit, the

tax fell, heavily inescapable, while the lordly yachtsman, the baron of the mines, or the bond manipulator escaped untouched. The small army called for to fight the spectre of a power that never meant to resent our conduct beyond the form of protest, was launched with a machinery, on paper, as costly as the vast force that put down the rebellion. Every time server who knew the methods of the departments, every knave who knew the complaisance of Congressmen, every self-seeker who aspired to sudden wealth, rallied at the war department, at the various executive counters of commerce, and exacted tribute from the administrative agents. From a shoe string to a cavalry bridle, from a can of beans to a vial of quinine, the war department accepted bids, higher by wholesale than any reputable merchant ever dreamed of asking at retail. The speculation in the naval purchases were open to all eyes, the people were made to pay for useless hulks, tenfold,—a hundredfold the valuation set by competent appraisers.

But miscreant as this assassin traffic was, it would have passed unheeded, had the soldiers been spared the dolorous consequences. When the agonizing cries of the wounded, the maledictions of parents and friends uprose over the scoundrelly transports furnished, then the public, always languid over abuses, indifferent over the criminal malfeasances of legislators, broke into protest. The inhuman greed of the favored Shylocks cost the republic more lives than the Spanish fleets and bullets. The scenes on the transports dispatched from Santiago eclipse in barbarous inhumanity the torments of the Turk in Armenia, the British prisons of the revolution of 1812. While we were pouring out treasure with unstinted measure, the sick, the wounded, the dying, were without the essentials to existence. At this moment when the horrors of war, through science, were reduced to the lowest terms, we, in a "War for humanity" murdered our wounded, starved our convalescents, and conveyed the heroes of glorious fields in ships that a humane cattle herder would refuse to embark his herds on. We have seen the criminal neglect of the commissary—the medical department, all the secondary forces of campaigning, during the awful advance and siege of Santiago: we have seen an army pushed against scientifically prepared bulwarks, unprovided with a single requisite for the campaign involved. We have seen a handful of surgeons, fainting in the attempt to do the work apportioned for hundreds; we have seen men fighting three days without cover, without food, without intelligible control. All this, however, may be explicable through causes involving no criminality. But the lack of medical aid, the utter absence of the hospital resources, paid for, and well paid for,

by the people, mean that knavery, rather than imbecility was the cause. Whether rightly or wrongly, the head of the war department was universally held responsible for the misconduct of the entire administrative forces. Put in place, by repulsive and abhorrent forces, Alger was looked upon by many as the last expression of the type of official, the weak, the wicked, the hatefully incompetent faction of party foisted upon the tax payers. He had been for years an absurdly pushing candidate for the presidency.

For the supply of the soldiers, the chartering of trains, the use of railways, the thousand and one contracts, depending on, if not originated by the head of the war department, were from common report what the plain people call theft. That is to say a sagacious executive, an educated administrator would have made it a matter of personal pride, to say nothing of patriotism, to secure to the people the lowest rates and the most efficient services. There was not a regiment moved from any point to any other point in the country, that an outcry of indignant contempt was not heard. Even Theodore Roosevelt, bound by official amenities, to speak moderately, characterized the transportation of his Rough Riders, as a libel on civilized mobilization. Nor is it possible without some experience in the actual business of war, to wholly comprehend the nefarious, inhuman treatment of the men entrusted to the despicable agencies signalized in Cuba. To enrich contractors, they were improperly clad; to enrich contractors, they were improperly fed, or as at Santiago, not fed at all. At every rendezvous, the tale was told of inferior food, flimsy and half made garments, winter coats under a torrid sun—in fact plundering of the treasury without restraint. The sons of senators, the progeny of the group that command a "pull," were assigned to the scientific functions that require education, training, experience. Their names were flaunted daily in the press despatches, where glory was to be gained.

But the schooled legions that had been graduated from West Point, during the last thirty-five years, eager, able, competent, were passed by unnoticed. A thousand Cromwells were overlooked to gratify the senatorial demands. A corps that would have given Napoleon an army of marshals, was ignored to conciliate the selfish greed of the politicians. A thousand Neys were repelled by the war department, to make way for the scions of the millionaire, the kinsmen of the secretary or his collaborators. Not one in a thousand of the accomplished soldiers, graduated from our great military school, found an opportunity to make use of his attainments, to exhibit his gratitude to the patrie. Never in the most absolutist heyday of the monarchies of the old world was such open nepo-

tism, such subservience to class and rank indulged. Politics, not war, was the animating sentiment that ruled the formation of the army. This we saw in its most hateful form in 1861 and onward, but it was to a certain extent forced upon the inexperienced chief magistrate, who faced the rebellion. It took four years of pillage and slaughter to stiffen Lincoln against the perfidy of the contractor, the Shylock and the privileged ; it was supposed that the lesson had been taught for all time. But the first month of the war revealed that it was not. The contractor, callous, grasping, insatiate, was given carte blanche in the war department, and knavery held the army by the throat from the moment it reached the rendezvous, until the moment the discharge papers were signed. Where the private buyer would have been asked to pay a dollar, the government was forced to pay from ten to one hundred, and then did not get what the specifications called for.

During the Civil War, vast as were the preparations made by the authorities, our battlefields would have proved Golgothas, had it not been for an enlightened body of women and men, known as the Sanitary Commission. This organization embraced the aid of the kindly disposed in every community in the Union. During the five years of its operations in the field, it received and expended twenty-five millions of dollars. It saved 200,000 lives, that would have been otherwise sacrificed by lack of prompt care and intelligent nursing. For no matter how perfectly organized a medical department may be, it is physically impossible to transport and keep on the verge of the battlefield, surgeons and nurses in numbers sufficient to attend the mangled. In one volley from musketry, a thousand wounded may fall. How would it be possible to have a surgeon at hand for each sufferer? The Sanitary Commission to a great extent solved this dreadful problem by equipping its own ambulances, which moved with and under protection of the armies.

When the war with Spain arose, the spirit of the founders of the Sanitary Commission came back, and the humane all over the land took in hand the work of preparation. Money was contributed in sums lavish enough to conduct a campaign. An army of nurses, large as the contingent of soldiery summoned by the President, came eagerly forward to enlist in hospital work. With enlightened patriotism, all local societies and Samaritans put themselves in unison, or merged their efforts in the Red Cross. This splendid society needs a word of retrospect to make its magnificent utilities comprehensible. As the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift, all the heroism of the brief campaign in Cuba was not illustrated by the panoplied warrior. No history that fails

to take into account the enduring effects, the consummate faculty displayed by the Red Cross legion, would be in any sense a comprehensive picture of a momentous epoch. Side by side with the marches, battles, sieges, surprises—all the vicissitudes, indeed that the armies and navies met and vanquished, stands the noble ministry of the Red Cross. Indeed the name of Dewey, himself, was hardly better known than that of Clara Barton, the sagacious Captain-General in the Samaritan campaign.

Wherever the weak, the wounded, the ailing, the neglected—the innumerable host, that in the best managed wars, must suffer some deprivation and need succor, were, the assiduous, patient, benignant ministers of this new adjunct to war, were seen and felt. There was not a home or hamlet in the land, with a son or a citizen under fire, who had not cause to know the efficiency of Miss Barton's modest ministers. The Red Cross indeed, is one of the evidences that civilization has diminished some of the calamities men and peoples bring upon themselves, when they give way to the hereditary instinct and invoke war—where peaceful means are looked upon as too slow.

Forty years ago, a kindly Swiss, Henri Dunant was caught upon the scene of carnage, the battlefield of Solferino presented after the French and Austrians had fought all day. The wounded were lying in ghastly heaps, deserted. The medical train was unequal to attending a thousandth part of the victims. Dunant, reflecting on the hideous spectacle, imagined a society, whose business it should be to accompany armies and minister impartially to each victim on the field, irrespective of his nationality. On his return to his Swiss home, he set his idea forth in an eloquent plea, suggesting the formation of a corps of Samaritans, devoted exclusively to the wounded. The heart of the European world was touched by the recital. A convention was called by the kindly, the philanthropic. This remarkable assembly of the humane, met in Geneva in the year 1864, at the very time our battlefields were covered almost continuously with hecatombs of the maimed. Representatives from every people in Christendom attended the organization. A compact was signed—pledging the signatory nations to an inviolable neutrality toward the members of the society during all succeeding wars while at work on the field of battle and covered by the insignia, adopted in compliment to the Swiss republic—the flag of the confederation. The flag of Switzerland is heraldically described as “on a field gules, a cross argent.” This is the flag of the society all over the world, the colors being reversed. The insignia is jealously guarded, and the brassards and armlets, that are sewed on the sleeves when issued in time of war, are marked with private



MISS CLARA BARTON.
President American Red Cross Society.

devices, so that both armies may be protected from spies, and none but those engaged in the work of helping the wounded shall be "immune."

Sixty-two nations are now members of the Red Cross. In 1882, Miss Clara Barton was accredited to the Red Cross convention as the delegate from this republic. Since then, her efforts have been incessant to bring the organization up to the same efficiency that marks any department of an army in campaign. Through Miss Barton's suggestions and active advocacy, the scope of the society has been constantly enlarging. Something like training-schools for nurses, have been organized—to aid the afflicted, not only in war, but when calamities occur at any time. Though comprehending but vaguely the vital succor this organization brings to the battlefield, the war had no sooner begun than the society was borne down with proffers of aid, both by volunteer nurses, medicines—even vessels, to carry the afflicted from port to port. Alongside the fleets in Florida and side by side with the blockader in Cuban waters, the Red Cross banner became as familiar as the flag of the republic.

In the awful days of deprivation that marked the advance to Santiago, the Red Cross may be said to have been the only organized aid to the ailing, the wounded, the helpless. These devoted companies hovered where danger was deadliest; they ministered to the wounded, under shot and shell; they braved the deadly fever of the plague smitten camps and to their zeal and devotion, many a home owes the safe return of husband or father, son or brother. No sooner were the ranks under fire than the Red Cross was called. The stretchers were inadequate to carry out the maimed, the nurses sought their charges, almost on the line of fire. In the extraordinary march to Santiago, the army not only lacked proper raiment and food, it lacked the presence of a medical corps. This the Red Cross, to a surprising extent remedied. But everything was lacking, it seems, from the testimony that even the coöperation of the constituted medical hierarchy was refused, or if rendered was in a spirit so churlish that disaster followed. There were no correspondents to proclaim the heroism of this devoted band. But thousands of private letters, informed the country of the work done, water borne from the very cannon's mouth to the choking soldiers, tents improvised by a sheet thrown over the limb of a tree, such dainties cooked in portable stoves, as a compact larder afforded. Above all, the tender handiwork of women.

Incredible to say, the head of the medical department of the United States army, opposed himself from the first, to the utilization of the Red Cross agencies in succoring the wounded. He opposed and impeded the going to Cuba of the women nurses, yet when the hour of need came,

the constituted instruments of his department were not on hand. The food, medicine—the paraphernalia of the most elementary hospital, was nowhere near the fields where 1,700 dying men were in extremity. The tale of the lamentable exhibition of mismanagement had begun to be told, long before the soldiers left the various camps of concentration. Acrimonious controversies filled the public press. In these it was shown



THE RED CROSS IN THE FIELD.

that by design or incapacity, thousands of men were hurried to isolated spots, far from the aid of civilized communities and held in semi-imprisonment, with none of the supplies at hand essential for health, let alone comfort. The outcry from Tampa, Chickamauga and elsewhere, coming in the stress and strain of preparation, did not attract general attention; but when the appalling pictures of an almost studious neglect of the wounded, accompanied the thrilling portrayal of the battles fought, then the public mind was deeply impressed.

It required, however, the exposure of the inhuman transport of the

convalescents on two steamers, the Seneca and Concho to arouse public indignation to a white heat. The pictures of almost depraved inattention embodied in the experience of the victims of these two ships, was an indictment of the humanity as well as the capacity of all in any way responsible. The defects were indeed so harrowing that many journals shrank from reproducing the ghastly pictures. A Brooklyn critic was not thought to exceed the proper limits of reproof in asserting: "The state of things on the Seneca, the other day, and on the Concho, this week, was a disgrace to the United States. It made the army bureau of medicine and surgery a worse enemy to the sick, wounded and suffering by the war, than the Spanish Mausers, Cuban filth, yellow fever or tropical typhoons combined. No culprits or imbeciles responsible for the wrongs, must have to do with the investigation in any other rôle than that of accused defendants.

"And such of the incompetents as seek to put the blame on the Red Cross, should be especially suspected. The Red Cross has stood out as preëminently the far-sighted, deft-handed, alert, systematic, sane and sympathetic force of amelioration in this war. Its women and men expected bad results as possibilities—and were prepared to meet them. Wherever they have had way, and sway, things have gone right. Wherever red tape and bureaucracy have stood in their way, Seneca facts and Concho facts have indelibly disgraced our government and torn the hearts of our people with agony and horror.

"The medical bureau has been even worse than that of the quartermaster—general's. More could hardly be said. Troops have been sent where there was no food. Food has been sent, unfit to eat. Camps have been located in pestiferous places. Men not even at the front have died like sheep in American camps. And verified complaints, and unanswerable evidence have been met by a sturdy mendacity, an invincible ignorance or a fiendish indifference. And what is the transportation bureau—whatever be the official name of it—doing? Is it smitten too with incompetency? Why are not the regiments of immunes now at Santiago, that the well of the fifth corps could be carried to the Cuban hills and the ill brought to Montauk Point? Were a thousand transports at anchor at Santiago, they could not be loaded up without sufferers until the immunes were there for garrison duty. We dare not reproduce the details of the sufferings. They are criminal, because largely preventable sufferings. We dare not lift the veil. The facts are awful. They ought to be incredible, for they ought to be impossible. The war, fortunately is over. But the accounting with the people of Spain should not prevent the ac-

counting of the press, the people, and Congress, with those whose incompetency makes them worse than Spain. For Spain was licensed to hurt our boys, and these imbeciles were licensed, paid, commissioned and sworn to help them. And yet because of them, the mortality since the enemy surrendered, far exceeds the mortality of battle. Shame on the fact! Justice in the form of punishment for those to blame for the fact!"

Goaded by outcries from all sides in this tone, Secretary Alger wrote a note of almost flippant lightness, dismissing the abuses as incident to war!

An ex-minister of the United States, Robert B. Roosevelt, voiced the sentiment of the country in a swift response. In a letter to the press, he wrote: "I have read with surprise and equal indignation the letter of Secretary Alger to General Dodge. Its callous and heartless indifference to the sufferings of our soldiers, is most unworthy of a patriotic public officer, and almost incomprehensible in a father with a son at the front, exposed to the unnecessary hardships the men have been forced to endure. It even seems to me to furnish the keynote to the situation, for if the head of the department is cynically indifferent and careless, the underlings will be more so, and feel justified and sustained. When every father and mother in this land who has a son in the war, is bitterly outraged at the want of proper precautions, or ordinary forethought, not to say downright speculation—for as yet, no one seems to know where the blame should be placed—the Secretary of War—the man whose reputation is most involved, the man who has the greatest responsibility—coolly writes to General Dodge:—'You and I know what this means. It has always occurred and always will occur. That is war, and war would not be war without it.' Is that anything but a carte blanche to any one in any way connected with the war department to ill treat, under feed and even rob the soldiers, as much as he pleases?

"I am not a military man, Secretary Alger, but I take issue with every one of your brutal and self-sufficient assertions. It has not always occurred, except when incompetent men were in places of responsibility. It will not continue to occur, even if we have to get another Secretary of War. It is not war. It exhibits on the other hand, utter incapacity for the simplest duties of war. No war could be carried on successfully, if such things were to be allowed to exist, as your letter would seem to imply that you are perfectly willing they should. The country found itself unexpectedly brought face to face with the dread realities of conflict. A call was made for volunteers and they poured out to the number of nearly half a million, counting all who offered their services. They

knew they had to brave the bullets of the enemy, the fever and the pestilence and the loss of comforts and often employment, but they did not think that they were to be half starved, and then told that to complain was unpatriotic; that even to write home to their families was spreading disaffection.

"I do not intend that this attempt to assist them shall be made personal. No one's name shall be brought in; no one shall be accused of grumbling as the Secretary endeavors to do. If the men who defend the system desire to make it personal with me they can, but they shall not cast imputation on those, who having given up everything for their country, taken their lives in their hands and left home and family, are half starved even before they left our shores, are huddled in transports in a way to renew the horrors of old time slave trade, and are sent home when sick and wounded, crowded to excess, uncared for, without water or suitable nourishment, and with surgeons unsupplied with instruments. If Secretary Alger had the heart of a man, he would, instead of indulging in ill-timed sarcasms, have been the first and most persistent in finding out where lay the blame for all this wrong and suffering, and, instead of announcing that they were to continue, would have been the most urgent in bringing them to a sudden and decided termination, instead of attempting to silence complaints by insinuations against the patriotism of those who would remove the cause from them.

"I do not know who is Commissary-General and have had no personal quarrel with him or anybody else, but I do know that the army ration is abundant and far better for the men than the 'stuff,' as one of them called it, we are trying to get to them often vainly I fear, in place of the good and appropriate food which the government ought to supply to them. But when one of them writes 'mother I am always hungry,' is it surprising that that mother endeavors to get to him the best she can and whatever she can? Think of it Mr. Alger and see if it does not awaken something better than sarcasm in your mind. The boy, always hungry, always wet, always facing the Mauser rifles of the Spaniards, in the trenches day and night, ready at any moment to charge into 'the valley of death' as they did up the heights at Santiago, and yet through the fault of some one, contractor, official or whoever it may be—forced to go 'always hungry.' Would it not be more worthy, more patriotic, more politic even, especially in the head of the department which is responsible, to endeavor to find out who is to blame and bring about a reform, instead of saying contemptuously, 'Oh, such things always occur and will continue'? If you don't think so, wait until you hear from the fathers

and mothers of the suffering and uselessly endangered heroes for whom you seem to have so little sympathy."

Nearly every family that had a son or kinsman in the army received a picture of the situation, couched in terms that left no doubt of the truthfulness of the extraordinary culpability revealed ; a soldier on board ship, for illustration wrote :

"Figure to yourself a ship of not more than 3,500 tons, transporting 1,005 troops, exclusive of crew, and some 1,500 horses and mules. Such is the state of affairs on board the Massachusetts, which is undoubtedly a fair sample of the average transport. Two-thirds of the promenade deck, which is usually small, is allotted to officers ; one-half of the remainder is improvised into a hospital, and the remaining half is all that the troops are allowed to use. The main and lower decks are entirely filled by the horses and mules. The troops are packed away in a quarter of the hold, still lower. The space is entirely filled by hammocks two deep, hung lengthwise, and but eighteen inches apart, with an average of fifty to the width of the vessel. There are five troops of cavalry on board, all of whom were obliged to carry below to their sleeping (?) quarters all of their saddles and other paraphernalia, weighing upward of eighty-five pounds, and leaving no space whatever to walk about in. Everything is piled about the floor in extricable confusion. In fact, it is next to impossible for a man to claim his own.

"The filth and stench in the quarters are impossible to describe. For more than a day no drinking water was provided for the men. The suffering from thirst was intense. Everywhere could be seen men with their cups in their hands simply begging for a drink of water. When water was at last provided, it was the same that was fed to the mules, run into a large basin and allowed to stand between the cattle and the water closets. The water could not fail under these circumstances to become more or less contaminated, and it will be an agreeable surprise to those on board if a good many cases of typhoid do not break out soon after landing, as a result. As to the lavatory accommodations, the English language fails to provide words to describe such obnoxious and foul arrangements as were improvised at the last moment, apparently by the ship's carpenter for our use.

"Our meals, if one were fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to obtain them, all consisted of hardtack and salted pork, varied occasionally by canned corn beef and beans. I say if one were fortunate enough to obtain them, for the culinary department bore more resemblance to a large grab bag than anything else. If one's kit happened to have gone astray,

rather the rule than the exception, one had to go a begging. Sleeping on board is next to impossible. Below, the stench and suffocating atmosphere are intolerable. The only alternative is to lie down on the deck floor, if one is so fortunate as to find a place for himself. Every available inch of space is taken up in this way, the men lying together like sardines in a box, thankful at least for a breath of fresh air and relief from obnoxious odors of the quarters below in the hold of the vessel, now popularly known as 'hell.'"

Peculation on a small and large scale was practiced in the furnishing and supply departments. The fiduciary agents entrusted with buying for the government, were often found in league with the contractor, awarding bids through the influence of political agents, rather than fitness to produce the article needed. From many posts of the country horrified fathers and mothers read revelations like this, taken from one of the most serious journals in the West: "Quartermaster-Sergeant James Young, of a Kansas regiment, is under arrest charged with selling supplies. His defence is that every other officer in similar position has done the same. Sergeant Young seems to be a proper person for an example. After he has been rigorously dealt with, the offenders should suffer till the quartermaster's department is ruled by patriotism instead of cupidity. Some men trade on noble sentiment, and find in war the rascal's opportunity for gaining riches. It is as infamous as anything of which we have accused the Spaniards. When splendid young men offer themselves by thousands in the ranks, go cheerfully into danger, go patiently to hospital or serenely across the dark river, how hateful the conduct of pilferers."

A studious observer who had been for years among European armies and knows something of the conditions of the Civil War, summed up the situation at Tampa, just as the Shafter expedition was on the eve of departure for Santiago: "The camp at Tampa is a disgraceful evidence either of political jobbery or of equally gross incompetence. If this were in Spain we would say that a Secretary of War, willing to accept the responsibility for locating troops at Tampa, must be either corrupt or otherwise unfit for office. Mr. Alger accepts responsibility for Tampa. Can any one ask more evidence of political jobbery than that, with the whole of Florida to choose from, our Secretary of War should have insisted on locating our main army of invasion at a point where only one line of railway owned a virtual monopoly of all transportation, and where the government pays two cents a gallon for water consumed? Close to Tampa are camping grounds, where the men would have had abundant water

supply and where two competing roads would have greatly facilitated the commissary question. Why did not the War Department choose such a place? Why did the Secretary of War treat as impertinence any reference to the state of things at Tampa? Why are all Regular army officers outspoken on this subject, when they are talking to a friend, and why are they afraid to be quoted? The reason is that they all feel that some one at the head has a political or pecuniary interest in perpetuating things as they are, and that officers are not thanked for telling the truth.



A CONVALESCENT CAMP.

PART II.

WHILE the immense flotilla was waiting the signal to sail at Tampa, the army on shore saw among the fleet an enormous steamer with a flag whereon a Red Cross was a constant signal to the ill or ailing. On the large smoke stacks the same sign invited, while from the broad sides likewise gleamed this world known signal of humane dedication. This vessel, *The State of Texas*, though officially ignored, was laden with the most precious freight that sailed in the thirty ships of General Shafter's armada. Aside from the Samaritan ranks that crowded the splendid ship, the cargo represented the heart givings of the whole land—twelve hundred tons of needed comfort to the ailing. This mass of stores was originally contributed for the Cuban reconcentrados, but the intervention of another and worse foe than the lawlessness of the isle, made the offering unavailable. None but Red Cross workers were on the ship. There were men and women experienced in many scenes of war, disease, disaster—wherever in short, the human needs the help of the human. All were veterans of varied experience where disaster made the work of mercy no less terrible than the horrors of the battlefield. Ten of them had worked among the reconcentrados. No phase of human suffering, perhaps, could be more appalling, no condition of human wretchedness more repulsive than they had faced in that ordeal of relief in Cuba.

As the admiral to the fleet, the general to his army, the managing veteran at the head of the Red Cross, Clara Barton, is to this Samaritan order. The seventy years of her life have neither impaired her faculties nor diminished her emulous eagerness to do and dare. No soldier in the barrack held himself so disciplinedly at the call of authority, as this venerable incarnation of benignity holds herself at the beck of duty—of goodness. Her work in Cuba, before the brazen gates of war closed her out, was equal to the hardest undergone by a commander of a corps at Santiago. It is testimony of the universal recognition of this extraordinary woman's genius in well-doing, that the blunt soldier, Blanco, saw her quitting the Cuban capital with misgivings. "Your departure, Miss Barton," he said, "means more to me than the departure of your Consul-General. It means the possibility of war."

The sight of this great woman fairly awed the official hierarchy at

Tampa, who thought themselves in slavish bondage, if they devoted six hours a day to routine. The observer near Miss Barton saw her day begin with a mail that would dishearten a statesman aided by a corps of stenographers. No woman could arouse such sentiment as is felt in this heroine's ordinary atmosphere, who is not possessed of the qualities that make the exceptionally great. The character, conduct, distinction of the mass who obey her behests, is at once a tribute to her genius and a testimony to the results that genius achieves. Their inspiration is the belief in her honesty and singleness of purpose. Understanding of the work comes afterward, and later enthusiasm. It is this inspiration that holds men and women in the service of the Red Cross without pay.

One of the assurances that reconciled the pacific millions to war, if there could be such a state of mind as reconciliation to what all of gentle mould abhor, was the circumstantial exposition, published in every journal of the day, that medical science had gone hand in hand with the lethal weapons in betterment and invention: that to be wounded was no longer certain death, hardly even a temporary pain. Medical amateurs impregnated the ranks with such confidence in the manifold appliances for mitigating bullet wounds, that thousands of the credulous, yearned for this heroic distinction—a scar in defence of the flag. Theoretically our national medical service was perfection. If prescription and precept could make it so, it certainly would be. But—between the rubrics, as set down, and the practice as witnessed, there was a most melancholy gulf. For a body of men known as a division, which may comprise from 5,000 to 7,000 men, a hospital, tent, or building, if such be accessible, is prescribed. Three per cent. of the enlisted men are assigned to aiding the wounded to this haven in the time of battle. The able-bodied men thus taken from the ranks are subjected to severe discipline. They are thoroughly drilled and have absolute and entire charge of the wounded from the moment they fall, until they pass into the hands of the surgeons in the field hospital. These men are provided with stretchers and are expected to keep close to the deadly line of the advancing soldiery—to pick up the wounded. Naturally, to avert calamity the hospital is beyond the range of fire—that is the old range—before the new gun came into use. This necessitates carrying of wounded from one to three miles. The surgeons are rigorously prohibited from performing any amputating function under fire. The fate of the wounded rests in the hands of the one who applies the “first dressing.” In other days amputation was regarded as vital, the moment the wounded reached the doctor.

In the Civil War it was the practice to set up a kind of hospital, with-

out even a tent, in many cases, just out of range of the enemy's musketry fire, where temporary dressings were hurriedly applied, and amputations performed, chiefly for the purpose of checking hemorrhage. The probe was active, the removal of the foreign substance being regarded as a matter of moment. The "first dressings" would do, it was considered, until the wounded could be carried to a more permanent hospital. All this is changed. The first dressing calls for the utmost care and nothing short of perfection is aimed at by the regulations. To any one who knows the severe requirements of septic or antiseptic surgery, it must be obvious that the battlefield is no place for the first dressing. The medical experts hold that it is far better that a wounded man should wait three or four hours, if necessary, protected from the danger of hemorrhage by the windlass or circular bandage, which every litter bearer carries, and knows how to apply, than to risk his life in the first dressing, that leaves anything to be desired. As a rule, the soldier who is not killed outright, will save life and limbs, if the first dressing is perfect. It is another discovery of the fraternity that except when it kills instantly, it is not the bullet that kills. The thousands of men, an eminent surgeon declares, who have died of their wounds in the past, really died of conditions that were due to the wounds, but could have been prevented if the surgeons had only known how.

A plodding French student, whose name is unknown out of his own country, revolutionized the art of the surgeon, in the discovery of antiseptic treatment. This was Guilbert Déclat. He confided the result of his labors to the French medical academy and Pasteur declared it the beginning of a new scientific treatment. It was. A Scotch surgeon, Doctor Lister, possessed himself of the preparation, pushed it on a little farther and it is now known as the "Lister method." The discovery has revolutionized medical treatment in a majority of cases long considered difficult if not irremediable. Dr. Schwam found that the decay of meat was always accompanied by the multiplication of microscopic creatures. Then he examined the ordinary atmospheric air, and he found that it was filled with microscopic life. He thought that if he could exclude the air from meat it might not putrefy. And it did not. He thought gangrene might be regarded as a sort of putrefaction, due, like the decay of meat, to microscopic creatures in the air. He covered wounds with something that could exclude these minute organisms or else destroy them, and the result was no more gangrene and no more erysipelas. If these creatures, these bacteria, caused putrefaction, might they not be the cause of infection also, since there seemed to be something common to putre-

faction and the morbid processes, to diphtheria, erysipelas, splenic fever, septic poisoning and the like? To understand the part atmospheric germs bring about in causing death, following wounds, is to enable the practitioner to comprehend the importance of a perfect "first dressing." The whole purpose is to exclude or destroy the germs that kill. Only the experienced surgeon can appreciate the care this requires, and he argues that it is impracticable on the field of battle.

It was chiefly because of the necessity of making the first aid to the wounded, so complete as to elude the common causes of death, that "emergency hospitals" were established in cities. The injured were liable to fall into incompetent hands, which was not formerly looked upon as so grave a matter. Now it is known, that the first surgeon to touch a case must have all the appliances and conveniences, and all the knowledge and skill, and also the sense of the importance of his art, to enable him to defeat the minute enemies of life. It is known that any attempt to disinfect a wound thoroughly, in the street or at a corner store is practically futile. For the same reasons it is held, it cannot be done on the battlefield. Probing for bullets in the confusion and lack of paraphernalia is interdicted. All the instruction given by authorities in military surgery, direct that the arrest of hemorrhage, which is the single immediate danger, shall be effected by the use of elastic bandages. It is safe, it is held, to trust to this entirely for four or five hours, but not longer. As it completely checks the flow of blood to the injured part, serious consequences, including gangrene, might follow, if too long continued.

It is one of the many functions of modern surgery, to treat wounds of the extremities as though saving them was a matter of course. Amputation is not attempted except in cases in which the soft parts, involving also the vessels and nerves, are so lacerated as to make the nutrition of the injured member impossible. In the Civil War, it was the exception to spare an injured limb; the first suggestion, save in the case of slight flesh wounds, being amputation, because a stump was less dangerous than a wound. Dr. Senn, the chief operating surgeon with Shafter's army, declared that operative interference is indicated in all penetrating gun-shot wounds of the skull, while gun-shot wounds of the chest are to be treated by hermetically sealing the apertures under the strictest aseptic conditions. Penetrating gun-shot wounds of the abdomen, which were formerly regarded as equivalent to death, can be subjected to operation with many chances of success. If a patient is in a condition that he is likely to survive the comparatively slight shock of the operation, laparotomy is performed, if life is threatened by hemorrhage. It is possible to save the

lives of persons whose intestines have been perforated many times by a bullet. Such wounds were formerly inevitably mortal. A study of the practice of modern military surgery shows that in a vast majority of wounds, it is the dressing and not the operation that is chiefly depended on. Chest wounds are the most dangerous, but frequently the hemorrhage, which is the only cause for fear when the possibility for poisoning has been excluded, stops automatically.

All this knowledge which would have seemed profound scholarship to the medical staff of Napoleon's armies, was, if not familiarly known, at all events, laboriously inculcated in the staff quarters of the regiments. Indeed, treatises embodying most of the foregoing were dealt out to the private soldiers, who were expected to arm themselves with antiseptic appliances, for self-aid in the emergencies of the battlefield. To the ordinary pack the soldier carries, a compact little pharmacopœia was added—so that if deprived of a surgeon, he might himself stanch a bad wound, and even make a maimed member serviceable for a time. But, the road from Siboney to Santiago dealt disasterously with these sage precautions. Everything portable oozed away, so to speak, in the sweltering heat, the tangled thickets, the path of pain, which made even clothing an abrading torment.

It may be doubted whether the familiarizing of the soldier with the occult part of surgery makes to his value as a fighting machine or his constancy in the dismal purlieus of science, the hospital. It is no stimulation to the spirit to know that the modern wound, occasioned with a bullet that can be sped with certainty two miles and with some effect, more than that, is less fatal to the tissues, because it cuts everything opposing it, like a blade; that science to meet this has invented remedies that stay poison, help nature and discard the need of cutting and slashing—which of old was the remedial panacea of surgery. The battlefield ought, after sixty centuries of description, to be a well-known horror to the most morbid—but the hospital on the field evades the most intrepid undertaker in embalming horror. For on the cot or on the pallet, lies the relic of what an hour or two before, was the embodiment of that mysterious entity, the soldier; the agent of a people's final mandate, the executioner of everything like civic, religious or even moral precept. He may murder, he may burn, to a certain extent he may pillage; he may, must in short, put behind him every admonition taught at the fireside, the school, the church, the social forum. A bit of lead has for the moment made him as useless to himself or his country, as when he came naked into the world.

This is the vivid contrast which makes the scene of the Red Cross ministry, or the regimental, or division hospital, a spectacle as thrillingly suggestive, as its forerunner, the battlefield. Painters of old—the greatest among the masters, essayed as a piece of realistic horror—the Dance of Death, but the most agonizing of these falls far short of the spiritual atrocity the field hospital realizes, when death has set his signets from cot to cot. The mind of the sufferer would be the most thrilling of introspections—as the consciousness shapes itself into the smitten body. For one of the abiding phenomena is the uncertainty of the dim consciousness, whether the body is awaking beyond the bourne, or that reality is before the inert eyes.



ON A HOSPITAL SHIP.

VI.

TO a people like ours who see a marsh on the prairies transformed into a city ranking fourth or fifth in dimensions among the municipalities of the world, it excites but languid interest to follow the vicissitudes of a capital like Havana founded in 1508! Yet this enchanting entrepot of one of the loveliest lands known to man, ought to typify the people for whom the republic has sacrificed blood and treasure. Havana, though the Cuban metropolis, never gave a scintilla of indication that any number of her citizens had the shibboleth of "Cuba Libre" at heart. In the history of revolts it is usually the capital that speaks the decisive word; but from the first glimmerings of the restive incompatibility, which has finally ended in the subtraction of Cuba from the dominion of Spain—Havana has been more royalist than royalty itself. Every great capital in the world—save possibly St. Petersburg, has either incited revolution or by accepting it, made revolution triumphant. Yet of all cities Havana would warrant prophecy in its insurgent instincts. Its population is of the electric, mercurial congruity that revolution thrives on. For though the seat of the Cubanos, Havana is peopled by races not even nominally amalgamated. This, when we contrast the conditions of any large city in the new world, may serve to explain how Spanish power, so uniformly unwise in administration has, down to the unfurling of our flag, succeeded in holding the disparate citizenship in a subserviency unmatched by the sinister acquiescence of Warsaw or Dublin. One obvious reason for Havana's steadfast loyalty arose in the sway of its aristocracy. The Quixote tenaciousness of the Castilian in his rank and hereditaments, never went farther in puerility than the pretensions of the race that made the city the capital of Spain's most priceless conquest. Perhaps even more interpenetrating than the occult influence, and immeasurably more pervasive, was the long tenure of slavery. When that institution was swept away, the slave holders had not been tried in the furnace of war, as our aristocratic compatriots of the South were. When slavery ended in the South, it left the body of the people as the devils exorcised of old: the need of a new life came with the crash of those employed in the old: from the pragmatic patriarchy of hereditary mastership of human chattels, the Southerner confronted the instant need of bread-winning, and the new man was in the majority of cases fashioned by the new conditions. But

in Cuba and its luxurious capital, the transformation brought about by the abolition of slavery was merely in the legal aspect. The rich were still rich and more lordly, not so easily rich as when the teeming sugar galleons brought the gold of the world's wave; and tobacco plantations were wrought by labor involving little or no outlay, but still means of inexhaustible affluence. The spirit however aroused by the new conditions of social forces, made for the unrest that presently took the form of revolt. Where caste is based upon accident of form rather than established usage, the discriminated range of mankind is certain to find cause to hate, even the most benignant social tyrant, and everything seems tyrannical that is based on the imprescriptive practices of men to men. The families that make up the caste of Cuba and its capital, have not only all the glories of Spain to boast of as their heritage, they have 300 years of ardent patriotism emblazoned among the proudest tablets of their Castilian or Andalusian Patria pedigrees. For Cuba was born in war and lived by conquest—that is the repulse of nation after nation—taking advantage of Spain's growing decrepitude, to possess this radiant land. The navies of every European state have at one time or another come to disaster under the guns of the Morro. Only once were the walls of Havana penetrated by a stranger, when the British surprised a landing and reduced the defences by siege.

The personality, so to speak, of Havana is by far the most distinctive of any city on this continent. One man of energy was enough to impress upon the city a certain individuality, that once seen or felt can never be quite obliterated, no matter how many cities the same eyes may see or the same senses comprehend. In the year 1802 the Havana of the conquistadores, was burned to the ground. It was rebuilt by the man—still revered, as much as so mercurial a race can revere, the Viceroy Tacon. From a jocund penetralia of light timber, the city arose in stone, brick and marble. But the climate was a drawback to the adoption of edifices Northern taste regards alone as imposing. The residential streets are almost uniformly of one story; this expression it is to be borne in mind, gives a misleading inference. This single story would match most of the two- and three-floored houses of the well-to-do buildings in northern cities; the space cut from the height is added to the length and breadth. Each house has a court or garden—much as you see them in Spain. Travelers are often struck by a suggested resemblance between Havana and what one can see of Pompeii. There is a fanciful likeness in the contour and the lineaments so-to-speak. This is suggested by the gay coloring of the walls, the almost naive decoration and ornamentation



BRIG.-GEN'L GEORGE M. STERNBERG.
Surgeon-General, U. S. A.



MAJOR-GEN'L JOSEPH C. BRECKENRIDGE.
Inspector-General, U. S. A.



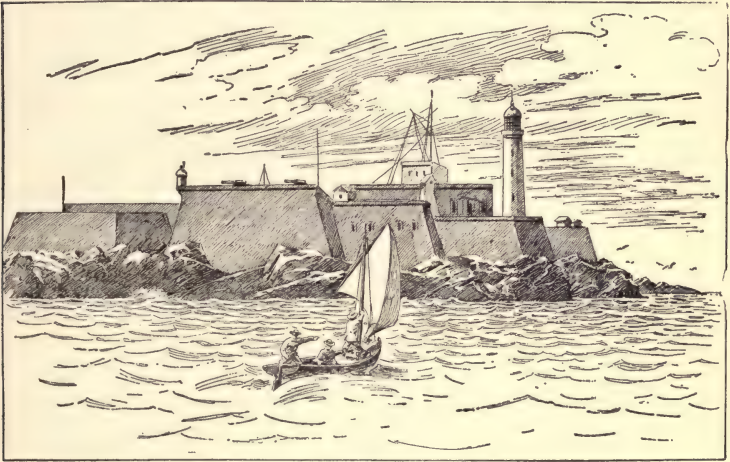
BRIG.-GEN'L DANIEL W. FLAGLER.
Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A.



MAJOR-GEN'L HENRY C. CORBIN.
Adjutant-General, U. S. A.



interior and exterior. This rococo taste is, however, not seen only in Havana. It is flagrant in Italy, in Southern Spain. But the effect in such a sunshine as bathes Havana, is far unlike that created in Seville or Florence. Here the air is of that rarefied borealis transparency, which suggests perpetual mirage. The shapes you see seem airy forms and no color can be too vivid. We never cease to wonder at the evidence the French give of knowing nothing of the insular race across the Channel that separates England from France; yet in our very doorstep Havana lies like a crown jewel of exquisite rarity in the circlet of Caribbean beauties, and we know no more of the city, or of the people than the



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

French do of London, or the Madriline of New York. We visit Madrid or Berlin or St. Petersburg and let our impressions take the tincture of awe over the venerable, yet Havana is earlier in the rank of great cities than any of these. It is Spanish and yet it is not; for there is no suggestion of the imposing deliberation of centuries in building Madrid, the impressively sinister of Toledo, Granada or Valladolid. It is not even comparable to Cadiz, though both cities are creations of the second flight of Spanish greatness. The penetralia of narrow streets, do not at first suggest the ease, even affluence of dwelling quarters in a city of the republic. Yet these uninviting lanes and alleys swarm with the real

life of the capital—the bourgeois ranks. Even the aristocratic quarters do not suggest the unrestrained affluence we associate with the affluent in this country. Beauty and delight meet the eye—but nature is as much in the cause as art or architecture. The lordliest aristocrat is housed in a mansion, half of whose magnificence comes from the indescribable verdure that makes the island of Cuba the realization of the most gorgeous romance. Even in the city limits, corresponding with our exclusive residence quarters, the mansion of the noble and affluent is embowered in blossom, that seems part of the radiant architecture. The only comparison that will give the reader the reality in full, is a landscape of Turner—all glistening marbles, amethyst skies and verdurous plateaux. But for that matter the whole visible fabric of the city is aglow with color. Nature has to deepen her tints, increase her glowing hues, to hold her own with blue, and yellow, scarlet and purple columns, walls, pillars and vestibules. It is naturally the expression of an exotic race; a weight of nerves at low tension save in anger or love. Indeed, the student sojourning in the Cuban capital, insensibly confuses the people with the extraneous signs and tokens of their temperament and taste. The houses are not calculated for the “castle” of the Briton, the home of the dwellers in the United States. Of all Americans the Cuban is the least intelligible however, from his outer show. The windows of the one-storied house are open to the street, so that the passers-by can study the domestic regime, as dawdlers crowd before shop windows to see industrial occupations in our large cities. It has its own suggestion too, that the windows are invariably barred by thick irons—precisely as the basement-stories in old Italian cities are. There is no concealment from the curious. Every domestic office from breakfast to bedding, is confidently exposed to the passer-by.

The dwellers on the island are vaguely estimated at something over 1,500,000—probably an accurate census will reveal 2,000,000. Though nominally of one race—Spanish, the islanders are sharply differentiated into Cubanos, sons or descendants of the earliest settlers, late comers, and negroes. Among these is found a mingling of what is vaguely called creoles—the issue of mixed Spanish and Cubanos. There is immeasurable pride of ancestry among the Cubanos and with it the rivalry of caste. The distinctions, though fleeting and insensible are as clearly marked as the lines that separate the Brahmin caste from the Pariah races in the Indies. The son or scion of the Spaniard, born in Cuba is reckoned a Cubano. Indeed, the subtle distinction accepted by custom is very much like the terms of our own law; the progeny of a

citizen in this republic born, wheresoever he may be born, under whatsoever flag, in whatsoever dominion, is legally a citizen of the Union. But the progeny of a Spaniard born in the island of Cuba, is never admitted to be a Cuban. On the other hand, the son of a Spaniard born on the island is never ranked as a Spaniard. All these puzzling and inexpressible distinctions add to the complexities of the social fabric; the pride of place, the pride of ancestry, the inscrutable pride of former slave holding, these make up a series of conditions that the administrator of the laws must count with in holding the scales of justice. When underneath all these come the ranks of the children of poverty, the progeny of the servile, it will be seen that a firmer hand and a clearer conscience than the Spanish hierarchy brought to the work might well despair in reconciling such clashing pretensions. Naturally in this absorbing pride of place, adoration of ancestry, there was no place for that incommunicable essence we know as patriotism. The most devoted of the men who sacrificed all they had for "Cuba Libre" were not inspired by the noble ideal of a homogeneous liberty; never dreamed of equal rights. Cuba Libre meant a regency of the despised, the downtrodden, the helot and the servile. To obtain a condition of things that should bring down the sway and humble the pride of the privileged castes, that was the ideal of the Cuba Librists! It was the reclamation of their vengeance that first admonished General Shafter that our chief difficulties had just begun when the valor of the fleets and the efforts of the army had given him possession of Santiago. Indeed, it would seem that the countries endowed by nature with charms that enchant the eye and distract the sense, are recompensated spiritually by a perpetual struggle between the passions of disparate ranks. There is no land fairer to the eye than Cuba. Its valleys are lovelier than any tropic clime known to man, for the seasons of rain keep the foliage, the grasses, all growing things, in the perpetual green which makes the British Isles so softly beautiful to the traveler from the New World. Summer is rarely half over before the vernal charms of our fields and hills, our mountains and valleys fade; the grasses are burned and withered, the foliage is parched and shriveled. But in Cuba, an almost daily downpour keeps the root of everything appetent. The soldier bent on the emprise of death is not keenly susceptible to the beauties of nature, but it is attested that the seasick ranks of Shafter's expedition, broke into cries of wonder and delight as the bewildering radiance of Santiago's surroundings unfolded themselves in the rare pure air.

With slight racial differences, the aristocratic Cuban may be likened to

the planters of the South before the war. The same mingling of urbane hospitality, tender solicitude for kin and Choctaw inhumanity toward the servile races. Enriched and ruined alike by slavery, the Cuban emerged into the new condition, irreverent, profligate, insincere, but courtly in manner, fascinating in social conduct. An emptier form than agnosticism rules their religious moments—which are rare. They believe, or pretend to believe and follow the outward form, where the inward grace and sentiment are lacking. To such a people there could be no interest in the form of government, provided the social conditions they inherit remain undisturbed. The gradual draining of the island's treasures by Spain—that is the singular prosperity coming from the soil and its illimitable products, alienated the old patrie worship, while it did not for an instant warp them to the idea of autonomy or independent existence as a state. Had the Spanish officials sent out to administer the island made it less apparent that they were bent chiefly upon enriching themselves, the Cubanos would have been as loyal to the crown as the Canadians are to Britain.

In the early days the island was intelligently administered and Cuba was in reality the pearl of the Spanish monarchy. But the decadence of trade, the suspended development of the people, was not wholly due to the maleficent system maintained by Spain.

For years, any one born outside the walls of the Sacred City of Santiago, has been called a Cuban. The patrician groups, that is the Cubans of pure title, are a distinctly agreeable race physically. They are well-built, slender, sprightly of movement and comely in visage—often the historic Spanish type. They are of the same perplexing mental structure as the Italians or French, when expatriated—though they have never attained the colonial solidarity of the French Canadians. Indeed, the climatic influence on races could find no more conclusive demonstration than the contrast between the French in Canada and the same race—the Latin—in tropic countries.

The climate of Cuba is alternatively seductive and leonine; the coasts are swept by simoon-like storms, the mountains and valleys inundated by rains of inconceivable violence. The foliage is dazzling in color, exuberant to incomparable brilliance, yet not always wholesome. The nature of the sons of the soil, partakes of these climatic phenomena—even to the flora of the thickets.

In milder moods there are no people more seductive than the Cubanos; in intrigue, feud, jealousy, authority, the annals of the Italian republics present no more harrowing instance of the refined cruelty of plot and



CAPTAIN-GENERAL RAMON BLANCO Y ARENAS. MARQUIS DE PENA PLATA.

passion. Yet, Spanish in lineament; Spanish in mould, manners and entity, the Cubano is distinctly the son of the soil. He feels but languid interest in the motherland. If he be educated—and few of the Cubanos, save the aristocratic rich are educated, he is filled with sentimental reverence for the glories of the fatherland, the masters in literature, the splendid pedestal once held in the arts. To the elder Cubanos the island is or was part of Spain. He never looked upon himself as a temporary exile from the patria. Indeed, the descendants of the colonists bore the same relation to Spain that the Canadians of the Upper Provinces bear to Great Britain. It is very rarely that the Canadian of Ontario or Manitoba or the Western Dominion, speak of themselves as Canadians. It is oddly enough as "Englishmen" they invariably refer to themselves. It is this constructive solidarity of the Cubanos with the mother-country, that bred such confusion in the minds of our compatriots in the bewildering narratives of the insurrection. Whereas, the majority among us believed that all Cubans were revolters, the fact is that not ten per cent. of the well-to-do—the segment that rule in other countries, had the remotest sympathy with the insurgents. This has been demonstrated so clearly since our armies undertook the invasion of the island, that the very presses which brought about the war are loudest in their vituperation of the cabals and juntas, figuring so long as the representatives of an overwhelming majority. There were men of high honor and incorruptible integrity eager to secure home rule for the island—but they were very few; they would have been the first to revolt from the hideous anarchy of class government the hordes of adventurers aimed at.

But though the vast majority of the Cubanos were inveterately opposed to the island's seizure by the "Cuba Libre" group, they were not by any means partisans of the Spanish. They had longing aspirations for a republican regime. They have learned by excoriating experience that the spirit or aptitude for self-rule, is born, and if made, is made very slowly. Cuba was a republic for a few tumultuous months, after the expulsion of the Bourbons from Spain in 1868, but gladly returned to the monarchical system when Alphonso XII. secured the throne. The insurgent ranks in Cuba represent about what the anarchist elements embrace in this country and in Europe. It would have been as fair for a European state, for example, to judge this republic by the Chicago, Pittsburg and other outbreaks during the last fifteen years, as for us to assume that the insurgents represented the people of Cuba. When war was sprung upon Spain for the liberation of the island, it was the conviction of those who favored it in good faith, that at the word the people of the island

would rise *enmasse* to meet our expeditions and fight the battle with the Spaniards.

It was firmly believed by the majority that an army of from 40,000 to 100,000 men would spring from the Cuban jungles, asking of us nothing but arms; that even in Havana and the large cities, the Spanish garrisons would find themselves occupied in overawing the sympathizers with liberty and home rule. Expeditions of arms and munitions were sent to many parts of the island; descents were made at points designated by the juntas in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. In no instance were our stupefied commanders met by forces bearing the remotest resemblance to an organized army. In the eastern part of the island—dominated by Santiago—but impenetrable to the legions of Spain, from three to five thousand tatterdemalions were brought together when Shafter's army disembarked. But they were useless as soldiers and refused to aid in the auxiliary operations of road-making. Perhaps half of these men aided in the military operations, but the ingrained ferocity of the race became a menace to the civilized conduct of the war. They could hardly be restrained from mutilating the dead; they could not be checked in the odious pillage of the battlefield. It required volleys from the small boats of the fleet to stop them from assassinating the ghastly remnants of Cervera's fleet. Never were benevolent legions, warring for humanity so grotesquely disillusionized. The French were a good deal surprised by the indifference of the Neapolitans and even the Poles, when the republic made its war for humanity in 1795-6, but some noble natures and real patriots were found. Our army found few or none in Cuba.

The hierarchal representatives of the insurgent movement alternated between threats against the soldiery of the United States and proffers of aid, if the Cuban republic could be declared—if only for a day. The significance of this lies in the fact, that were the Cubans recognized—if only for an hour, the magnificent millions in bonds, that paid for the larmoyant propaganda in the United States, would have a legal value, and the inside managers of the juntas would be rich beyond the rivalry of bonanza princes.

This country was reluctant to accept the first testimonies of the reality. But the private letters of the soldiery, written from the field, the reluctant admissions of the staff, the indignant protests of the naval commanders—obliged to interrupt the work of rescue of the victims from the dismantled hulks of Cervera's fleet to stop murder—put doubt out of the question. It is true that allies occupying the relations imposed in free-

ing struggling peoples, do not often coöperate in amity. The British armies sent to Spain, in 1808, nominally to free the people, found the natives all and more than our troops found the insurgents. But the Spaniards at least volunteered *enmasse*: there was never a battlefield where they did not immensely outnumber the British troops and on many a desperate field they bore themselves with fortitude, even heroism. In our own struggle in 1779 the aristocrats who came in command of the French legions, were disposed to make little of our ill-clad levies; but once on the battlefield, the legions of the lilies paid soldierly homage to the devoted soldiery of Washington; on every field where the allies wrought in common, the continental battalions made up in valor, what they lacked in pomp or the paraphernalia of war. There were ample opportunities for the insurgents to prove both fortitude and sincerity in the campaign in Cuba, but beyond valuable protestations, they were hardly heard or seen. Professedly familiar with the points selected for invasion, they might have saved the unacclimatized ranks of Shafter from the bloody reprisals of Guantanamo, El Caney, Sevilla and San Juan. The final disclosure of their temper and pretension was made in the refusal to coöperate with Shafter and their murderous attack upon a column of our prisoners. The exact status of the Cuba Libre intrigue was at once revealed—beyond the hope of its deluded or subsidized advocates to deny or to explain.

With the blockading of the port, Havana became a city so unlike its usual gay self that the reports received from time to time gave evidence that the first serious dissatisfaction to the home power had become manifest. An evidence of this was shown in the precautions taken by the Captain-General, Blanco, for his proclamations indicated that he felt distrustful of the loyalty of the masses of the citizens. It was forbidden to express any opinion unfavorable to Spain or the conduct of the war, the transgressor to be shot without trial. The police force became dissatisfied and were replaced by the military. Supplies reached the city only irregularly and from the first, famine added to the perplexities of the wretched commander. Even more formidable than the gathering armies of the republic, to the 120,000 soldiers under Blanco's command, the spectre of famine uprose.

The courage of the loyal, and the hopes of the indifferent were maintained by the preposterous reports of daily victories of the Spanish forces among the Philippines and along the Spanish coasts. From the day of the declaration of war, relays of the army were at work feverishly strengthening the fortifications already considered impregnable to the

ordinary appliances of war. Within a week after the guns began to roar over the Spanish possessions, the ill-to-do were wanderers from their Havana homes, only the rich were enabled to pay the exorbitant rates of living enforced by the blockade.

Yet, while the beleaguering guns were expected to open daily upon the harbor, there was no evidence of apprehension that the city could be captured. There was, however, vague and almost ludicrous fear of the prodigious missiles fired from the Yankee battleships, the fame of which went to such exaggeration, that even the soldiery became timid, though never distrustful of their own ability to meet and defeat our legions.



GUN SQUAD AT PRACTICE.

PART II.

IN one sense it may be said that all of Cuba's woes came from her relaxation in slavery. While the influence of the French Revolution roused the neighboring colonies both in the Caribbean Sea and the vast continent of South America, the seductive ease and the unlaboriously won wealth of slave-holding, lulled the Cubans to what may be called an immoral political repose. Hence, while all the other colonies of Spain felt the leavening touch of revolution, and in many cases entered actively into the business of expelling alien rulers, Cuba remained tranquil, not only tranquil but chivalrously loyal to the Castilian crown. There were, however, groups here and there suffering under the heel of the slave-holding aristocracy, instigated to attempt some amelioration in the oligarchic form of Cuban rule. These attempts, however, were for many years sporadic as they were fierce. For in every case it was the servile segment of the Cuban people, mainly negroes, and in some instances creoles, who whispered rather than proclaimed the word "freedom." In 1837, a more general movement was made to induce the Spanish government to revise the extortionate tax system, and to admit deputies from the Cuban people into the national Cortes. In response, Spain redoubled its exactions, and a cry very much like that of Lombardy, which Victor Emmanuel declared the world could not afford to pass unheeded, arose all over the island. This seems to have been the first of the systematic attempts to expel Spanish rule.

From an anarchic interlude, which in many of its excesses reached the horror of the San Domingo outbreak, a lesser form of exaction was applied, more, however, because the hitherto colossal commerce of the isle had fallen off and the home treasury began to feel the pinch, than to comply with public clamors. In 1868 the excesses brought about by Isabella's long term of misgovernment roused the Spanish people; she was driven from the throne and, with a temporary republic in the mother-country, Cuba found itself free.

Carlos Manuel Cespedes, a Cuban aristocrat of immense wealth and an energy quite unlike that of his race, was selected as the head of the state and the independence of the island proclaimed. There seems to have been the real passion of freedom in this attempt. Cespedes' forces seized the city of Bayamo and when brought to bay by enormously superior

forces, the undaunted mass burned their town and scattered as best they could, rather than surrender. For months Cuba was to every intent and purpose in the same condition that Gladstone described Bulgaria with the single exception that both rebel and royalist vied in ferocity and the inhuman excesses that marked brute strength.

Spanish confidence in a peaceful issue to the Cuban complication, came from the memory of our forbearance in a still more poignant tragedy than the Maine. Few even of those who contended most hotly for an end of negotiations, recalled in such terms as the atrocity deserved, the dolorous episode of the *Virginius*. Yet, it is certain that deep in the popular mind the memory of that ferocious vengeance lingered; that the name Spaniard recalled the sanguinary fate of the *Virginius*.

It was in the year 1873. We were still healing the gashes made by the civil war. The Cuban struggle had begun and was carried on fitfully, by some of the men identified with the last revolt. Recruits were not difficult to raise from the disbanded soldiery of the armies of the North and South. Our ports were filled with suspicious crafts, keeping the administration in hot water. General Grant, who was president, was loath to make conditions harder for the Spanish Republic, then fitfully struggling for existence with the universally admired Emilio Castellar as its president.

In the early part of October the *Virginius*, a side wheeler paddle steamer, originally built for the Confederates, in Great Britain, and captured by our blockaders, came into the possession of the Cuban Junta in New York. The object of the voyage was to convey leaders of the Cuban forces to the island. Her commander was Captain Fry of Louisiana, who had won high repute for bravery in the Confederate service. On reaching Jamaica, a British port, the vessel took on munitions of war and one hundred and sixty Cuban passengers. She was searched at Kingston and also at Port au Prince, Hayti, where she halted en route for Santiago—the port destined to witness the intrepidity of our soldiers and mariners. No sooner had the *Virginius* left Kingston than the Spanish consul telegraphed her departure to General Burriel, commandant at Santiago. He at once despatched the gunboat *Tornado* to intercept the filibuster. She was sighted on the last day of October and a vigorous chase began. The gunboat was soon discovered to be the faster craft and the *Virginius* made haste to throw over her compromising cargo.

Two thousand Remington rifles, two hundred horses for the insurgent staff, millions worth of the munitions the Cubans cruelly needed, were flung overboard. Still the gunboat gained. All night the crew and pas-

sengers fed the fires with furniture, even the meats from the larder. The night gave hope; in the morning they would be in neutral waters. They were in fact, within three miles of Jamaica and therefore inviolable, when at daybreak the vessel was found leaking. There was no escape. Varona, one of the Cuban generals, begged Captain Fry to blow up the ship rather than fall into the merciless hands of the Spaniards. But Fry, who was without fear, decided to haul down the stars and stripes and trust to the law of nations.

Whatever mission the vessel might have been performing, there was no evidence to incriminate passengers or commander. She was put in charge of a prize crew and hurried to Santiago. Two courts were organized, one naval, the other military. Before these two bodies appeared one hundred and fifty-five persons, found on board the *Virginus* when run down. Of these, thirty-seven were condemned to be shot by the naval judges, seventeen by the military. The trial was so summary, the execution so swift, that the Washington government could not interfere in time to stay the massacre; even the Spanish cabinet was kept in the dark until fifty-three victims had been slaughtered. Unheard-of cruelty marked the last agonies of the victims. They were forced to kneel to receive the assassin fire; it was proclaimed with hideous unction by the Spanish prelate of Santiago, that twenty of the doomed crew had asked the offices of the church and died in the communion of their murderers! What lent the ghastliest horror to the tragedy was the inability of the condemned to speak or comprehend the language of the accusers in the court. Ten minutes was the maximum time allowed to each prisoner on trial. The monstrous Tribunal of the Terror in 1793, were more observant of legal forms!

Naturally, the consul of this republic protested against the seizure of a ship flying the union flag; against the malignant haste of the trial; against the travesty of legal forms, against the competency, in short, of every step taken by the Spaniards. The bloodthirsty business would have gone on until the last man of the unfortunates had been done to death, had not the urgings of our consul received the portentous backing of a man-of-war. The captain of the ship, informed of the emergency, promptly sent word that he would blow the city to fragments, if another man of the *Virginus* were injured. The halt gave time for intervention. The Washington cabinet spoke out decisively. The Spanish cabinet, or rather Castellar, took instant steps to make such amends as were possible. Indemnities were promptly paid for the murdered, and an apology in due form made to the republic.

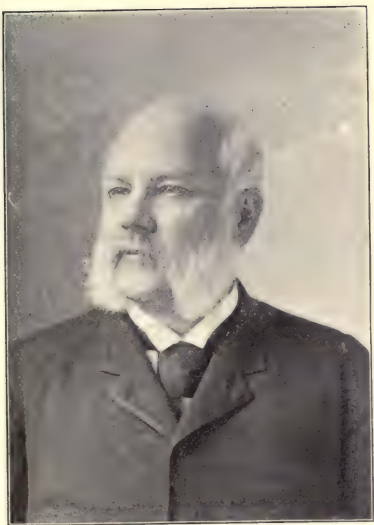
But the feeling aroused took little note of these perfunctory testimonies. War was demanded in many parts of the republic. Indignation meetings were held, and the press voiced the general sentiment in demanding an instant attack on Cuba and the expulsion of a power so inhuman in its vengeance. In the angriest paroxysms of wrath, it was acknowledged that Castellar and the Spanish republicans were sincerely shamed and penitent, as right-minded men should be, while the monarchists and aristocrats, tacitly approved the butchery and made the liberal contrition and



EXECUTION OF THE VIRGINIUS' CREW.

amends, the grounds of an active campaign against the tottering republic. But in spite of all this, it required a man of Grant's towering prestige in the presidency to stay Congress from the very declaration made in April, 1898.

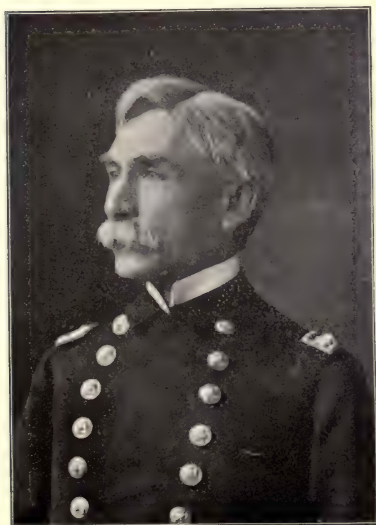
It was at this epoch, that the Virginius episode came to destroy one of those rare chances which come in the life of peoples and make a mock of diplomacy. For the republican government in Spain, finding it rather inconsistent to refuse the Cubans what they demanded themselves, entered into negotiations with General Grant's Secretary of State to sell the island



LIEUT-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.



REAR-ADMIRAL MONTGOMERY SICARD.



COMMODORE JOHN C. WATSON.



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE.

for "One hundred million piastres." General Sickles was even on his way to Madrid, empowered to accept the proffer, when the news of the Virginius tragedy brought the negotiations to an end. For the people of the republic were in no humor to pay out money to the "butcher power" responsible for the slaughter of its citizens, even though those citizens were constructively amenable to the laws governing neutral intercourse.

From this time until 1878 the dissatisfaction of the Cubans seemed to have died out, or, was repressed by the agencies peculiar to the ministries which held power down to 1895, when the rebellion broke out again though, curiously enough, mainly in the newspapers. Detailed reports of battles and conquests by scores of "patriot" chiefs, were reported from week to week in the presses of this republic, though it is very doubtful whether any very considerable portion of the readers paid any heed to the monotonous iteration. In formulating their griefs the leaders of the insurrectionary movement, dwelt mainly upon the commercial distresses and the poverty-stricken condition of the island: attributing these to the misgovernment of the mother-country. Yet, at the same time, the neighboring colonies of Great Britain, which every one supposes to be administered on the high plane Britain professes to adopt with colonies, were in exactly the same condition. Indeed, the episode of the Eyre outbreak in Jamaica, was a precise parallel to the enormities charged upon Spain by the publicists of this and other countries. For the Jamaicans too, like Cuba, were suffering from the manumission of the laboring population, the necessity for a recuperative movement and the readjustment of conditions to an entirely new system of labor. Above all, Cuba was suffering from the rivalry of Asia, Egypt, Europe and the United States, in the products which had hitherto made her a monopolist in sugar and tobacco. For nearly thirty years the island had been trying to readjust her resources to these new conditions, and under such an unenterprising people as the Spaniards, this was of course slow work. Unlike other peoples, the rich were growing poorer while the poor were perishing.



A CUBAN PATRIOT.

Immediately on being freed the negroes refused to work; the importation of Chinese labor proved a costly failure. The Spaniard accustomed to the lash in coercing the slave found it difficult to manage the equivalent of what we call "poor whites" in the South. Hence, great plantations fell into decay; the farming regions became weed-grown wastes; the negroes lent themselves to the demagogues and of course the Spanish system was not elastic enough to stretch from the tyranny of the past to

the liberalism of the new conditions. In the interior parts of the island, hordes of the dissatisfied and homeless, wandered through the barren lands, and these in turn have been made the "patriot" battalions the world heard so much of during the recent troubles. With such conditions to go upon, naturally the tales told have been thrilling, the activity of men seeking their own ends has found unlimited opportunity; the form and semblance of a republican state was proclaimed early in the struggle, but the most



GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS.

adventurous and most industrious seeker never found a Cuban capital or seat of government or any of the indications of a united popular desire to replace Spanish rule by native.

It was easy to foretell the unwisdom of Spain's action from the moment the parent state undertook to suppress a revolution, which was fictitious from the first. We dealt with the same conditions in this country between 1865 and 1872, though so far as representing general sentiment can be judged, the odious Klu-Klux of the South far more nearly represented a majority of the southern people, than the motley hordes of the Garcias and Gomez in Cuba. It is easy to show now how humane laws and a re-

laxation of repression would have made the existence of insurrection impossible: would have estopped the campaign for sympathy carried on in the presses of this republic, silenced the demagogues in Congress and given the Cubans an opportunity to reclaim a system, not unlike that which satisfies millions of freedom-loving citizens in Canada or Australia. But Spain wasted her legions; it is reckoned that as high as 200,000 men have been employed in the series of half hearted and misdirected military campaigns that have desolated the most populous provinces of the island.

It was not, however, until the astute and really capable administrator, Martinez Campos, was removed, that the evils of Spanish maladministration took a form that aroused universal condemnation. The tales of misery, dissatisfaction, cruelty and the failure of all legitimate repressive measures, began to form the staple news of the presses of the world. Yet upon examination, there was never in Cuba, even under Weyler's administration, more of the misery of want or the dissatisfaction that comes from an arrogant indifference to the protests and desires of the people, than the official reports to the British Parliament presented on the recent famine in Ireland, or India. It is alleged—but it is difficult to find proof in the matter, that a



GENERAL MAXIMIO GOMEZ.

large percentage of the possessions of the Cubanos have passed into the hands of Spaniards; that this alien invasion has brought about a spirit not unlike that which existed between the Irish of the Bogs and the English of the Pale. If this were really the case it would explain the

Cuban movement, but the Cubans themselves deny the fact and in proof remained to the last loyal to the home government.

The followers of the rebel leader Gomez explain his methods of campaign as a waiting game. He proposed to exhaust the Spanish purse and deplete the ranks of the invading army not by arms or combat, but by fever and the natural obstacles of the country. Some of these our own soldiers have witnessed. For it was the jungles of Santiago, the fevers and the uncanny denseness of the chapparal that made the seizure of Santiago most difficult.

To combat the method invented by Gomez, Weyler despising the mobs hidden in the jungle, invented what has become known as the "trocha" system. This was a series of immense ditches running from sea to sea, from north to south across the island at regulated distances. Behind these, the rebels were supposed to be cooped up ready for seizure or slaughter—whichever seemed preferable to the Spanish commander. But a soldiery capable of fighting in the open was found unequal to the tormenting ordeal this extraordinary system involved; for a twenty-mile ditch, howsoever well secured by barbed wire and blockhouses at regulated distances, must be watched day and night by a man at every yard of distance, to hold an enterprising army of scouts, such as the Cuban insurgents fought with, under control. The trochas were a failure. The hungry legions of Gomez crawled through them at a thousand points: stole to unguarded plantations, pillaged and slaughtered and fled back again to the jungles with impunity.

Then the exasperated Weyler imagined the "reconcentrado" system, which was to gather up all the isolated agricultural population in city camps, and by absolutely denuding the country starve Gomez' army into submission. It was war—if General Sherman's definition of war be applicable—that is, hell—but the result secured for the insurgents, what neither their own leadership nor their own intrigues could have ever brought about—the reports of the miseries of the expatriated population roused indignant remonstrances, even from the absolutist presses of Berlin and St. Petersburg. It was this device of Weyler's that made the action of Congress possible; that gave the warlike presses text and illustration for the lurid denunciations and incessant demands for intervention.

It was said that 200,000 of this depopulated people died of starvation. In the very presses in which these figures were reported, it was vouched that 300,000 men were without occupation in the city of New York, and there was scarcely a large community in the United States in which an equal percentage of the slaves of want were not set forth as objects of

public charity. From Bombay and the great cities of India, came reports day after day of from a thousand to three thousand dying in the agonies of starvation. In fact during the very years in which Cuban melodrama unrolled itself in the presses of the republic, the massacres in Armenia, the atrocious overthrow of the Greeks, came side by side with the Weyler "atrocities" in the Cuban island.

Congressional missions on the invitation of a yellow journal, made a pilgrimage to the scene, and it was probably the report of the grave and reverend Senator Proctor of Vermont, that finally kindled the spark that spread into war. For he saw—as he might have seen in the Five Points in New York, in the slums of London or the nether depths of Chicago, assemblies of the miserable, the starved and the homeless; and all this charged against the Spanish system, stiffened the nation's arm for the impending blow.

But hand in hand with our pressure upon Spain, came by every mail

concession after concession, until in the Act of Autonomy the island of Cuba stood about in the same relation to Spain that any State of this Union stands to the whole republic. But it was too late. Yet it is very doubtful if the Maine calamity had not come fortuitously for the hopes of the warlike, if this republic could have been cajoled into action. A delay of a year would have given the United States the island at a hundredth part of the price in money we have paid for the privilege of the slaughter among her possessions. But then we should not have been the victors over Cervera, nor Montojo! We should not have known, as the British reviews with veiled sarcasm inform us—that we are indisputably



GENERAL VALERIANO WEYLER.

the lion's whelps; that on the seas we can do *nearly* as well as the mistress of them, and that on land—by some practice—we may be made a military nation.

Atrocity in every conceivable form marked the sporadic uprisings in the provinces of Cuba. Human life counts but feebly, when the passions of war are let loose, but the conflicts between the Spaniards and the insurgents took on almost from the first, the unspeakable ferocities of the vendetta. To this, it must be borne in mind, was superadded the sanguinary spirit—servile insurrection—the malign diabolism of caste. History has recorded with a shudder the enormities that wasted Santo Domingo in the beginning of the century. With but slight modification the same excesses, the same barbarous reprisals, mark the outbreaks on the Cuban theatre.



GENERAL ANTONIO MACEO.

Though the antagonists are loosely characterized as Spaniards and Cubans, all who took up arms were in character and traits essentially Spanish. Whatsoever, therefore, we picture the Spanish to be for good or ill, that also the insurgents were. With this qualification: There were a large following of blacks, a slight mingling of Cuban born, who had passed more or less time in the states of this republic: there were, too, restless nomads from the neighboring South American states—peopled by

Spaniards in race, if not in birth—men to whom insurrection was a habit, a pastime. In the qualities that go to make up inspiring leadership, the long and bloody record is searched in vain for a single noble figure. The nearest approach to the patriot, as we conceive him was the mulatto—Maceo—whose death the Spaniards rightly welcomed

as the most vital blow struck at the insurrection. Yet Maceo would never have been accepted as a leader among such a people as ours.

Hardly a fortnight after the opening of hostilities, the Home Rule parliament came in session, in form if not in fact Cuba was as free to fix her own destinies as any State of this Republic. Yet there was none of the popular demonstration Paris witnessed, when its National Assembly came together under circumstances nearly as trying as those which beset the new venture. Indeed, the members of the chambers seemed conscious that they were legislating for a lost cause. The session continued spasmodically during the siege, but the laws enacted gave no indication of what the islanders might expect had the concession come in time. The body was made up of the aristocrats among the Cubanos, but the process of electing them hardly fulfilled the idea of a constitutional regime.

In most insurrectionary movements some figure stands out distinctly marked either by achievement or special fitness. In the long tale of ignoble slaughter which the Cuban insurrection has presented, there is but one man who seems to have given his whole soul into the resolution of what we used to understand by patriotism. This was Antonio Maceo, who was fearless in fight and prudent in counsel. He was the last of an ephemeral line of mulattoes, and he fought for his race rather than for liberty. He seems to have been the only man born with an instinct for leadership on the field of battle. He conducted his desultory enterprises with a skill and sagacity which reminds the reader of the prowess and sagacity of our own Marion in the swamps of South Carolina, when contending against British superiority during the war of Independence. It was Antonio Maceo who counselled uprisings in every part of the island, where two or three dissatisfied could be brought together in the name of Cuba Libre. He had heard vaguely of the atrocious war of Toussaint L'Ouverture in San Domingo, and he plead by day and preached by night to spare neither age nor sex nor any condition of man that opposed the yearnings of the colored people.

It was Antonio Maceo who undertook to prove the stupidity of Weyler's trochas. It was he who taught the nomad hordes to shelter themselves under the bushes and even to make use of the shrubbery to deceive the Spaniards. Decorating a squad of his followers with a veil of thick branches, he moved with the patience of an animal of prey on the verge of the woods, reaching spots favorable for his work, and then slaughtered all who came within reach of the machete, the pistol or the firearm of any description his followers might happen to possess.

In his final plan of campaign he concerted the conjunction of Maximo

Gomez, Calixto Garcia and his brother José, to make one determined onset upon the Spanish troops at Artemisia. The plan failed and, Antonio Maceo conceived that suspicion of his fellow conspirers, which is the beginning of the end of revolutionary enterprises. It is indicative of the animating purpose of the insurgent ranks that, when Antonio Maceo



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA.

met his fate, he was at the head of four thousand followers, and that he was defeated by a column of four hundred men. The blow was so stunning that the adherents of his cause undertook to prove that Maceo had been assassinated by hired minions of Spain in his own ranks, but the evidences were incontestable that the four hundred disciplined Spaniards had routed the four thousand overconfident and unruly Cubans.

That our soldiery were not hasty in stigmatizing the Cuban insurgents as irreclaimable malefactors, perfectly impartial foreign observers attest. There

were with the armies that went to Cuba, correspondents and official note-takers from nearly every country in Europe. The letters published in the European presses picture the unqualifiable hordes that flocked to our flag, as the most repellent freebooters, with no more idea of the amenities of civilized warfare than the black nomads of Dahomey or Ashante. Of freedom in any other sense than the license to pillage and assassinate, they had no more conception than the Philippine Malays, sworn to take a certain number of lives, to win the Moslem paradise. Not one in a thousand could read—not one in ten thousand knew the obligations of citizenship. But let us look at them as set down by careful observers as hostile to Spain, as the most intemperate Jingo amongst us. "The Cubans," says the correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, "are

incapable of realizing what true liberty means. Here and there a man like Gomez or Maceo has some power of realizing it, but the overwhelming majority desire not liberty, but domination. They desire to possess themselves of the offices and power now held by their Spanish rulers, and if they are permitted by the United States government to become unrestrainedly possessed of them, they will repeat, on an exaggerated scale, all the cruelties and oppressions of which the Spaniards have been guilty. The plain truth of the matter is, that sooner or later the United States will be obliged to lick the Cubans into something resembling a civilized community, and the sooner the work is undertaken the better. During the last few weeks of the war I saw a good deal of the Cuban soldiers, and if they are to be taken as a fair sample of the race to whom they belong, they are as unfit for freedom or constitutional government, as the savages we routed out of Coomassie jungles a couple of years ago. These armed insurgents are a little better than a horde of undisciplined thieves and murderers. Like most mongrel races, they possess all the evil qualities of both the races from which they have sprung, with little or none of their good qualities. They have all the cruelty of the Spaniard, without his chivalry and bravery, and like him, only in a more inordinate degree, they are filled with an insane vanity, which they mistake for pride. With their negro blood, they have inherited an unbounded capacity for lying, and they are expert thieves, while they possess none of the negro's jollity and good nature."

He then describes a number of acts of cruelty he witnessed. One of them happened on the memorable day when Cervera's fleet was destroyed. "A young Spanish officer on the *Maria Teresa*, who had been wounded by a shell, was lying on the burning deck, with his clothes in flames. A comrade hastily tore the clothes off the wounded youth and, lashing him to a spar, threw him overboard in hope of saving his life. The Cubans saw this and came to the conclusion that the wounded man must be an officer of some importance. Instantly, a score or more of them began shooting at the poor burned and wounded figure as it drifted about among the breakers. This horrible brutality was too much for the chivalrous American officers and sailors engaged in the work of rescue, and the guns of the *Gloucester* and *Iowa* opened fire on the murderous wretches and drove them off the beach into the woods. I have since heard that bitter complaints were made by the insurgents that the work of slaughter was not permitted to continue.

About 4,000 of them were present at Santiago under Garcia and Castillo, but for effective fighting purposes they were not worth forty

American soldiers. They are all right for a treacherous ambushade or fighting behind cover, but they seem incapable—with their present training at any rate, of standing in a regular line of battle. There was a fine lot of things lying around loose, and the brave Cubans made an excellent use of their time. While American soldiers were fighting the Spanish soldiers on the hill of San Juan or among the fields and hedges of El Caney, their Cuban allies were sneaking about in the rear, picking up the overcoats and valises that the soldiers had lain down, so that they might be less hampered in the charge up the steep slopes, for Cuban liberty. During the battle I saw Cubans coming back in fifteens and twenties—with full cartridge belts—not a shot expended—and full sacks of soldier's belongings on their backs, which they were hurrying with to their own encampment. These ruffians were so busy looting, that they refused point blank even to help the wounded, and I know from the evidence of my own eyes, that they did not hesitate to rob the bodies of American dead. A colored United States cavalryman came upon one of them robbing the body of a dead American officer, and to the everlasting honor of the negro, he brained the Cuban scoundrel with the butt of his rifle and killed him on the spot. Neither would the Cubans work. After the battle when the United States troops were laboring night and day, repairing the roads, digging trenches and building earthworks, General Shafter asked that some Cubans should be sent to assist in the work, in order that Santiago might be more speedily reduced, and that food and ammunition might be more easily and rapidly conveyed to the front. Senor Garcia sent back a reply stating he would be glad if the American commander would remember that the Cubans were soldiers, not laborers. I forbear giving the comments of General Shafter. Such are some of the characteristics of the people for whom the United States has sacrificed the lives of hundreds of her sons and expended millions of treasure. A more worthless race or one less fitted for freedom, does not exist, and it will be an evil day for Cuba and her civilization, if the insurgents ever obtain unrestricted domination in that unhappy land."



REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

BOOK THREE.

I.

AS war releases the ignoblest in the nature of man, it none the less accentuates the noblest. In a people primevally young, autochthonic so to speak, war is a crucible for the refining of the superior natures, while exaggerating the turpitudes of the baser. The war was hardly ten days old when one of the figures that people in all times reckon as epoch makers, emerged at the hour and the place needed. Dewey would have been the same man had the republic never given him the momentous charge which he fulfilled so consummately, but in peace he would have lived his allotted years, served his prescribed time in the monotonous responsibilities of the naval hierarchy, and would have passed on like many another man of the same mould, whose name is known only in the illustrious roster of our sea-soldiery. When the passion of praise his conquest of the Spanish fleet aroused, broke out, there was just enough of the romantic in his past, to enchant the hero worshipper. He had fought with the most illustrious of all sea captains, the incomparable Farragut. He had been part of that immortal fleet which refused to recognize the invulnerability of iron rams; he treated them as he would any other craft, ran them down or riddled them with "wooden ships," quite as equal to equal. He had seen with his ardent youngster eyes, the glorious Viking, lashed to the mast of the stout Hartford, in the habor of Mobile, when sinister rams and the mysterious torpedo were in the full first prime of the awe they inspired. He had indeed served a hero novitiate, and came by right of achievement to the glory that crowns his age. His was found a fitting title to stand in the scroll of immortality upon which the republic has embalmed the names of John Paul Jones, Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge, Perry, McDonough, and scores more.

To the country, a result like Manila comes as a surprise; to the men that make up the navy, rank and file, the work done in Manila waters was a matter of course. That is to say, there is not an officer graduate from Annapolis, who would for an instant distrust his capacity to fight the ships placed under his command, to the utmost extent of their capacities. This does not mean, of course, that all would meet the happy issue

Dewey's onset secured. Dewey, in other words, is not the "heaven sent" hero the emotional love to adore. He is a man far past the meridian, and had there been no war, he would have passed into the limbo of the retired, his name unknown, his fame undreamed. He is to the core the quintessence of the Yankee. Born in Vermont in 1837, he met the by no means stimulating vicissitudes of the hardy Green mountains, very much as his ancestors before him. It is significant of the part chance plays in the fates of even the elect, that until far beyond the age when the bent of the boy is decided, Dewey knew nothing of the sea. He was a farmer lad when he was appointed a cadet at Annapolis in 1854, in his seventeenth year. Four years later he was graduated from the academy in a class of which nearly every man achieved distinction in the Civil War. In that war too, Dewey met the various responsibilities put upon him, with precisely the same certainty of touch and accuracy of calculation the world admires in the Manila spectacle. He went through the admirable routine of our young sea lions—a cruise in the Mediterranean; and then in 1862 promptly with the opening of the naval campaign, took up the burden he has ever since borne, beginning as a lieutenant on the steamship *Mississippi*. Then he was attached to the West Gulf blockading squadron, and Dewey from the first found himself in the field fate was preparing for the glories of our fleets. He was thus brought under the command of the most heroic figure, the most successful admiral that ever fought a ship or commanded a squadron—the incomparable Farragut.

It was in these stupendous combats, that the young lieutenant learned the vital lesson of daring wisely, as illustrated in the passing of the Spanish outworks, and adventuring on the unknown perils of mines, torpedoes and shore batteries, at Manila. For never in the history of naval warfare, were deeds of such daring undertaken and carried out, as Farragut made part of the mission of his fleets. A young lieutenant grown to a veteran, who had passed in the wooden fleets of Farragut through the deadly pitfalls and iron hail of the Confederate defences before New Orleans and Mobile, must have counted with confident certainty on what such steps as he had at his disposal, could do before the Spanish defences at Cavite. In a memorable attempt of Farragut to destroy or capture the massive batteries on the bluffs of Port Hudson, the *Mississippi* paid the penalty of too close an approach to the shore. She was riddled and undone. The crew were compelled to take flight to save themselves, and Dewey among them, fled to the swamps on the other side of the great river. Thereafter, during the long years of the Civil War, Dewey alter-

nated between the squadrons, emerging from the contest in 1865 a lieutenant-commander. His first service after the war, was on the imperishably glorious Kearsarge, in European waters. He pursued the uneventful regime of his profession with the relief of a year at Annapolis, and then took to the sea again in command of the Narragansett. His next billet was the survey of the Pacific, which lasted three years. In 1876, he was appointed Light House Inspector, and later, Secretary of the Board. In 1882 he commanded the Juniata, from this he was awarded the rank of Captain and entrusted with the Dolphin, the first of the "White Fleet." He was in command of the European squadron until 1888, when he was assigned to the Bureau of Recruiting and Equipment at Washington. In February, 1896, he was named Commodore, and President of the Board of Inspection and Survey. These varying tenures embrace twenty-three years of land service and sixteen at sea. It was in Jan., 1898, that Dewey raised his flag on the Olympia, in the Asiatic squadron. Had he been given his way, he would never have been in the decisive fleet that was to influence the result of the war; to paralyze both the hope and the stroke of Spain; for slight as the chances of the over-matched monarchy, had the Manila fleet not succumbed with such startling completeness, the squadrons of Cervera and Camara would have wrought with more heart; and that is a large part of combat even with modern instruments of warfare.

When assigned to Asiatic waters, Dewey proffered the executive posts of the fleet to young and promising officers, who were more than reluctant to accept. The hope that the political cast given the Cuban complication, must end in war, had for a year or more held high in the hearts of the junior ranks of the navy; for being educated for battle, these casuists hold that war is essential to their rounded careers. Hence the Asiatic squadron gave little promise of the chances that would befall in the event of war with Spain. It was never dreamed that operations would extend to the Philippines, even were war brought about by the tumultuous incitements of the congressional and journalistic fomentors. There was therefore in the assignment to the far east, the heart-burning of the sort gallant men feel when the looming vision of opportunity is obscured by the dull needs of prescriptive routine. Dewey accepted his fleet as honorable banishment, and his successful competitor, Howell, assumed command of the European squadron, with roseate visions of what was to be.

Naturally, after the event at Manila every one who had been brought into relation with the Yankee viking, had, or invented, some touch of portraiture to satisfy the eager curiosity of his countrymen. But beyond

the fact that as a man he is of the approved type, as an officer, of the most distinguished qualities and qualifications, Dewey's personality does not lend itself to the vagaries of the poet or eulogist. He is the quintessence of the race best known perhaps in the James Russell Lowells, Emersons, John A. Andrews—astutely reticent by natural predilection, yet garrulously confiding in an esoteric way. Dewey is the best ideal of the Yankee—cultivated, generous, self-reverencing, self-judging, receptive to every alternation that embodies experience. His best and most interesting eulogists are found in the men before the mast, perhaps the most penetrating critics of capacity that a man in authority in a fleet is subjected to. He is known to be wisely lenient to petty offences, and it is emphasized in every anecdote bearing on his career, that he was intolerant only to liars. He affected deafness and blindness to the temporary straying of the crew, that is to say, the aberrations that signalize Jack, when his rare vacations on shore leave him helpless before the seductions of the cup. A tar in Washington who sailed with the conqueror of Spain's Manila fleet, confides this fascinating picture of the Dewey known in the "forecastle":

"He's what I'd call a little fellow as to height, but he surely looked bigger'n a Dutch frigate when he stood on his side of the mast and you were up in front of him. But he was a tender-hearted man on the cruise when he and I were shipmates. He'd try not to see or hear things that he didn't want to see or hear. None of us knew him—up forward I mean—as a commander. Some of us had been shipmates with him when he was a deck officer, and had never got the worst of it at his hands. But we weren't sure how he'd 'stack up' as a skipper. We weren't long in finding out. We had to sailorize all right, but there wasn't much 'brigging' with Dewey. He didn't like to see a man in double irons on his tours of inspection. We hadn't been to sea with him very long before we 'got next' to how he despised a liar. One of the petty officers went ashore at Gibraltar, got mixed up with the soldiers in the canteens up on the hill and came off to ship 'paralyzed.' He went before Dewey at the mast next morning. He gave Dewey the 'two-beers-and-sun-stroke' yarn. 'You're lying, my man,' said Dewey. 'You were very drunk. I myself heard you aft in my cabin. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't expect to find total abstinence in a man-o'-war's crew, but I do expect them to tell me the truth, and I am going to have them tell me the truth. Had you told me candidly that you took the drop too much on your liberty, you'd have been forward by this time, for you, at least, returned to the ship. For lying you get ten days in



BRIG.-GENERAL THADDEUS H. STANTON.
Paymaster-General, U. S. A.



BRIG.-GENERAL GUIDO N. LIEBER.
Judge-Advocate-General, U. S. A.



BRIG.-GENERAL JOHN M. WILSON.
Chief of Engineers, U. S. A.



BRIG.-GENERAL A. W. GREELEY.
Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A.

irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business lying.'

"After that there were few men on board who didn't throw themselves on the mercy of the court when they waltzed up to the stick before Dewey, and none of us ever lost anything by it. He'd have to punish us in accordance with regulations, but he had a great way of ordering the release of men he had to sentence to the brig, before their sentences were half worked out.

"Dewey was the best liberty-granting skipper I was ever shipmates with. He hated to keep quarantined men aboard, when the good-conduct men were flocking off to the beach. One fine Christmas Day in Genoa harbor, all the men entitled to shore liberty lined up at ten o'clock in the morning to answer muster before taking the running boats for the shore. There were about forty of us—myself among the number, who were quarantined aboard for having raised Cain ashore in Nice a few weeks before. Our quarantine was for three months, and it wasn't half run out on this Christmas Day. Dewey stood at the break of the poop, with his hands on his hips, watching the liberty party line up. Us fellows that couldn't go were standing around the gangway, smoking our pipes, and looking pretty down in the mouth, I guess. The big liberty party—there were a couple of hundred men in the batch—finally got away, and the ship was practically deserted, except for us quarantined fellows. Dewey watched us for a while out of the tail of his eye. We were leaning over the side, watching the receding boats with the big liberty party. Dewey went up on the poop and walked up and down, chewing his moustache, and every once in a while shooting a look at us men up forward. Finally, he walked down the poop ladder and straight forward to where we were grouped.

"'You boys hop into your mustering clothes and go on off to the beach. I'll let you have a couple of the running boats when they return. Come back with the other fellows when you get ready. Don't raise any more trouble ashore than you can help.'

"There wasn't a man in the gang of us that didn't want to hug little Dewey for that, and you can gamble that we gave him a 'cheer ship' that rang around the harbor of Genoa. We all got marked in the log as 'clean and sober,' too, when we got back to the ship, for we weren't going to do any cutting up on Dewey, after the way he'd treated us."

Volumes of the closest study couldn't present a more graphic picture of the great seaman, for the eye of the sailor is like the eye of the child, single in its purpose of seeing things as they are. Naturally, the origin

of the family becomes a subject of discussion. Like Farragut, the ancient stem of the race grew in what is vaguely called "Latin" soil. The first Deweys were Douais—probably named from the city in northern France. Emigration and residence in England bred the corruption of the name, we see in all those transplanted from the Gauloise surroundings. It therefore appears that two of the most illustrious of our naval heroes were growths of "Latin" blood—a point worth signalizing while the idiotic clamor of "Anglo-Saxon" antecedents are counted as indicative of some rare superiority in men or peoples. A British journal contributes an anecdote of Dewey that reveals one of the ineffaceable traits of his Gauloise origin, "While on his European post, in 1883, Dewey was forced to put himself under an eminent British specialist. He was suffering from abcess of the liver in a very complex form, and was not expected to survive an operation to which he had to submit. When about to undergo it, the last words he murmured before he became quiet under the influence of the anæsthetic were, 'I've made up my mind, and I won't die,' and he didn't, to the general astonishment. After he became convalescent, I used sometimes to push him about the hospital gardens in a bath chair, and on one occasion I remember his saying to me (apropos of the operation) 'You know, I've got a wife and children depending on me at home, and I couldn't afford to die just then.' I know that the doctors said that nothing but his extraordinary determination pulled him through, and that they never had a pluckier patient."

Startling—almost theatric as were the climaxes of the three months' war, none of the episodes—many of them equally grandiose, diverted public interest from the vicissitudes besetting Dewey. From the first memorable intimation of his well-won immortality, the heart of the republic thrilled in grateful adoration over his name, his winning personality. It was impossible to tell enough about him. Every mail from the Orient was awaited with an interest as keen as we can imagine concentrated on the Spanish galleons four centuries ago, when each bore to the descendant of the Cæsars, the announcement of new realms, more imposing in area than the greatest empire of Europe. Of Dewey himself, the anecdotage was meagre. His life had been what Shakespeare describes Duncan—So clear in its high ministry, that there was nothing left to disentangle or equivocate over. For months he was claimed by every sect in the church, by both the great political parties and even the dilettante delighted in an unverified legend, which represented the great captain as so careful in attire, that his comrades nicknamed him "Gentleman George." Never in the history of war in modern times did conquest bring such instant fruition

to the man. Congress vied with the Navy Department—the press with both, to give the great sailor lofty testimonial of the republic's grateful recognition. Any grade within the President's gift was urged, and instantly. Indeed the unanimous voice of the country ordered a revival of the grade illustrated by the greatest of all sea kings—Farragut—the towering rank of "Admiral." For as in the army—while a man may be a "rear" admiral—the complete and rounded office of Admiral was abolished when Admiral Porter, the successor of Farragut died.

But, Dewey in his far away station, apparently gave little heed to his own personal fortunes. He had at one master-stroke put himself in the category of the most admired sea captains of any age; but the very completeness of his conquest, for a time put upon him a rôle of the utmost difficulty. It was in the second function—that of warrior and statesman, that the vigor of his mind, his incomparable equipoise, added to the immeasurable esteem,—admiration of his countrymen. We saw him in the confusion of the conquest on that memorable May day, giving as much solicitous care to the safeguarding of the wretched Spanish mariners, as before the event he had given to the million details essential to the victory. Knowing the harrowing anxiety that his countrymen must suffer with but an inkling of the battle, or perhaps an untruthful version from the Spaniards, Admiral Dewey made an effort to overawe the Spanish Captain-General Augusti, and by securing the surrender of the city—which was at his mercy, obtained access to the cable. The British consul had hurried to the fleet, so soon



CAPTAIN-GENERAL AUGUSTI.



MANILA BAY, THE SCENE OF DEWEY'S VICTORY.

as the destruction of Montojo was an accomplished fact, and represented the futility of the Spaniards attempting to resist our further onset.

Admiral Dewey knew perfectly the powerlessness of his enemy, but he was diplomat enough to know that the Spaniard was not his own master. That the surrender of the city would never be forgiven in Madrid, until the walls were battered down and the "honor" of Spain vindicated. He therefore made use of the British official to send Captain-General Augusti word, that the city of Manila was in a state of blockade; that the United States forces would occupy Cavite; that if a single shot were fired at the fleet, he would destroy everything within range and that if he were not permitted to use the cable, he would cut it. The telegraph company expressed their desire to have the cable then neutralized, but the Captain-General peremptorily refused the transaction. Hence, as he could not use the line himself, Admiral Dewey cut it, and thenceforth could communicate with Washington only by way of Hong Kong, 600 miles away. Just as his messengers cut the wire, it was carrying to Madrid Augusti's famous message—that the Yankee fleet had retired "disabled."

Without soldiers to hold the city, its seizure after bombardment would have been a task beyond the forces of Dewey's command. But it was imperative that Cavite, the strong place of the city, should be held. There the fleet had a base; all sorts of supplies were stored in its ample magazines, its wharves could accommodate the shipping bringing stores and troops. When the fleet of Montojo was in extremis, a white flag had been hoisted over the arsenal, but it was not until Monday that the Admiral sent Commander Lamberton to take possession.

As this officer approached the landing, on the Petrel, he saw with dismay, that the white flag was no longer flying. The open places could be seen crowded with troops and many evidences of belligerency in the attitude of the men. Apprehensive of treachery, Commander Lamberton got into a launch with Commander Wood, leaving orders that if they were not back in an hour, to open fire on the arsenal. On landing, the two officers asked to be conducted to the commander. This proved to be a Captain Sostoa, who informed Lamberton, that his Admiral had retired to Manila and that he, Sostoa, was in charge. "May I ask, Captain," said Lamberton, "why your men are under arms after yesterday's surrender?"

"There was no surrender," replied Sostoa.

"But," said Lamberton, "the white flag was hoisted,"

"Yes," retorted Sostoa, "but not as a surrender, only as a token of truce during which we might remove our women and children to a place of safety."

"But, Captain," said Lamberton, "an arsenal is not exactly the place for women and children in times of war. They should have been removed before the bombardment began."

"Ah, well, you see," said Captain Sostoa with a shrug. "You Americans came in to visit us at such an extremely early hour that we had no time to remove our women and children. If you had begun to fight at a less unreasonable hour"—



COMMANDER B. F. LAMBERTON.

"Excuse, me Captain," said Lamberton. "You fired the first shot. But there is no use talking of past events, nor is it my place to do so. I am sent here as a representative of Commodore Dewey of the United States Asiatic squadron, to take possession of this arsenal, and my further instructions are that all Spaniards, whom I find here, must surrender their arms and persons as prisoners of war. If this is not done and done quickly, the engagement will be renewed."

To this Sostoa replied that he could do nothing

without consulting his superior.

"But we will regard you as sufficiently representative," Lamberton rejoined. Then the Spaniard requested that the terms of the surrender might be put down in writing. Lamberton glanced at his watch. Forty of the sixty minutes had elapsed, and in twenty more the Petrel's guns would be banging away, and while Lamberton and Wood knew very well what the issue of the new fight would be, so far as the fleet and the arsenal were concerned, their own predicament would be rather anomalous. Lamberton wrote down these terms:

"Without further delay all Spanish officers and men must be withdrawn, and no buildings or stores must be injured. As Commodore Dewey does not wish further hostility with the Spanish naval forces, the Spanish officers will be paroled, and the forces at the arsenal will deliver all their small arms."

The conversation had been in Spanish, but as the conditions were written in English, Sostoa wanted them translated and clearly explained.

Again Lamberton looked at his watch. Five minutes of the hour only, remained.

"Excuse me Captain," he said, "but there is an absolute reason why I should return at once to the vessel. I will give you until noon, and if on that hour the white flag is not again hoisted over this arsenal, we shall again open fire."

They reached the landing and the launch just in time, for as they put off from the steps they could see the men moving into position around the Petrel's guns, preparatory to opening fire.

Captain Sostoa did not wait for noon, but hoisted the white flag at a quarter of eleven; and when Lamberton returned to take possession, he found that the captain had marched off to Manila with every man, and that every man had taken his rifle.

On the withdrawal of the Spaniards, hordes of natives who had been lurking in the neighboring thickets swarmed into the deserted town. They sacked everything accessible and portable. It was for some time a matter of doubt whether the mass would heed the small band of marines landed to hold the place. No sooner however, were the marines seen marching through the streets, than an extraordinary spectacle unrolled itself. While the natives were pillaging the arsenal and even the hospitals, the Spaniards formed in a woeful procession headed by priests and nurses. They came in the humble posture of condemned martyrs, making a last prayer to their inhuman tormentors! The officers could not comprehend the meaning of the tearful embassies, until a copy of Captain-General Augusti's proclamation was produced. It would be impossible to characterize the mingled credulity and ignorance of a people in compacter form: the viceroy of the Queen of Spain was not ashamed to put his official signature to rhodomontade which rivals the naïvete of Don Quixote:

"Spaniards: Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out. The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortunes and abuse our hospital-

ity, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable. The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, with their outrages against the law of nations and international conventions.

"The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of victories will give us one as brilliant as the justice of our cause demands. Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all nations, will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those states that, without cohesion, and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions, and the ungrateful spectacle of chambers in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.

"A squadron manned by foreigners possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty. Pretending to be inspired by a courage, of which they are incapable, the North Americans undertake as an enterprise capable of realization, the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization; to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and to kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships, or to be exploited in agricultural or industrial labor.

"Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings!

"Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mock of; impious hands to be placed in the temple of the true God; the images you adore to be thrown down by unbelief. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate the property that your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age. No: they shall not perpetrate any of the crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America, instead of bringing to them the life of civilization and of progress.

"Philippinos, prepare for the struggle, and united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, the cry of 'Viva Espana!'

Your general,

"BASILIO AUGUSTIN DAVILA.

“Manila, 23d April, 1898.”

The reaction among the gullible masses, offered enough of the lighter vein to recompense the fleet for the trials of the brief campaign. All the wounded were tenderly cared for, and those able to bear transportation were put under the charge of the Red Cross to be conveyed to Manila. When the long train of hurt and maimed reached that hapless town, the stupefaction of the Spaniards was complete. They could not be made to believe that the ferocious Yankees had relinquished their prey. The Captain-General became a fallen prophet, he issued no more proclamations, his first having been so swiftly discredited. Dewey's immense task began only when the civic problems to be dealt with presented themselves. He had the capital of the Philippines under his guns, but with no soldiery to man the conquered posts, he was every hour at the mercy of the enemy. The creed and contention of “Sea power” as the last and final evidence of dominion received an interpretation that will tend to check the assumptions of the school that hold navies alone, as the final and exclusive instruments of national defence and conquest. For though Dewey had secured from his fleet the most complete victory ever won, he was as helpless for offence, as though his guns had been ploughshares. It would be at least six weeks before he could count on a platoon of the fifteen thousand troops, promptly designated to sail to his succor. Meanwhile, the Spaniards though fleetless, were in sufficient numbers to defend every mile of accessible territories. Indeed, in the hands of an enterprising chief, the armies of Spain might have forced the fleet to remain far from shore, compelling the invader to get his supplies entirely from his base in San Francisco.

Nor was this the least of Dewey's perplexities. Though the work of defending Spain's empire had been done by incompetent or dishonest agents, was nowhere what it should be, the nature of the ground, to a large extent remedied, if it did not supplement science. Before his departure Captain-General Blanco had worked with diligence to make the approaches to Manila difficult. Immense guns from Europe were mounted in modern earthworks, and strong garrisons of Spanish troops were brought from Spain to man them. Cavite fortress was counted upon as the principal stronghold.

The town of Cavite lies on the southeastern part of the great bay, twenty miles from the quarantine station at the harbor entrance, and ten miles from Manila. The ancient fortress, which defended the harbor when Draper raised the British flag over Manila, was reckoned impregnable to infantry attack. The insurgents with their bows and arrows

and old muskets, have assailed it, many a time, in vain. The Fortress stands upon a rise of ground and looks precisely like the Morro Castle at the entrance of Havana harbor. On the Cavite peninsula, between the castle and the shore, modern earthworks were thrown up. They were not more than ten feet high, but thick enough to stop the heaviest projectiles of modern guns. Behind the earthworks were mounted eight eight-inch cannon, built by the Krupps. They were mounted *en barbette*, non-disappearing carriages and comparatively close together. The Captain-General, had, when the fleet was destroyed, 25,000 regular troops and 100,000 natives, officered by Spaniards. Under ordinary circumstances, these natives—bloodthirsty, profligate, licentious, fight valor-



SPANISH EARTHWORKS AT CAVITE.

ously—when not too indolent to march. But it was found nearly impossible to discipline them—to fit them for any other than guerrilla warfare. As against the enemy Spain had now provoked, however, it was hopeless to count on the fidelity of the Philipinos. Though the former Captain-General, Primo de Rivera had subdued the latest uprising, the apparition of the United States forces had again aroused the fiercely unrestful, insurgent spirit. The conquest of the rebellion and the negotiations leading to it, illustrate the moral and military decadence of Spain in colonial administration.

Don Emilio Aguinaldo had been conceded the post of leader of the natives. He had given the Spaniards two years of incessant campaigning, of the wearing and inglorious sort known as guerilla warfare. Primo de Rivera, worn out with the task, finally proffered the insurgents, substantially then these terms—first securing the assent of the chiefs by a bribe of \$800,000. The treaty of peace is eloquent at the conduct of Spain's agents, and the venality illustrates the worthlessness of the so-called patriots. The terms signed embrace these provisions:

First.—The expulsion or secularization of the religious orders, and the abolition of all the official vetoes of these orders, in civil affairs.

Second.—A general amnesty for all rebels; guarantees for their personal security, and from the vengeance of the friars and parish priests, after returning to their homes.

Third.—Radical reforms to curtail the glaring abuses in the administration.

Fourth.—Freedom of the press to denounce official corruption and blackmailing.

Fifth.—Representation in the Spanish parliament.

Sixth.—Abolition of the iniquitous system of secret deportation of political suspects.

This compact the Governor-General had no intention of observing. No sooner were the chiefs, including Aguinaldo, expatriated with their bribes than the agreement was ignored. Then the Philipinos of influence carried their plaint to Madrid, and recited among other grievances, that the Philippine treasury was forced to pay a heavy contribution to the general expenses of the government at Madrid; pay pensions to the Duke de Veragua and to the Marquis of Bedmar, besides those of the sultans and native chiefs of the islands of Sulu and Mindanao. It also provided for the entire cost of the Spanish consulates at Pekin, Tokio, Hong Kong, Singapore, Saigon, Yokohama, and Melbourne, for the staff and material for the minister of the colonies, including the purely ornamental council of the Philippines; the expenses of supporting the colony of Fernando Po, in Africa, and all the pensions and retiring allowances of the civil and military employees who have served in the Philippines, amounting in the sum to \$1,160,000 a year. More than \$17,000,000 is the amount consigned in the Philippine budget for the year 1894, but not a penny is allowed for public works, highways, bridges, or public buildings, and only \$6,000 for scientific studies, while the amount set apart for religious purposes and clergy amounts to nearly \$1,400,000. This sum does not include the amounts paid to the clergy for baptisms, marriages, sale of indulgencies, papal bulls and scapularies, which exceed the government allowances. The sum of \$40,000 is set apart as a subvention to railway companies and new projects of railways, but the college for Franciscan monks in Spain and the transportation of priests comes in for \$55,000. The complaints had torn the heart of General Polajieva, who returned from his Captain-Generalcy of the islands, resolved on reform.

Aguinaldo, on reaching neutral territory refused to share the \$800,000 bribe with his fellows, and having a quick wit, he realized from the talk

of the consulates, that Spain was likely to have her hands full in dealing with the gigantic republic of the west. He at once took his measures to renew the revolt, and made use of the Spanish bribe to get his forces together. He made himself known to the consul of the United States at Hong Kong, and impressed Dewey with his capacity to make a formidable diversion in our favor, in case we had the good fortune to crush the Spanish fleet and overawe Manila. There was even a semi-official agreement, made in the office of the United States consul, Spencer Pratt, and several of the insurgent chieftains. In this conciliabule Aguinaldo described the causes and incidents of the last rebellion. In case of war, he explained the nature of the coöperation he could give, while he promised to maintain order and to conduct the war on civilized principles. He covenanted that he would be willing to accept for Luzon, the same terms that the United States intended giving to Cuba. War like poverty, makes strange bedfellows. Dewey with the instinctive reserves of the born statesman accepted tacitly the volunteer aid of the nondescript insurgent who might, or might not, add to the embarrassments of the situation—both for himself and the Spanish enemy. To Aguinaldo's demand for instant recognition as the President of the Philippines, Dewey opposed a polite admonition to wait until Washington could be heard from. He supplied the impetuous chief with ample stores for his impatient patriots, but gave him no official status. A less sagacious administrator than Dewey would have hesitated before the spectre of a republic with from 9,000,000 to 17,000,000 savages.

The Spanish commanders had added to their own peril in an unwise attempt to transform the natives into auxiliary soldiery. The effect was, as might have been foreseen, the contagion of unrest, insurgency. The word liberty, which has an indigenous interpretation the world over, meant to the Philipinos, license, a state of things in which there should be no toil—no taxes. The Spaniards represented to them both toil and tax, and the rumor that a free people never toiled, who sailed the seas for riches and lived as they pleased in primeval forests, were on the way to drive the Spaniards out—very soon made the native troops a terror to the wretched Spanish viceroy. Under the policy of conciliation, Mauser rifles had been apportioned lavishly to the able-bodied nomads, and now with the Yankee guns covering the city, the Captain-General faced revolt among his auxiliaries and the bullets from the Mausers directed at the Spanish soldiery. No sooner was Aguinaldo back among his compatriots, than the Spaniards began to comprehend the extent of Dewey's blow. The treacherous natives, with pledges of loyalty warm on their lips, up-

rose in all the rural districts where there was loot to be gained or vengeance slaked. Within a radius of twenty miles of Manila, bands of converts, with prayers and protests of devotion, uprose on the priests, on the sparse military garrisons—butchered and pillaged, without compunction. Every hour brought news of outbreak and devastation—outbreaks the



REBELS DECOYING SPANIARDS WITHIN RANGE.

more serious that the ferocious outlaws were armed with the best guns and in many cases had been drilled by Spanish officers. Day after day, the wan watchers in the streets and outworks, had to open the gates of the beleaguered city to the routed garrisons of the towns outlying Manila. It was a part of a wise warrior to aid and abet all these troubles of the Manila garrison. Dewey contributed 5,000 Mauser rifles and an adequate

amount of ammunition. Aguinaldo gave out that he had used the greater part of the \$800,000 bribe, to arm his compatriots. But a British banker in Hong Kong was known to have the sum—or had it, nearly intact, long after the fall of Manila.

But the Spaniards upheld their flag manfully. They were encouraged to withstand the rebels, knowing that it would require six weeks for the first of our troops to reinforce Dewey. During those weeks Spain would find allies—or Madrid would send a succoring fleet. The German ships too, coming so promptly on the scene—it was argued by the beleaguered garrison, was the preliminary of a joint action by European powers. But to escape the horrors of capture by the indescribable natives, there was not a man in the garrison who would not have preferred instant surrender to Admiral Dewey. But to hold the city, work day and night, was incumbent on the worn-out garrison. The slaughter among the officers of the native regiments threatened to destroy the whole army. The most grievous blow to Spanish pride was the uprising of one of the most trusted of the native regiments charged with the defence of a vital approach. They fell upon the unsuspecting corps of Spaniards at night and massacred them to a man. After that, the disheartened Captain-General, had he not been restrained by advice conveyed through the Germans, would have thrown himself upon Dewey's mercy. But to keep the garrison in heart, the work of strengthening the ancient, inner walls went on feverishly. The clergy raised the sum of \$1,000,000 to aid the public treasury. The old moat, dug three hundred years ago, and grown over, was deepened and widened. Every gun in the interior of the islands that could be secured, was brought to Manila and placed to guard against the land attack. There was never a sign of defence against the sea.

It was not, however, the Spanish commander or his foredoomed forces that gave Dewey uneasiness. Indeed, so far as they were concerned, he had no perplexity. Two discordant intrigues were making his attitude almost unbearable. The plots of the German and British—both on their fleets and in the consulates in Manila tended to embarrass Dewey's action. The British from the first assumed the attitude of patronizing good fellowship, which with them always precedes some diabolical treachery; the Germans intent on a grab, could scarcely be restrained from forcing a combat with our victorious fleet.

The German emperor with that restless greed of the parvenu, which seeks recognition at all hazards, began a studiously offensive plan of campaign, designed to embarrass the invader and incidentally strengthen

the hopes of the Spaniards. A German fleet, fresh from the rape of a Chinese port, seized in a time of peace, sailed into Manila harbor, assumed the air of arbiter and for a time made it very probable that the fleet that had destroyed Montojo would be called on to teach the bumptious meddler a lesson. Admiral Diedrich, the Kaiser's commander, indeed assumed to set Dewey's prescription and regulation at defiance. By night and by day our ships were held in leash, as if in the neighborhood of a declared enemy. When these offences became too glaring, Dewey peremptorily reminded the meddling German that he was going too far and that another outbreak would be met by a broadside of the republic's fleets.

The world watched the strange spectacle with an interest swayed by conflicting emotions. Half of Europe hoped that the Germans would give loose to the arrogant disregard of the comities the empire has displayed since it achieved unity. The French and Russians were eager to see the Kaiser involved in war with a power strong enough to bankrupt the new dictator; Great Britain hoped for a collision which would give her a chance to pose as the friend of her "Kin beyond the sea" and incidentally break the power of the only commercial rival that was giving her concern. But Dewey from the hour the Spanish flag was struck from the fleet, to the end, met each dilemma with the ready resources of a trained diplomat and administrator. While maintaining vigorous blockade, he gave permission to a delegation of British and German merchants to remove their families to Cavite. He ordered that port to be made inhabitable and placed Consul Williams in Charge. The consequence was that wealthy Manila families placed all their houses at Cavite at Dewey's disposal. He made himself wisely popular among the British ship masters. Instead of conducting himself with the absolutism of a conqueror, he aided and facilitated their business so far as it did not interfere with his duties. His praise was heard in every port in the far east; when he was in need of coal, these ship masters sold him 3,000 tons, as much from good will as a desire to do a good stroke of business. Manila papers, all of which were under government control, tried to keep up the Spanish courage by all sorts of fanciful and sensational reports. They maintained that the *Baltimore* was so damaged in the battle that the Admiral had decided to scuttle her. One issue contained a proclamation from the Archbishop, stating that four Spanish battleships were on their way out, and that God had informed him that in the next engagement, the armies of the most Christian Spain would be victorious!

Every incoming vessel brought rumors of unrest to the sorely tried

Admiral, as the days of waiting dragged heavily onward. Spain was gathering her greatest fleet to despatch through the Suez Canal to exterminate the audacious invader. As the rumors of Spanish recrudescence became more tangible, the insolent and menacing provocation of the German marplot passed from the tentative to the actual. As lord by conquest of Manila waters, Admiral Dewey established regulations—safeguarding his fleet. Among other prescriptions, it was directed that no craft should move about the bay after dark, without permission of the proper authority. This rule is of universal application under such circumstances. All the navies and fleets in Manila harbor complied scrupulously with the requirement, save the Germans. They insisted in sailing their launches, and pleasure boats and what not, through the sentinel ships of Dewey's fleet, without a word of precaution. When this was seen to be a deliberate infringement of his order, Admiral Dewey took action. One night, a German launch was discovered prowling about the bay. A searchlight was turned upon it, and for over an hour the boat was kept under the convicting glare, while its actions were closely scrutinized. Finally Admiral Dewey sent a boat to the launch, and asked, in a manner that admitted of no misunderstanding, that there be no movement of boats or vessels in the bay at night, without his knowledge.

Hard by Manila, the Spaniards for some unknown purpose, early in July, began to uprear fortifications on a point of strategic value, known as Isla Grande. The point commands a sheet of water known as Subig Bay, which the German "War lord," was understood to covet. The insurgent leader asked Admiral Dewey for permission to capture the point. This was readily accorded. But when the storming party reached the island, they found the German warship Irene in the bay, and they reported at once to the Admiral that she refused to permit them to attack the Spaniards. Admiral Dewey despatched the gunboat Concord and the cruiser Raleigh to investigate the situation. They were instructed to take the island in face of the Irene, if necessary, and turn it over to the insurgents. When they entered Subig Bay, they saw the Irene there, but as soon as she saw them she got under way and put back to Cavite. The Spanish garrison on the island surrendered to our warships, without making a fight. This incident made a grave and lasting impression on the people of the republic. No sooner had the report reached Germany than the Cabinet recognized the gravity of the situation. Semi-official apologies were published in the German presses, and personages of authority made haste to explain that it was a mere accident. But there was not a man in this country who did not comprehend and resent the in-

solence of the German Admiral. The merest trifle would have brought the two peoples to a rupture. Meanwhile, the diplomatic agencies were aglow with rumors of underhand treaties between Spain and the Kaiser, for the transfer of Philippine sovereignty to the restless Hohenzollern. That monarch, itching for the wonderment of the world, was known to aspire to the sea-dominion of Great Britain. He had in profound peace, without a word of warning, sent a fleet to the harbor of Kion Chon and piratically demanded its cession. He had begun pourparlers for the seizure of Delagoa Bay, the Portuguese haven, nearest the Transvaal republic, and was only stayed by the armament of an imposing British squadron. In the Pacific, it was known that he was restive under the arrangement forced upon him for the nominal autonomy of the Samoan islands; he coveted the exclusive sovereignty. In fact, there is nothing territorial that the new-fangled German empire does not covet, since the momentary syncope of France permitted the abstraction of the old Roman provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, as well as the Rhine frontiers; yet the plot was in conception and detail the machination of British emissaries, who made it known in every chancellery in Europe, that Britain saw with distrust, the republic expelling the sovereignty of Spain, from her American possessions.

To the Russian chancellor, the British made no secret that the republic had grown presumptuous—for no sooner were Spain driven out, than the interloping democracy would demand the withdrawal of France and Britain herself. But the Russians were no longer interested in transatlantic colonies. They had sold their only possession to the republic—Alaska, and historically they were bound in the closest amity with the United States. France was lured by proffers, to complete the Panama canal, and thus free Europe of the menace of a water way under the sole control of the Washington Cabinet. France was perfectly willing to join in a remonstrance against pushing Spain to the wall; untold millions of French money are invested in Spanish securities—further than that the sagacious French statesmen would not go a step. But their willingness to go thus far, was at once seized by British intriguers, to make it appear that our oldest and only real friend on the continent, was willing to join Europe in balking our action. Taking his cue from the home plotters, the British Admiral at Manila made himself the shadow of the Yankee Admiral, while preserving the closest intimacy with the German, Diedrich. Coincidentally with this, the British Admiral found means to have the word cabled to London—for Yankee consumption, that the German commander, having asked him, what he would do, if the two fleets, Dewey's

and the Kaiser's should come to blows—he, the Briton had replied, "Oh, that Admiral Dewey and I keep to ourselves" Of course the inference to be drawn is, that Dewey had invoked the Briton's protection and that the Queen's fleet would have been found aligned with the Yankees, if the German's bumptiousness had forced Dewey to depart from his studious self-constraint.

The incident is another illustration of the inexpugnable perfidy of the Briton in office. Admiral Dewey never dreamed of taking a Briton into his confidence; never dreamed of calling upon the inborn, hereditary enemy of the republic to aid him. For, side by side with the armada that had conquered Spain, was the modest squadron of the French republic, and there was not a man on the ships that would not have died and gladly died for the chance to fire one volley at the hated black and yellow flag of the parvenu power that despoiled France in 1870-1. Yet a lie well told is as effective as the truth. The millions in this country received the British fable and they believe it to this day, and will probably believe it until the day comes, when British fleets are thundering in the harbors of New York and Boston.



OFF DUTY.

PART II.

DEWNEY'S dazzling work at Manila found the administration totally unprepared to coöperate with him. This was, and is, no reflection upon our sorely-tried administrative system. It was a hope, rather than a trust, that Dewey might capture or destroy the military forces of Spain in the vast Oriental empire known as the Philippines. The most that was expected was, that his fleet might hold a considerable number of the Spanish vessels in the far eastern seas, thereby lessening the task involved in the submission of Cuba and the enemy's possessions in the Antilles. The President had cabled Dewey to destroy the Manila squadron, but neither the executive nor his accomplished naval secretary, Governor Long, hoped for more than a valorous combat and the blockade of the Spanish fleet in the roadstead of Manila. When, therefore, Dewey's laconic report came to Washington, saying simply, "I have obeyed my orders," there was something like a panic of delight in high places. With the Spanish fleet destroyed, a prize more glittering than fortune had ever thrown in the grasp of conquering ambition, offered itself to the administration. In an instant, "The war of humanity" was subtly changed into a struggle with conscience, the teaching of religion, the comities of national honor. For, the instant the Manila result was realized by the Cabinet at Madrid, the word was sent out that Spain suc-



CAPTAIN AUNON.
Spanish Minister of Marine.

cumbed, that she was ready to conform to the insolent and unprecedented mandate of the United States Congress.

But, as a lie breeds a lie, a false pretense breeds a brood of pretenses. Howsoever much the President might desire peace, he dared not for an instant, accept it. The famine of "glory" had not been glutted, the armed quarter million had not heard the Mauser; the fleets of the Atlantic had not demonstrated that they were the inheritors of Paul Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge, and Farragut; the regiments so impulsively formed in every state, had not shown that they were of the stuff that made the myriads of the Civil War's glories. No president, no cabinet, no human agency, dared accept the piteous hints of the wretched Spaniard. There must be more destruction, more death, there must be a siege and battle in Cuba to justify the war, so recklessly, so needlessly—to my mind, so wickedly forced upon the helpless. The governing councils of Washington had counted only on a campaign in Cuba. To that end the limited number of troops called out seemed ample; was ample. For the more blatherskite fomentors of this war, knew that, when the worst came to the worst, our dependence must be placed upon the Regulars. I have been a volunteer in the armies of the republic and I can do impartial justice to the generous and noble millions who enlist, but, they are no more to be compared with Regular soldiery in an immediate crisis, than an ox is to be compared with a racer. Yet, it is a mere question of time when the volunteer is able to do all that the Regular is expected to do. It took two years and more, during the Civil War, to make our volunteers as trustworthy as the Regulars, but after the two years, the volunteers were Regulars. They stood and died in the seven days' battles; they marched and died in the hideous Pope debacle; in the end they were the army. But it cost years and it cost millions to make 100,000 volunteers equal to 10,000 Regulars.

Of all that is venerable in the republic it is the Regular army that takes precedence. A golden chord of the true glory that sanctifies fame, attaches their ranks with the sacred symbols of Washington's victories, links them with every deed of emprise that redounds to the credit of the republic, and makes them, though comparatively few in numbers, the body best beloved and therefore the most implicitly revered tradition in the republic. Officered by a corps of men who would be scholastic exemplars in any other system, they have above all bodies serving the state, dedicated to war, illustrated the meaning of the milites of the early Roman civilization, when the soldier was the perfect paragon of the citizen. From the plains of Saratoga to the shambles of Yorktown, the Reg-

ulars have embodied the peculiar characteristics that differentiate our standing army from all others. They are first, and above all, instruments of the law. In obedience, bravery, unmurmuring compliance with the edicts of authority, they are all that Brutus dreamed, that Washington meditated. Where the Regular army operates, there the work is done systematically; officered by men, every one of whom is capable of administering the government of a free people, this extraordinary body has been the shield and defender of a republic which has grown from 1,500,000 to 70,000,000. It is because they perform their allotted task so modestly, because they are so fastidiously observant of law and precedent, that their virtues, their glory, even, is, if not unknown, but vaguely appreciated. In the Civil War they were but a handful, yet their virtues impregnated the 2,000,000 who fought the colossal fight; on any battlefield, when it was known that the Regulars were present, the volunteers were tenfold the force they would have been by themselves. Were an army in straits, were a charge to be met, were a forlorn hope to be undertaken, the presence, the voice of a Regular troop was equal to a reinforcement of unnumbered battalions. Yet, like the sunlight, like the beneficent forces of nature, the Regulars were omitted from the popular plaudits, because it seemed of course they should be equal to the utmost demanded—like light, or fire, or air. They have been, and they are, 25,000; that is enough. More would make us their slaves, that number makes us their adorers. We never shall have need for more. Were they more they would become the janissaries of the republic. They would lose their modesty, they would lose their character; they would become the instruments of the base, the designing, they would serve the miscreants who fatten on the name of "patriot" to despoil the community. They would become what is so easy for the military to become, the instrument of ambition, greed—war. We have no need of war. We covet nothing beyond our own borders, that is, the sane majority do not. Within our own boundaries we have all that a millionfold more in numbers than we are, need. If at a future time the republic needs more, that is a matter for the future to decide, and in that future, it is reasonable to hope that there will be no such abhorrent barbarism as war, to veil greed or ambition.

The President and his military advisers hesitated before the painful dilemma. It would be such a superb spectacle to reduce a far away, an enchanting empire of romance. To throttle Spain at our own doors and at the same time despoil her of the last vestiges of her greatness, in the fabled isles of the East. Coincidentally, the jingo press broke into vociferous demands for "expansion." Shallow politicians divining all

that is mean and covetous in human nature, hurried to put themselves on "record." Providence, the Almighty, all the deities, that the depraved call upon when an especially evil end is advocated, were pointed out as favoring our seizure of an empire, that had no more to do with our declared purpose than Bohemia in Austria, or Poland, the lacerated victim of the "humanitarian" process of Russia, Prussia or Austria. It was finally decided that a very considerable portion of the army raised to implant "civilization" in Cuba, should be diverted to reclaiming the empire of the Philippines from the nerveless grasp of Spain. The vision of a prodigious conquest; the fascination of colonies greater in extent than Britain had seized, dazzled a certain potential segment of the people, and the President—yielding to the clamor of the press and the insidious beseechings of the truculent—ordered half the available forces to Manila. First 15,000 men were named as ample, but as European complications fomented by the Briton began to be bruited, this number was doubled. Finally, the commander of the forces impressed with the vociferations of the jingo press, declared that he could not do the work expected under 50,000 men!

General Wesley Merritt, a soldier of approved capacity was designated for the post of Captain-General of the coveted empire. He sailed with the conviction that he was expected to add the 2,000 islands of the Philippine groups to the territory of the republic. He had barely touched the soil of Luzon when he again demanded 50,000 soldiers to hold Dewey's conquest and fulfil the expectations of the jingo journals. The flower of the army, both regulars and volunteers accompanied General Merritt. It required weary weeks to gather them together, and it required still wearier weeks to traverse the immense waste of waters between San Francisco and Manila. The army with this novel commission, set out from San Francisco in straggling detachments.

But there were not enough Regulars to fight the spectacular battles decreed in Cuba, and at the same time supplement Dewey's victorious squadrons. General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief, had from the first advised an autumn campaign in Cuba. It was too late when Congress ordered war, to expedite forces to the island in time to escape the fever season, the torrential summer rains. But the agencies ordering the war had taken no account of difficulties. The Morgans, Forakers, and Thurstons, had translated the artifices of the innumerable juntas into intolerable wrongs, that needed instant righting. The President knew that a postponement until autumn would imperil the administration—even the war itself. Yet Lincoln encountered that; the war that Seward



MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.



announced would end in ninety days, went on in ever increasing volume for five years. Hence there was doubt and misgiving over the resolution to be taken. The Regulars could not be spared from Cuba—or the bulk of them; they were too precious to commit to the long voyage between San Francisco and Manila—for the month required to carry them thither, might be vital, in Cuba. Nor would an instant levy of 500,000 volunteers resolve the problem. Then too, the imperial spirit had not yet become the cry of any considerable number of journals. Clergymen had not approved it, though a number of them did in time, after the jingo journals had prepared the way. But the case was urgent. If not succored, Dewey might find himself confronted by the last great fleet of Spain and an army equal to our entire force.

On the last day of June, the anxious squadron and its sorely tried commander, saw the national flag flying over an imposing flotilla. The long expected succor had come. But, though the national administration had strained all the available appliances of the departments to their utmost, this first quota seemed almost ludicrously inadequate to the work contemplated. Slight however as the force was, about 3,000 men, they relieved the pressure on the fleet. While they were not equal to forcing an action likely to result in the capture of Manila, they served amply to garrison Cavite and even to hold the over-demonstrative natives in check. For in the antipodes, as in Cuba, the native from the first became the crucial complexity. Little had been known of the "Philippines" or their fitness for self-rule. With neither schools, journals nor literature, it was impossible to regard seriously the outbreaks of the shiftless leaders, as in any sense a reflex of a wide-spread unrest with the civic institutions of Spain. Nor was the conduct of Aguinaldo the braggadocio leader, calculated to reassure a clear-headed, scrupulously honorable executive like Dewey. Aguinaldo, as has been seen, had compacted with the Spanish Captain-General, to swallow his aspirations for reformed administration or liberty, and had taken himself out of the islands. But with the definite prospect of the immense pillage the city of Manila offered, by the aid of the United States forces, the cohorts of insurgents again became cohesive; Dewey was barely master of the Manila waters, when immense numbers of the nomads swarmed about the environs of the city—ready to enter, so soon as the Spanish forces were worn out.

To the armies and navies warring, as Congress declared, for "humanity" nothing could be more repulsive than a coparceny with such a leader and such hordes. For Aguinaldo was, and is of the most repellent type of the manumitted, servile races. Born in the utmost obscurity, of

part Spanish and half-breed parents, fortune placed him as a child, with a kindly priest who gave him humane treatment, opportunity to educate himself and contact with whatever of refinement, the primitive society of the islands afforded. He was quick of wit, diligent in a spasmodic way, incorrigibly deceitful and ignobly—enviously—aspiring. He saw the wrongs and oppressions put upon his people, but he saw them as wrongs and oppressions, because he was not permitted to be of the governing caste. Aguinaldo studied medicine, mixed with the educated ranks of the society about him, but all time kept up close confraternal relations with the Philippine masses. He saw something of the world outside the island empire where he was born. He is said to have passed years in wandering through China and Japan. He became indoctrinated with his value to himself, in Hong Kong, where British emissaries aroused him to the opportunities for leadership in the Philippines.

The islands administered by viceroys, who regarded the billet very much as a Klondiker his exile in the portals of eternal frost and snow, has been consistently an evil and corrupt government. Every Captain-General counted on returning to Spain rich, and he generally did so. The murmurs of the oppressed with difficulty reached the metropolitan, and when they did, the needs of party, if not the indifference of the government stifled all outcry, all redress. Aguinaldo saw all this; he saw the restiveness of even the unofficial Spaniard, and he went to work to prepare a dictatorship for himself. That is, he proposed to make himself a power to be counted with. He had no conception of government, beyond the simplest form of savage absolutism. He meant to get the millions behind him, and then demand a share in the plunder. He is in his twenty-eighth year now, and since his compatriots adopted him as their exponent and idol, he has given every sign of the selfish, cruel, ineradicable savagery born in him. Rivals or marplots, he treats as the Sultans of Turkey treated possible aspirants to the throne. He has a face, hard as Nero's, and morals that would shame a Fijian. He has the extraordinary audacity of his race—a race as I have before shown, taught that death is the price of paradise, if given up in the cause of Mahomet.

Aguinaldo like all Philipinos associated with the Spaniards, is a Catholic, but his revolt is primarily against the oppressive pervasive influence of the religious orders. His most eminent rival, Atachio, said to be a man of lofty views and self-denying integrity, incurred Aguinaldo's suspicion, because he began to share the adulation the people had first paid the ex-valet. There was a quarrel between the two over the \$800,000 bribe, and Atachio mysteriously disappeared. It was really the

generalship of Atachio that wore out the corruptly led Spaniards in the last revolution; it was the popular recognition of this that made the unfortunate man one too many in the band of clever adventurers Aguinaldo has brought about him. No sooner, however, is one of his adlati distinguished in the favor of the Philippinos, than he is sent far away on a pretended mission, and once gone, his friends count him as dead. When this extraordinary young man was the body servant of his priestly patron, he was known simply as Emilio. Now he is obsequiously addressed as "Don Emilio Aguinaldo y Faury." The man and the system, or rather the bouffe regime he would conduct, may be best judged from one of the first documents issued on the declaration of independence of the Philippines:

DON EMILIO AGUINALDO Y FAURY,

"President of the Revolutionary Government of the Philippines and General-in-Chief of its Army:

"In conformity with the precepts in the decree of this Government, dated June 23, ult., and the instructions which accompanied it, I proclaim as follows:

"Article 1. Señor Don Baldomero Aguinaldo is appointed Secretary of War and Public Works; Señor Don Leandro Ibarra, Secretary of the Interior and branches comprehended therein; Señor Don Mariani Trias, Secretary of the Treasury and the annexed branches.

"The conduct of the Bureau of Foreign Relations, Marine and Commerce will be in charge provisionally, for the present, of the Presidency, until there is appointed a Secretary who is considered more apt.

"Article 2. The gentlemen named will assume charge of their respective offices, previously having solemnly taken, on the day designated for that purpose by the President, the following oath: 'I swear by God and my honor to carry out the laws and decisions and to fulfil faithfully the duty I voluntarily accept, under the penalties established for the same. So may it be.'

"This oath will be taken before the President and the dignitaries who are invited for this solemn act, the interested person placing his right hand on the New Testament.

"Article 3. The directors and chiefs of provinces and villages, on receiving their respective titles, will take a similar oath before the President and the Secretaries of the Government.

"The prominent counsellors, as well as the delegates and subchiefs, will take the oath before the chief of the province and the chiefs of villages previously invited to the solemn act.

"Article 4. In the reports and similar documents presented to the authorities and in official correspondence there will be employed before the name of

the official the title 'Señor' or 'Maguiñor' (Tagalo), according to the character and importance of the same. When the official is not so addressed the personal title 'Usted' will be used when directed to an inferior or an equal, but when addressed to a superior the title 'Xorot ros' will be employed.

"Article 5. The Secretaries are empowered to sign 'by order of the President' such resolutions or decisions as are of small importance and those which expediency requires should be put into effect, but final decrees and resolutions will be confirmed by the President and the Secretary.

"Article 6. The chiefs of provinces are permitted to use as distinctive of their office a cane with gold head and silver tassels. On the upper part of the cane there will be engraved a sun and three stars.

"The chiefs of villages may carry a similar cane, but with black tassels. The subchiefs also may carry a cane with silver head and red tassels.

"The provincial counsellors are authorized to wear a triangular badge of gold, pendent from a collar and a chain of the same metal; on the badge there shall appear an engraved sun and three stars. The delegates will wear a similar badge, but of silver; also the chain.

"Article 7. The President will wear as a distinctive mark a collar of gold from which depends a badge similar to those heretofore described, and also a whistle of gold. The Secretaries will wear a similar collar with the badge, and the directors, also, but of silver.

"The President will carry also a cane with head and tassels of gold.

"Dated at Bakor, July 5, 1898.

"EMILIO AGUINALDO,

"The President of the Revolutionary Government."

No sooner was he recognized as an auxiliary, by Admiral Dewey, than he began pranks in authority and arrogance, as whimsically droll, if it were not for the dangers involved, as the grotesqueries of the German war lord. In fact, the two characters are amazingly alike, making allowance for the more civilizing restraints that the German Kaiser sometimes acknowledges. From the moment he had gathered his nondescript rabble about Manila, he began to treat as equal to equal, with the United States commander. When the troops reached Cavite he exacted more ceremony in the simplest administrative details than is usual in the haughty court of Austria. General Anderson, having business of an urgent nature, sent an aide-de-camp to request certain accommodations for the newly arrived troops. Aguinaldo; enthroned in one of the palaces of the suburb where his motley hordes awaited the looting of the great city, kept the officer in attendance an unseemly time and then sent word that he could not be disturbed—he was asleep! Innumerable perversities of this sort finally brought about the total ignoring of his presence and refusal to

permit his coöperation in the meditated attack. Then Aguinaldo set about reducing Manila with his own forces. The Spanish, without supplies in all the surrounding country, with roads in possession of innumerable bands of natives, were day after day forced to narrow their defensive lines until nothing was left them to defend save the venerable walls. Aguinaldo prepared to storm these, but the Spaniards gave no sign of distrusting their ability to hold the city—until the army of the republic should be in force enough, to make a surrender to them. From the first, as a matter of history that was really all the Spanish commander delayed for—that is to say, so soon as he realized that Spain was impotent to send a succoring fleet and an army.

To circumvent, this Aguinaldo displayed an energy that at times seemed superhuman. He gathered from the captured places, overrun by the sheer numbers of his followers, all the artillery that was capable of firing. He infused into his tatterdemalion ranks, the enthusiasm of the crusaders, and in scores of contests actually defeated the better-armed and disciplined hosts of Spain. He hungered to get hold of Manila, if only long enough to lay his hands on the city's riches, and in a vague way to make terms with the United States, when the fate of the Philippines came up for settlement. There were vigorous protests made to the Cabinet, when the latitude given Aguinaldo was made known—for the character of this repulsive miscreant, has been understood by many men of standing in this country who have had dealings with the Philippines. Nor has the administration made any mistake in the marplot, events thrust upon Dewey. That officer did as all commanders do in war. He made use of Aguinaldo, as he would made use of a fire ship, or dynamite—knowing that there were chances that both might injure his own fleet. This must always be done in war. No doubt sensitive Britons hated to hold converse with Benedict Arnold, but as he could benefit British interests, he was made much of. In the case of Aguinaldo, however, other influences were at work.



GENERAL ATACHIO.



DON EMILIO AGUINALDO Y FAURY.

Leader of the Philippine Insurgents and President of the Revolutionary Government.

The ignoble system or lack of system, of our consular service, had placed in the consulate at Hong Kong a grotesque diplomats from the western plains, who conceived a violent admiration for the unqualifiable Aguinaldo. This personage—Wildman by name, schemed by day and meditated by night, ways and means to make Aguinaldo a persona grata to Dewey. But while recognizing Aguinaldo's availability as a factor in holding Manila until troops were at hand, Admiral Dewey never gave the Philippine adventurer the slightest official recognition. He permitted him to help himself to the army stores in the captured arsenal in Cavite, but that in no sense bound the United States government. Underneath the Aguinaldo pretensions, however, was discernible the hand of British intrigue. That power, knowing that it would be impossible for a republic to undertake the compulsory "civilization" of such tribes as make up the Philippines, determined from the first that we should be gulled into assuming a protectorate. Spain once expelled, the British would inherit the empire so soon as the calmer judgment of the people of the United States brought jingoism and spoliation to a halt. Aguinaldo has been coached in every step by a British diplomat, one Bray, who brought about meetings of Aguinaldo and his ineffable company, in the United States consulate at Hong Kong. It was this British go-between, who vouched for Aguinaldo conducting the war on "Christian principles," if Dewey would entrust him with arms and an auxiliary rôle in the conquest of Manila. Admiral Dewey seems to have required but a few days experience with the insurgent chief to penetrate his motives, for it is plain from every act since the destruction of the Manila fleet, that he merely tolerated the agent of British greed. Dewey and his staff kept up a diligent inquiry, pending the arrival of the army—to ascertain exactly what manner of folk Aguinaldo and his unqualifiable confidants represented.

The sober citizen of the republic, deafened by the clamor of the jingo shriekers, would be surprised to see with the eyes of flesh, the indescribable hordes we are asked to make part of our democratic system. A Parish priest not far from Cavite, bears testimony that, after forty years' ministry among the islanders, they are to him an absolutely incomprehensible race, to whom no known rules of civilization or savagery had the smallest application. "They are perversely unreliable; they will serve you faithfully for twenty years and then commit some such horrible crime as delivering over your house and family to brigands. They are patient, sober, and even honest servants usually, but at any moment they may break out and, joining a band of robbers, pillage your house. If you tax

them with the crime they are not abashed, but disclaim all responsibility, answering, 'Señor, my head was hot,' which they consider sufficient excuse. They will never confess to a misdeed voluntarily. They will submit to a beating without a murmur, if they think it is deserved, and bear no malice; but if they consider the punishment unjust, they will seek the first opportunity for revenging themselves. They never forgive and never forget an injury, but they cherish no memory of kindness. Generosity they regard as a weakness. If you give them anything unsought they consider you a fool and treat you accordingly. They are always asking favors, though never directly. Borrowing they think no shame, but they never repudiate their debts. On the other hand they never pay back voluntarily, and if taxed with their dishonesty, look surprised and say, 'Señor, you never asked for it.' If you pay a man twenty cents for a service he will be contented; if you pay him thirty cents he will grumble. They have no word for thank you, in their language, nor a conception of what the phrase implies. They have no notion of charity, never helping one another excepting in the case of relatives; but they acknowledge even the remotest tie of relationship. If treated badly, they make good servants and never grumble; if treated kindly they are lost, and go to the bad. They never stick to an occupation but are ready to turn their hands to anything. They are jacks-of-all-trades and good at none. They are brave against equals, if led by superiors, but a real or fancied superiority in the foe causes them to abandon all hope. They do not know the meaning of hospitality. They will do what you tell them if you tell them often enough, but they will never do anything of their own accord. They will answer questions but never volunteer information. They will let your horse die for want of feed and never tell you that the supply has given out. They are confirmed liars, and show only surprise when found out. They are good husbands though intensely jealous; but they do not worry about the conduct of their daughters or even their wives, previous to marriage. They have no ambition and no ideas of order or economy, but in the matter of cleanliness they are superior to all the inhabitants of the far East save the Japanese."

The first detachment arrived on June 30th, a month, to a day, after the naval combat. The second instalment of troops reached the rendezvous on the 16th of June—making the army of invasion 6,000 men. General Anderson, the first commander to reach the goal, was very desirous of attacking at once and capturing Manila before the advent of General Merritt. But Admiral Dewey who had bided his time for six weeks, vetoed

this vivacity. General Merritt bore the government's instruction. It was he, alone, who could assume the responsibility of taking the city. As to that, Dewey could have taken it, any time, with a three hours' bombardment. His only embarrassment was to keep the hideous hordes of Aguinaldo from complicating matters by unfurling the pirate flag over the palace of the viceroys. General Anderson, athirst for glory, with a soldier's contempt for diplomacy, insisted on pushing forward. A council, described as "acrimonious" ensued between the sagacious Dewey and the impetuous general. Dewey impressed upon the eager soldier that it was unnecessary for him to worry about taking the city, as the fleet could do it in three hours whenever desired; but that he, Dewey, proposed to wait for Merritt, unless some unexpected circumstance should force him to action, such as the partial capture of the city by Aguinaldo. This was something he did not concern himself much about, as no military man believed it possible for Aguinaldo to achieve that feat. Even the soldiers of the United States could not do it, without the aid of the fleet, for the city proper was enclosed by a high stone wall, well mounted with cannon, and surrounded by a broad moat, with an open space of half a mile for troops to advance to the attack, exposed to fire of cannon and magazine guns. It would be a great slaughter, and the best troops in the world might well hesitate to make the assault. With Dewey taking this attitude, General Anderson was forced to wait.

The fateful resolution taken, all the troops summoned from the extreme Western states were ordered to rendezvous at San Francisco. General Merritt elaborated his plans with the Cabinet folk in Washington, and the country rested in almost childlike expectation. It was all so unreal, so utterly outside of everything contemplated in our social compact, that for the moment—for many a week and month, the voice of the potential majority remained as if stifled. Then we began to see the sharp differences that distinguish wars of impulse and wars of aggression. Steamers could not be procured. The companies possessed of the craft fitted for the needs of the government, thought the opportunity too good to miss. The public treasury became the prey of the soulless, the greedy. The departments in need, were made the sport of "gangs" and "pulls" and what not, arising from our jocosely irresponsible political system. For vessels that the owners would consider themselves well paid at \$150 per diem the government was engaged to pay \$1,500. And so on to the least of the requirements. The sordid and the repulsive stand out in painful contrast in all wars, but there seemed some magnetic something somewhere in Washington, that stimulated the Shylock spirit wher-

ever the needs of the government pressed. Naturally the home youth of the west were enchanted with the promise of adventure. The entire bone and sinew of the vast Pacific Coast could have been enlisted for the romantic perils of the cruise to Manila. But when the dull details of camp and ship came on, there was a revulsion. I can do no better service to the reader than copy a letter in extenso written by a practiced observer who accompanied one of the expeditions, and from careful examination this picture stands as a mirror of all:

"Was ever an officer's mess more badly supplied than this one on board the *China*? Generosity and patriotism are not the leading characteristics of the Pacific Mail Company. The food we had would disgrace the worst sailor's boarding house. The meat served was so bad that at our universal complaint 6,000 pounds were dumped overboard to poison the fishes, and the steward was forced to buy from the United States commissary department.

"The cooking was bad, the service wretched, the quantity limited, and this on board the *China*, noted on ordinary trips as having the best table on the Pacific. After charging one thousand five hundred dollars a day for the use of the ship, it was impudent to ask the officers \$150 a day for food unfit for convicts. Fifty officers on board signed a complaint, refusing to pay more than one dollar a day—the price charged on the *Zelandia*, where the food was excellent and ice was furnished throughout the journey. The enervating effect of the climate is making itself felt on the most energetic, and the motto of the ship is fast becoming, 'Never do to-day what you can just as well put off until to-morrow.'

"In spite of all the difficulties in the way of this expedition, it has so far been remarkably successful. For instance, although among the volunteers it has been almost impossible to keep quarters clean, on account of lack of discipline and the general inexperience of the officers, still the health of the men has been excellent, and only four deaths have occurred in all—one on the *Zelandia*, two on the *Colon*, and one on the *China*. The private who died on the *China* was really a victim of one of the innumerable mistakes of management by our government in the details of this war. He was refused on medical examination, but was passed over the heads of the doctors by authorized enlistment from Washington!

"Examples of mismanagement might be indefinitely multiplied. For instance, the Gatling guns sent on board are of the type of 1865. The first one tried in practice the other day, discharged with barrels in every position but the right one, and the bullets struck against portions of the carriage and went flying about the deck. Several men were wounded

slightly. Another instance is the presence on the ship of a sutler, with all his goods. Sutlers have been abolished by law, and yet this man, brother of a representative in Congress, succeeded in shoving himself on board and getting transportation for himself, his clerk, and his goods free of charge, while the United States commissary was obliged to leave part of its supplies on the dock at San Francisco, for lack of room! It is needless to say that the sutler arranged a store on the lower deck, where he is gradually getting from the soldiers such money as the latter have not given to the Chinese crew for Chinese whiskey, a grewsome mixture. The commissary is confined to the hold. The authorities on board are either indifferent, or ignorant, or helpless to remedy these abuses. The commissary was established to take the place of sutlers, and give the men articles at cost prices. The height of the ridiculous is reached, however, when the clerk of the bureau of information claims to be a correspondent for one of the New York dailies.

"We have arranged matters so as not to place temptation in the way of government employees. It is a duty to point out the now practical result of political appointments to important offices in the staff corps. In no part of the service is experience so essential to the welfare of the army and its success, as in the quartermaster's and subsistence departments. Every movement an army makes depends upon the quartermaster, for he furnishes the clothing, bedding and tents. The duties of the commissary office are not so complex; still they are equally essential to a successful campaign. A soldier fights as he is fed—a full belly gives stomach for war. Hunger breeds discontent and insubordination, and is the best ally of the enemy. What can justify the assignment of a totally inexperienced officer as chief commissioner of subsistence? 'Have you had any experience in the subsistence department?' he was asked. 'None at all,' he frankly answered.

"I suppose you have an experienced clerk then?' 'No,' he replied, 'I was unable to find a clerk with any experience in the department.' Now what can be expected from such an appointment, but failure? It is folly to state that subsistence duties are so simple that they can be learned in a day, or a week, or a year. It takes many years to make an efficient officer of the subsistence department, and still longer to make a good quartermaster. The President, in making political appointments to such positions, is simply juggling with the health, comfort and lives of patriotic citizens."

And the routine of the astonished western volunteer as he took up the grandiose mission of imperialism would have inspired the humorous Mark

Twain, to the historical narrative he loves. Could anything better reveal our jocose youth, than this picture of the soldier in camp between the disheartened Spaniards in the trenches of Manila and the hungry eyed natives awaiting Aguinaldo's signal to pocket the "loot" of the great city?

"It beats all creation how it can rain out here. Rain is all right in its way. Some of it is a good thing. It keeps things reasonably clean and furnishes drinking water. But one steady, undisturbed, imperturbable, unceasing flood becomes tiresome after a while, and all the time it is wet. You don't mind an occasional soaking. It gives excuse for taking a drink. But one has something to do down here besides change his clothes and drink whisky. And wet feet bring fever. Windows and shutters clamped as close together as Spanish rain-driven ingenuity can force them, keep out some of the water, and all of the sodden air that courtesy calls fresh, because it moves. The mercury charges to the top of its glass case in the thermometer, and disappears from view in the barometer. The wise men wag their beards and make remarks about typhoons. With body and soul burning up with fever, and a Chinchona band playing the 'Dead March from Saul' in your ears, somehow you sort of lose focus. Things get out of perspective and there is a lack of consistent continuity. You wobble about, and the rum you have drunk to help the quinine you have eaten, is singularly ineffective for the desired purpose, but powerfully active in the wrong way." The tone, tense and implication of this ribaldly matter-of-fact presentation of the soldier confronting Manila, suggests no end of reflection in the processes of "civilizing" involved in the seizure of Naboth's vineyard. It is a soldier who is speaking. Let us hear him out:

"Over in camp they are enjoying themselves—if one has no regard for truth. Uncle Sam's nephew in the ranks is like the 'Bloomin' cosmopolouse,' for his work 'begins at Gawd known when, and his work is never through.' And the rain has not anything to do with it. He turns out at 4:45 in the morning and drills a few hours—(more or less) in the rain. Then he gets his breakfast, seasoned with rainwater. After that, he cleans up his rifle and coats it liberally with oil, against the soaking it will get in the morning drill. Guard mount interrupts other things, and if he happens not to be on the detail, or the police gang, he gets a few moments in his soggy shelter tent, to consider the state of the weather and to speculate on the subject of patriotism considered as a business. After morning drill, he gets a chance to go out into the scrub and gather some thorned, spiked bamboo. This bamboo, tough, wiry, and covered with briars as it is, is the only genuine all around infallible friend he has.

As long as his axe and his wit hold out, the bamboo will do the rest. He cuts down a long pole perhaps four inches in diameter, and trims off all the little branches and big thorns. Then he cuts it into four foot lengths. One end he sharpens, and in the other he cuts a good sized notch. He drives four of these stakes a foot or more into the ground, one at each corner of his tent. The notches in the upper end serve as cradles for the long bamboo he lays across them as stringers for the house he means to build. These stringers are just as long as his tent. The sticks that go with the shelter tent are not long enough now, so he cuts a couple of bamboos to serve as tent poles, one at each end. At the back of the tent, he swings a bamboo girder between the two stringers, resting the ends in notches in the stringers, and lashing them fast with fine strips of the surface of green bamboo, tougher, stouter and more pliable than wire.

“His tent spreads at the bottom about seven feet, and he has one chum to help him occupy it. Two feet and a half inside the corner stake, he drives another one on each side. These are notched on top also, and across them he lays two other stringers, resting the rear end in notches at the girder in the back. This gives him the framework of two beds, each two and a half feet wide and as long as his tent. Now he splits some bamboo poles into thin strips, some just the length of his bed and others just the width of it. The strips are perhaps an inch wide and are trimmed down to about an eighth of an inch in thickness. His sharp little axe is his only tool. He weaves the short strips into long ones, criss-cross, until he has a mat just the size of his bedstead. At two feet intervals along the frame, he slips little bamboo slats in the bed springs. Over these he lays his improvised springs, and he has a bed that is cool—comparatively, not even an ice machine is really cool down here—and comfortable. Between the two beds there is a space about two feet wide where he can stand upright. At the rear end of the tent he swings another little woven mat, about two feet wide between the beds, and there he has a little table on which he can put the trinkets which he wants to keep out of the wet. Above it, on the rear tent pole, he straps a small piece of board, secured somewhere and sawed into the shape of an arm rack. There the two guns rest in the intervals between drills and guard duty. Some pegs in the tent poles serve as hooks, and the house is fairly complete. There is space enough between the beds for the men to walk into the tent and for their feet when they want to sit on their beds and read or work. A frame on the rear pole, beside the arm rack, holds a candle.

"But the ingenious soldier is not through yet with his devices for comfort. His tent is only one thickness of canvas, and although it will stand rain it will not stand against the customary Philippine deluge. He builds a light frame of bamboo over it and covers the frame with a thatch of banana leaves. Or, perhaps, he uses the ever-faithful bamboo. In front of the tent he makes a similar awning. If the sun should shine by any chance, it would serve as a shade, but its chief work is in turning rain. Altogether the soldier has built himself a serviceable house. It keeps him fairly dry when he can stay in it and his bed is off the ground. The tent makes the roof, and the thatch protects that. It is almost as good as a native hut. Housebuilding such as this is not done, of course, in one morning's respite from routine duty, or in an afternoon either. It fills up the interval between army duty for a couple of days, and until it is finished the soldier lies on the ground, and stands it as best he can. In barracks in Cavite most are ill of sickness, principally due to the fact that the men were so near the native village. They ate all sorts of fruit, with as much avidity as if they never expected to see fruit of any kind again. And they drank whatever they could find in the way of liquor, experimentally. The results were often disastrous. At first there was a good deal of sickness that was very much like dysentery. General Anderson says that there was no dysentery. The medical men shake their heads and say they do not think there was any dysentery."

Perhaps the person most heartily glad of General Merritt's arrival at Manila was the sorely perplexed commander of the Spanish forces. For with the instinct of the soldier, Merritt soon reduced the chaos of conflicting ambitions to the cold calculation of the military problem involved. He put Aguinaldo in his place. He ordered and enforced strict military conditions. He took no note of the native chief's pretensions to civil or military sway. The Philippines and all of them within the reach of the agents of the United States forces were the instrumentalities of our operations. Any one or anybody interfering or molesting, was an enemy of the United States. The result was instantaneous and effective. General Merritt procured the animals and necessities of his projected movements, swiftly, smoothly. Aguinaldo recognized a master. He had taken advantage of his numerical superiority of able-bodied adventurers, to make the lives of his Spanish prisoners a mingling of the Inquisition and the Black Hole of Calcutta. General Merritt stopped that decisively. He released the unfortunate sons of Spain—entreated them, as we entreat prisoners of war, and the tale spreading to Manila, the garrison, knowing

the hopelessness of resistance, demanded to be put under the clement control of the hitherto distrusted Yankees.

But it is difficult to treat the action about Manila seriously—when dissociated with the majestic operations of Dewey. For as a matter of history there was never a moment the Spanish authorities were not eager to end the anguish of uncertainty, and surrender to the Admiral. But diplomatic considerations held them back from handing themselves over to the fleet. When Merritt came they were more than ready, but, the orders from Madrid enjoined delay, countless ulterior considerations entered into this childish procrastination. First of all, the British, with insidious perversions, delayed decisive action, hoping to embroil the republic with Germany, and making the pretended approachment with the Washington Cabinet a lever to intimidate Russia in the Chinese dispute. In the end, by that inscrutable irony of fate, which baffles the prevoyance of the wisest, the attack—welcomed—even arranged by the Spaniards, was carried out on the 12th of August, when the preliminaries of peace had already been officially signed in Washington. What need to describe the subsequent wicked travesty of battle? The Spanish commander had arranged with General Merritt that the surrender would follow a pompous display of land force, sufficient to satisfy Spanish honor; nor was it a well-kept secret that the Captain-General practically suggested the manner in which the troops should advance, to prevent loss of life on both sides.

At first it was not intended to attack the trenches, but quietly to advance after the bombardment had ceased. At the last moment, however, the programme was changed. Orders were issued for the land batteries to open fire simultaneously with the fleet, and for the advance to be made as soon as it was considered practical to assault the Spanish trenches. After the bombardment by the fleet had lasted half an hour, General Greene decided that it was possible to advance, although signals to cease firing were disregarded by the fleet, invisible on account of the rain. Six companies of the Colorado regiment leaped over their breastworks, dashed into the swamp, and opened volley firing from the partial shelter of the low hedges within 300 yards of the Spanish line. A few moments later, the remaining six companies moved along the seashore, somewhat covered by a sand ridge, forded an inlet under the outworks of the fort, and at eleven o'clock occupied this formidable stronghold without loss. Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy hauled down the Spanish flag and raised the Stars and Stripes, amid wild cheers along the line.

Meanwhile, the fleet, observing the movements of the troops along the

beach, withheld its fire. The bombardment had lasted exactly an hour. Half an hour later, General Greene and staff proceeded along the beach, still under a hot infantry fire, from where the Eighteenth Regulars and Second Regular Artillery were engaging the enemy, and directed the movements of the advance into Malate. In a few moments the outskirts of the suburb were occupied and the Spanish sharp shooters were driven away. As the Californians (Colonel Smith) came up the beach, the band played a national air, accompanied by the whistling of Mauser bullets; during the sharp shooting the band continued to encourage the men with music. Each regiment carried its colors into action. There was considerable street fighting in the suburbs of Malate and Ermita, but a battalion of the Californians pushed into the Luneta, a popular promenade within 200 yards of the moat of the citadel. Then the white flag was hoisted at the southwest corner of the walled town. At this moment, the Spanish forces retreating from Santa Anna came into view, visibly 2,000 strong, followed by the insurgents who had eluded General MacArthur's troops, and opened fire. The situation was awkward if not critical, both sides being justifiably suspicious of treachery. The Spanish troops lining the citadel ramparts, observing the insurgents' apparition, opened fire on the Californians, killing one and wounding three. The confusion, however, soon ceased by the shifting of the retreating Spaniards to the esplanade, when General Greene ordered them to enter the citadel. Presently, a letter was brought from the Captain-General, requesting the commander of the United States troops to meet him for a consultation. General Greene at once presented himself at the Spanish headquarters and General Merritt followed. The terms of the surrender were then ratified—and were substantially to this effect:

An agreement for the capitulation of Manila; a provision for the disarming of the men who remain organized under the command of their officers, no parole being exacted, necessary supplies to be furnished from the captured treasury funds, any possible deficiency being made good by the United States authorities; the safety of life and property of Spanish soldiers and citizens to be guaranteed as far as possible; the question of the transporting of the troops to Spain to be deferred to the decision of Washington, and that of the returning of their arms to the soldiers, to be left to the discretion of General Merritt; banks and similar institutions to continue operations under the existing regulations, unless these are changed by the United States authorities.

It was not war and it was not glory, but at the same time, General Merritt planned and executed with consummate wisdom. He did not





MAJOR-GENERAL F. V. GREENE.



BRIG.-GENERAL CHARLES KING.



BRIG.-GENERAL F. D. GRANT.



BRIG.-GENERAL W. S. WORTH.

know that the prayer of the Madrid government had been finally granted; that peace had been virtually proclaimed; that every life lost was a sacrifice to form and pride. General Merritt, in short, proved that the trained soldier is always to be trusted in military diplomacy. Spain and her colonies lay prone at the behest of the Washington Cabinet.

Notwithstanding the presence of the army under Merritt, the fleet was the main factor in the reduction of the Philippine capital. It must have irked Dewey, a man of sincerity, to go through the rather trivial performance exacted as his part in letting the wretched Spaniards down easily. The great ships volleyed and thundered; they did it however, with very little heart. Indeed, the whole episode is better forgotten—for it was not war—though a sad number were killed and wounded. The fleet fired two hours—but there is no precise record that the massive guns which destroyed Montojo in two hours, wrought any appreciable havoc in the walls of Manila. There were columns of lurid cablegrams to describe the wanton waste of life, but the judicious should prefer to draw a veil over the scene. Manila was handed over to General Merritt and then it was made known that peace had been proclaimed three days before.



BLUE MONDAY.

PART III.

BY far the most fascinating episode of the wondrous Oriental escapade was the cruise of the Yankee commanders over the summer seas. Fiction itself seems pale and nerveless in confronting the immense voyage of the inconscient homespun crusaders of our wild west, embattled in the cause of "humanity." Could the mind of man conceive a more grotesque epopee than the sailing of armadas of Pacific slope youth, to rear the flag of progress over islands, subdued three hundred years ago by the knights and paladins of the most lettered and accomplished people in Europe? The men as they sailed, the decorous hierarchy of the Yankee Captain-General Merritt, seemed to realize this. The spirit of the reports sent by the literary squad detailed by the "great" journals, impresses this. It is from these acute and humorous observers that history must take the record. The subjoined seems to me a faithful picture of the mingled mirth, travesty and significance of one grotesque conquest.

Nearly midway between Honolulu and the Philippines, Spain has possessed since the first conquest of European navigators, an island system known as the Ladrões, whose history is a sparkling volume of the romance and adventure attaching to the early exploits of Spanish and Portuguese navigators. Now though we believe ourselves the least impressionable, least sentimental—least romance-loving of races, the truth is, we are all these to our finger tips. We love adventure; we love the humorous, the soft answer that turns away wrath, is never more emollient than the gibe or the fist with us. We are celts to the core of our being. We love to dare and we love to laugh at all we dare. The keynote of the entrancing history which has made the perpetuity of the Napoleonic legend possible among the politest race in Europe, "The Consulate and Empire" of Thiers, is his perpetual reminder of the "*Gaiete francaise*" which upheld the legions of the republic in thirty years conquests. We have not the *Gaiete francaise*, but we have the naïve humor of the race to which we are indebted for most of our national traits—the celt. Hence the sail over the summer seas, to the morgen land of the Teuton—was a diversion—tinged with such dreams as buoyed the myriads that marched to Palestine in the dim twilight of civilization. I dare say, not one man in a thousand of the impulsive warriors dedicated to the war of "humanity," had ever heard of the Ladrone group or knew the curious

origin of the name—"Robber islands." But as war demands that you shall injure and despoil the adversary wherever the chance offers, the commander of the first expedition manœvered his armada into the harbor of Spain's unsuspecting dependency. "Guam" is the geographical name of the chief entrepot of the Ladrões. Thither, the first division of General Merritt's Manila expedition directed its course. The conquest is so thoroughly characteristic of the whole war, that it deserves permanent embalming, and I take the record from one of the scribes on the fleet as being too naïvely picturesque for condensation or improvement.

"Early in the morning, the fleet rounded the northern extremity of Guam island and headed southward toward the harbor, the Charleston well in the lead. The chief town, Agana, containing the residence of the Governor and the garrison, lies on the north side of a coral peninsula, jutting far out into the ocean. The Charleston worked slowly in toward the town, as far as she dared to go because of coral shoals, and when satisfied that the two Spanish gunboats, which were supposed to be somewhere among these outlying islands, and which were one of the chief objects of her quest, were not there, she turned her prow seaward again and rounded the end of the coral spit; passing through a narrow channel between the reef and a high bluff of volcanic basalt, slowly pushed her way into the harbor of San Luis, which is the chief harbor of the island, whose landing place, Unapa, is about four miles across the peninsula from Agana. The three transports lay to off the entrance, beyond the reach of cannon-shot, their upper decks and rigging black with the crowds of soldiers eager to see the expected battle.

"Well within the harbor was seen a vessel, which, under the glass, proved to be a small whaling brig flying the Japanese flag. It was painted white, and when first seen created considerable excitement, being mistaken for one of the Spanish gunboats. Near the shore, on the opposite side of the bay, which is here about two miles wide, was seen a low fort, apparently built of stone and faced with earth, with trees growing from the embankment around it.

"When she was within two miles of the fort, the Charleston opened fire upon it, with her three-pounders, firing thirteen shots in rapid succession, four of which were seen to strike the fort.

"The bloodless conquest was hailed with derisive cheers, for the fort was an ancient structure, built ninety years ago of coral, and never had a cannon mounted. It had not been occupied for half a century, having been originally constructed as a defence against the natives, and not for the protection of the harbor against warships. Don Quixote's famous charge

on the windmills had been eclipsed by the Yankee navy. Some time before the Charleston entered the harbor, the fleet had been observed from the landing at Unapa, and the port officer had ordered out his gig for the purpose of going aboard in his capacity as quarantine official. In addition to this, an old brass cannon had been loaded for the purpose of returning the expected salute. The port officer was about half-way out to the ship when the firing began, and did not notice that solid shot were being fired. This intelligence however was speedily conveyed to the men in charge of the shore cannon, by a horseman, who had been riding somewhat in the rear of the fort, and was consequently made painfully aware that cannon balls were sailing in his direction. He rode posthaste to the landing and asked them what they were going to do with the cannon, and was told that they were about to answer the salute. This put a new phase on the matter to the Spanish officials, and immediately the Governor's adjutant embarked in a boat, and hastened after the health officer for the purpose of going aboard the Charleston to inquire the meaning of such unfriendly conduct. The health officer was the first to arrive on board. When he climbed over the side he was escorted to Captain Glass's stateroom, and learned for the first time the vessel he had thought of quarantining, was a warship of the United States navy, intent upon capturing the island. A few minutes later the indignant adjutant climbed over the side and received the same information. He was further told to return immediately to the shore and bring the Governor on board. Meanwhile, the transports were signaled to follow the Charleston into the harbor, which they quickly did, the vessels being anchored within a few hundred yards of each other.

"At three o'clock the adjutant returned on board with a message from the Governor, saying 'That the laws of Spain forbid him to go on board a foreign warship, and that negotiations must be conducted on shore.' Captain Glass then sent Lieutenant Braunersreuter, with a very courteous note stating in effect that war existed between the United States and Spain, that a war vessel of the republic, with three transports loaded with troops, was in the harbor, with orders to take possession of the island of Guam; that it was folly for his small force to make resistance, demanding that he surrender himself, his garrison, and all arms and munitions of war, and giving him until morning to reply. When morning came and no reply having been received, Captain Glass sent the Governor word that he would wait only half an hour longer, and at once embarked a landing party in boats for the purpose of taking forcible possession. This party consisted of about fifty marines from the Charleston, and Companies A

and D of the Second Oregon, from the Australia. A strong wind was blowing, and there was a heavy swell in the harbor, making the embarkation a slow and difficult task. The pitching and tossing of the boats along side the vessel was so great that a number of the men, notwithstanding that they had been a month on board ship, became seasick. As the long string of thirteen boats started for shore, two miles distant, towed by the Charleston's launch, a tremendous downpour of rain, such as is only seen in the tropics, accompanied by a driving wind, obscured the entire landscape and wet the men to the skin, giving them a baptism of water in advance of one of fire, they expected soon to receive. However, before the boats reached the shore, the Governor's gig was seen to put out from the landing, waving a white flag in token of surrender, and the landing party was immediately taken back to the vessels, greatly disappointed.

"The Governor's Adjutant went on board the Charleston and delivered to Captain Glass a letter from his chief, saying, in view of the fact that he had been utterly unaware that hostilities had broken out between the two nations, and had therefore made no preparations for defence, and was utterly helpless before the overwhelming force that had been sent against him, and for reasons of humanity, and a desire to avoid needless bloodshed, he would surrender upon condition that the usual treatment of prisoners of war be accorded him and his officers, and that his men be given as good quarters and fare on board ship as the republic's soldiers received. These terms were accepted, and a company of marines was sent on shore, accompanied by Lieutenant Braunersreuter, to receive the surrender. The garrison consisted of fifty-four Spanish veterans and a hundred and fifty native soldiers with six officers, including the Governor. The garrison was drawn up in line awaiting the arrival of the marines, who were promptly disembarked and drawn up in line opposite the Spaniards. The Governor and his subordinates presented their swords to the American officer, and took their places in the boats; the soldiers stacked arms, and, as the marines filed in front of them with boxes, each man took off his cartridge belt and threw it into the box. The Spanish soldiers were then placed in the boats and the native soldiers were disbanded. As soon as thus formally absolved from their allegiance to Spain, the native soldiers cut off their buttons and all insignia of rank they had and threw them away, to show their contempt for the government which they had been unwillingly serving. The captured soldiers were then conveyed to the steamer City of Sydney, and placed under guard, while the Charleston's launch steamed out to the ancient

coral fort and raised above it the Stars and Stripes, the guns of the Charleston pealing forth a salute to the flag, thus ending the ceremony of taking formal possession in the name of the United States.

"The arms surrendered consisted of fifty-four Mauser rifles, fifty-three Remington rifles, and 3,700 rounds of ammunition. As it was thought it was absolutely necessary that the entire force present be conveyed to Manila for the support of Admiral Dewey, it was decided not to leave any garrison on the island. This was considered safe, as the natives are a very peaceable class, well-disposed toward the Americans, and there is no Spanish population left since the removal of the garrison, except the families of the Governor and one or two of his officers and a priest. There is but one United States citizen on the island of Guam, and he was selected for temporary Governor. This is Thomas Wilson, a keeper of a trading post, born on the island, of Californian parents. So earnest a Yankee is he that he has made the practice of filing an oath of allegiance to the Washington government, in San Francisco, every two years. The soldiery were given time to go on shore and impress on their minds the physical aspect of this merry conquest. They found the natives docile



NATIVE OF THE LADRONES.

and delighted. What was more extraordinary, they found that gold was at a discount, no article on the market was rated above a few pennies, and when a five dollar gold piece was presented for a supply of food for one of the ships, the bewildered natives implored copper or coins that could be exchanged. With this lesson in the purely perfunctory values of the metals, the soldiers quitted the new possession wondering greatly why the islands should bear the disreputable name of the Ladrões, or Robbers.

The Ladrões were first discovered by the accomplished mariner, Magellan, whose name is still known by the strait south of Terra del

Fuego. He landed among the astonished people of the group, after a wondrous voyage, in 1520. The wretched explorer was in the worst state of the adventurous sailor. His ships were foodless and his men mutinying. He was received with rapture by the islanders, and his crew were so enchanted with the land, the people, and the natural nourishment, that they clamored to remain forever. But in a short time an extraordinary phenomenon was remarked. Everything portable disappeared from the ships. How Indians almost naked could contrive to handle and carry off articles of the size of those which disappeared was a mystery. But they managed it somehow, for axes, heavy crowbars, and even guns, vanished as though by magic. Magellan one day noticed one of the Indians swimming ashore from the ship. A heavy wave was encountered by the swimmer. He dived under it, and as he came out of the other side, a sharp steel point glittered for a moment in the sun. As a boat was then alongside, Magellan had the man pursued, and when he was overtaken, to the astonishment of every one, it was found that he was carrying off one of the longest lances on the ship, a weapon with an eighteen foot shaft. Holding it beneath the water he would have escaped with his booty undiscovered, had it not been for the unusual height of the wave which disclosed the head of the weapon. Thenceforward a guard was placed over the ships, but to little purpose, and finally, after providing himself with food and water, Magellan sailed away and in disgust gave the islands the epithet of "Ladrones," or Thieves' island. Not long afterward Magellan perished in a fight which he and his men provoked with the Philippine islanders. Of his five ships, only one, with eighteen men, returned to Spain. Many years elapsed before any attempts were made to occupy the islands which he had discovered. Toward the end of the seventeenth century a military expedition from Mexico took possession of the islands and renamed them the Mariana group, in honor of the then reigning Spanish queen. The natives at that time numbered at least 40,000, some estimates placing the population as high as 60,000, but, following their usual custom elsewhere, the Spaniards soon exterminated almost the entire population.

The present islanders are mostly descendants of settlers from Mexico or from the Philippine Islands. The most considerable town on any of the group is Saypan, on the island of the same name, the houses of which like most of those in the South Sea Islands, are elevated on piles from two to four feet above the ground. There are few Spanish settlers on the islands, and the hold of Spain upon the group has been for the most part nominal. It is a singular fact, discovered by the navigator, Anson, that

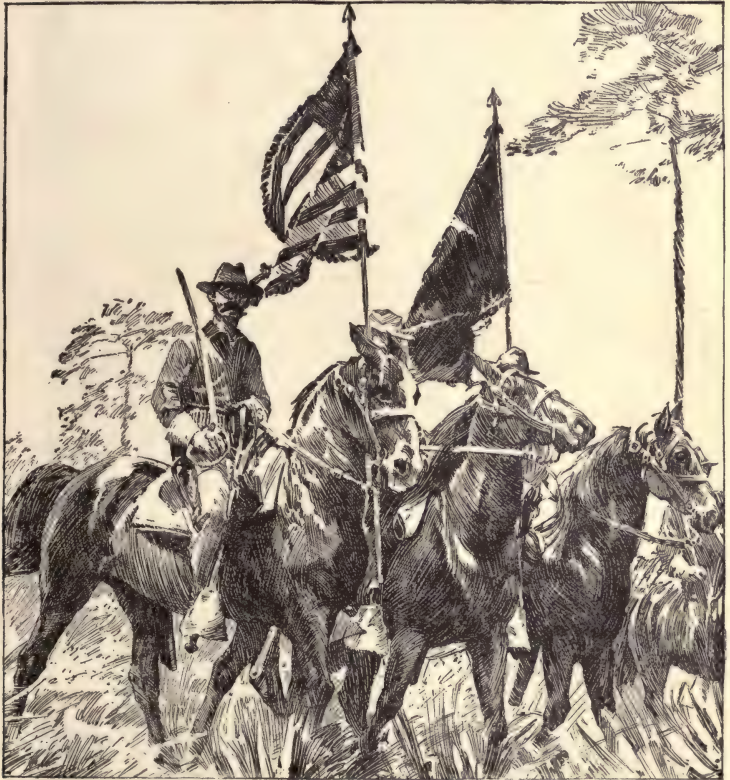
there are evidences on several of the islands of a former civilization. Cyclopean ruins exist, found in the islands of the Greek archipelago. These lonely islands must therefore at one time have been a seat of civilization. Aside from the bouffe capture, the point of most interest regarding the group of islands is the historical location of the "bread fruit" plant. It is set down in Dampier, the accepted authority, and is



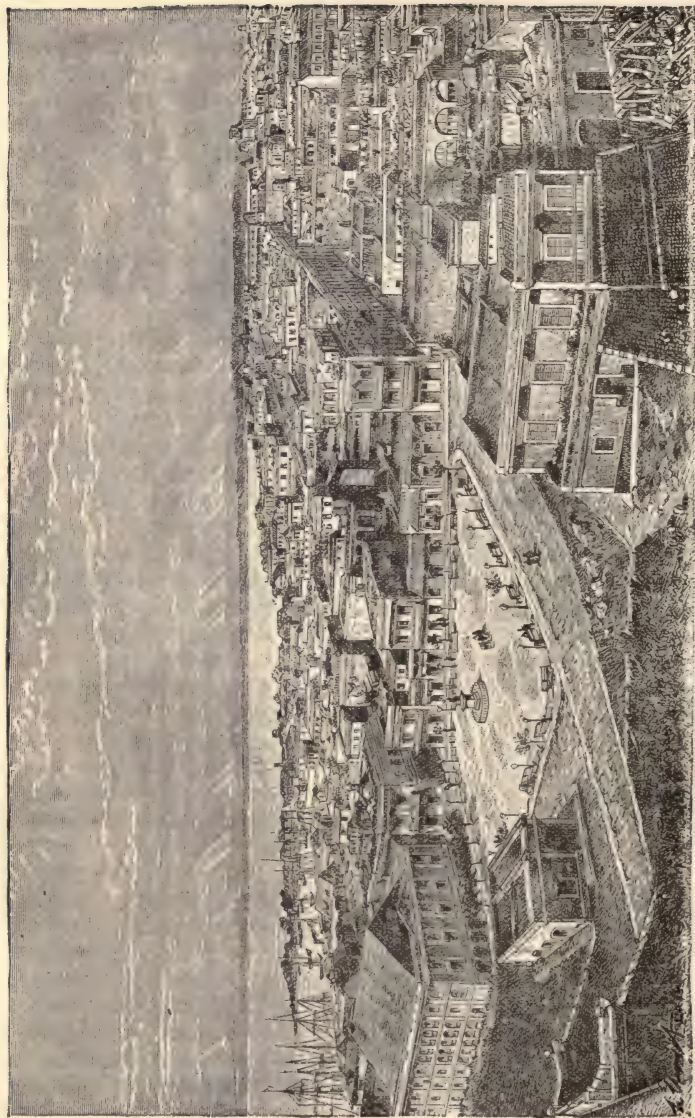
NATIVE HUT IN THE LADRONES.

worth reproducing now that, the flag of the republic is flying over the unknown lands. "A certain fruit called the bread fruit growing on a tree as big as our large apple trees with dark leaves. The fruit is round and grows on the boughs, like apples, of the bigness of a good penny loaf. When ripe it turns yellow, soft and sweet, but the native takes it green and bakes it in an oven until the rind is black. This they scrape off and eat the inside, which is soft and white, like the inside of a new baked bread, having neither seed nor stone; but if it is kept above twenty-four hours it is harsh. As this fruit is in season eight months in the year, the

natives feed upon no other sort of bread during that time. They told us that all the Ladrone Isles had plenty of it. I never heard of it in any other place." It is an old maxim, old as greed, that to derive profit from travel, the tourist must be laden with knowledge. The conquerors of the Ladrones knew nothing of bread fruit, and went away, rejoicing only in the visible evidence that Uncle Sam had been able to give still another conquest to the "starry banner."



THE COLOR GUARD.



VIEW OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

II.

BEFORE a tithe of the legions were mustered for the "liberation" of the oppressed Cuban, the reader of the official literature of the war was perplexed by the tone taken in outlining the conquest of Porto Rico. Not one in 10,000 of the citizens of the republic had ever given a thought to this island. Any one who did give it a passing moment of consideration, found it to be an ideally happy community of almost primitive simplicity. Closer study revealed it to be a land where life went on in almost philosophic repose. The wealth getter got his wealth undisturbed by the vicissitudes of party. The demagogue clamoring for the ideal—which generally means chaos, had never raised his Bashan voice in the delectable vales where man seemed to live at his rational best. The Spaniard was in the ascendant, but there was no "patriot" to inflame the citizen over his cruelties. Babies were born, marriages were celebrated, the banal in life held its course serenely, and no one ever thought of raising the cry of "Porto Rico Libre." The island, too far off to attract the attention of the philanthropists of the stock markets, the Samaritan of the syndicates, dwelt in a peace and prosperity so profound, that even the tourist had no tales to tell of the people. But the moment the enterprise for "humanity" was begun by our Congress, 500,000 "Mute inglorious Miltons" found voice to sing the praises of Porto Rico, to inveigh against the unholy chance that made it a colony of the blood-thirsty, the monstrous Spaniard. Insensibly—orphically, the voice uprose, that Porto Rico was predestinedly a vineyard of this republic. That even more religiously sacred than the mission of establishing "Cuba Libre," was the obligation to give the pensive Porto Ricans the blessings of our Federal system.

Indeed, the war had not been a week old, when the official expression was common, current, indisputable, that the end of the war must see Porto Rico part of the territory of this Union! Yet in the declaration of war, uttered by Congress, it was expressly stipulated, that unlike greedy and egotistic European powers, we were embarking on war, for the high motive of human rescue; that no ulterior craving for gain incited us to that last, barbarous resource, the killing of our fellow man, in order that others might enjoy the liberties that we prize so highly. And oddly enough, this word of conquest went forth in every press in the

country without rebuke. Indeed, I question whether the vast majority of the men who read the story of Naboth's vineyard with fervid abhorrence of greed, with Christian anger against the covetousness of the strong, did not complacently accept this apparently national impulse as proper—perhaps even righteous. At all events, even more eagerly and more ardently than the mobilization for Cuba, the preparations to make an irruption in Porto Rico were begun and carried on. The military folk feigned to believe that Spain would stake all, on the retention of this earthly paradise, where for nearly four hundred years the laws of Castile had been the religion of the natives. Where felicity was so complete, that the idle and the evil were unable to recruit even the semblance of a revolt. And indeed, had the wretched Spaniards possessed the slenderest resources for war, they would have been quick to concentrate them in this blissful land, where insurrection had never been seriously known; where the revenues exacted were paid promptly, where gentle and simple asked only to be let alone.

But Spain had neither armies nor navies to defend the shattered remnants of her ancient world dominion. The retention of Cuba had drained the home treasury; the plots of pretenders, alone, had prevented her relinquishing the island to whomsoever wanted it; but Porto Rico, she did prize—prized as the miserable mother who, helpless and penniless, sees her brood going into the world to do as best they may. In our presses, the Porto Rico campaign eclipsed Cuba. There were no concealments; no phrases; we were going to march into this idyllic land and when we had ensanguined its rich fields with blood, we were going to hoist "Old Glory" as the symbol of a new felicity. But our studious plans for a symmetrical campaign were disjointed, first by the inability of Spain to present any equal force anywhere except at Havana and the woeful necessity of her miserable fleet to take refuge in Santiago. Now what our jingoes counted on was a Sevastopol siege of Havana, lasting a year or more and giving patriots the chance to aid the government with food and munitions at a thousand per cent. above the market cost. It was counted as certain, that the war could be very reasonably prolonged from a year to eighteen months. Had it depended on the manipulation of the War Department, this expectation would not have been disappointed. Two almost simultaneous discoveries fell upon the fomentors of war; Manila proved that Spain's fleets could not fight, and the operations in Cuba, proved that there were no "patriots" on the isle. In all the threatened possessions of the Castilian dynasty the Spaniard virtually bade our armies come and take possession; that they had neither the

strength nor disposition to make war. In Porto Rico, above all, the Spanish armies were few in number. Militia or volunteers were set in the field to defend the island, but the Captain-General had no hope that they would fight.

Study of the map of Porto Rico, by the War Board, revealed admirable lines of defence. Indeed, with a stout navy and a capable army Porto Rico would have been as costly a conquest as Vicksburg or Richmond. When the first bewildering results of Prussian prevoyance began to prove the value of foresight, in the campaign against France, there was no detail too incredible, that went to accentuate the tireless industry of the Prussian staff. It was for example, greedily believed that Von Moltke appealed to late at night, when war had been forced by Bismarck's forgery, roused himself only an instant, to set the campaign in motion, by directing the staff officer to open drawer three, bureau ten! Of course, this was the silliest of silly inventions, for Bismarck has left the imperishable record of his own malevolent dishonesty and Moltke's feverish unrest during the hours when the forged dispatch was doing its deadly work.

But in the beginning of the colossal enterprise which meant the ousting of Spain from the Antilles, our War Department was forced to make use of all the arts and intrigues which form the staple of certain schools of fiction. To illustrate this, the adventures of Lieutenant Henry W. Whitney deserve reciting. The War Board, the Naval strategists required accurate, absolute knowledge of the status of the Spanish military power, in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. Young Whitney of the Fourth United States Artillery, a hero of the kind that crucial moments develop, offered himself to the eye and ear of authority. Death was the very least of the dangers he risked—for death is the devoir of the soldier. But for him there was the ignoble shrift of the spy, the unconsecrated burial of the dishonored. Young Whitney, aglow with the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief, Miles, burning to make the invasion effective, set out for the enemy's country, light of heart, constant in purpose, confronting death at every turn and never for an instant, doubtful or unequal to the emergencies his mission contemplated. Romance itself, seems the only vehicle to recount the daring of this officer, for from the moment he touched Cuban soil, until the hour that he felt his mission done, that his mandate was executed, he confronted execution. He passed through the jaws of death in forms often grotesque, for he was compelled to take the office of journalist, what not, to placate the hostile curiosity of his captors. In one crisis he was a British sailor, lost from his ship;

in another, a correspondent of a British journal, seeking facts. Again, he was a happy-go-lucky adventurer, earning his daily dole as best he might.

Whitney represents faithfully the spirit of the army the republic has trained. He left Washington in the early part of April with important documents for General Gomez, the Commander-in-Chief of the insurgent army in Cuba. These were from General Miles, and conveyed instructions for the Cuban army to meet the United States army. The Lieutenant was landed on Cuban soil by a torpedo boat, and on April 28th, with his escort of insurgents, reached General Gomez's camp and delivered his messages. With another escort, Lieutenant Whitney was conducted through the enemy's country, and finally reached a point on the shore where he was to secure passage and continue his trip to Porto Rico. But to get to Porto Rico and find out, what it was essential that General Miles and the Washington authorities should know, Whitney had to play the part of stoker. This he did without an

instant's hesitation—he was set to shoveling coal into the furnaces of a British ship. When the steamship arrived at Ponce, Whitney was a trusted member of the crew, and even went about buying stores for the vessel. Then came the opportunity the young Lieutenant was waiting for; with a little knowledge of the Spanish language he succeeded in making the acquaintance of the Spaniards, who at times asked suspiciously "Are you an American?" "No I'm not one of those damn Yankees, I'm an Englishman." As the Spaniards believed that the



LIEUTENANT HENRY W. WHITNEY.

British were secretly opposed to the Yankees, his reply allayed all doubt.

Meanwhile, the Lieutenant kept his eyes and ears open, and was mentally storing away such information as could be picked up. He determined to scour the island as thoroughly as possible, and for this purpose he obtained a horse and started off over valleys and plains, where strategic points existed. He found that on the island there were about two thousand Spanish regulars, and almost as many volunteers. The latter were discontented, and ready to flock to the support of the United States troops when landed. Throughout the island the feeling was unequivocally anti-Spanish. Workmen on plantations were generally considered as part of the volunteer troops, and they had as their captains their employer's plantation manager. Both men and employers while they feigned allegiance to Spain, were really opposed to that nation's rule. There was very little opportunity for the insurgents to carry on their style of warfare, as there is little growth of underbrush, the woodland having been pretty well cleared, and nothing left standing but the royal palms of Palma Real.

It reads like fiction again when this volunteer of the republic performing seaman service, saw the formidable agents of Spain taking possession of the vessel he was serving on, in quest of a "Yankee officer." Whitney was standing on the deck at the time checking the cargo as it was lowered into the hold. He greeted the Spanish officers equably and learning their mission said:—"The captain is not on board at present, but I know he would be pleased to have you satisfy yourselves that the report is false. If you wish I'll accompany you." There was no necessity for an escort, the officers replied, as they searched every part of the steamship; they finally reappeared and expressed themselves as satisfied that they had been misinformed. Heroism like this was so lavish during the decisive months that ended in Santiago's surrender, that the historian had no space to tell of it—but in all the battles, in all the self-sacrifices that have won campaigns, there are few episodes more worthy of a nation's admiration than this modest intrepidity—and there were an hundred score, quite as thrilling—which in the days to come the novelist will make much of.

In feverish haste, while the starving Spaniards were beseeching our clemency at Santiago, the formidable armaments gathered at Tampa were hurried on board transports for the conquest of Porto Rico. To add dignity to the enterprise the general-in-chief of the armies, who had been denied the glory of compelling the surrender of Santiago, was put at the

head of the column "invading" Porto Rico. He took with him for this momentous operation twofold the force allotted to the conquest of the Cuban stronghold. Dithyrambic refrains in the press stimulated national expectation. But it must be recorded, that in spite of all the tom-toms, the Porto Rico expedition excited but languid interest. It excited still less when the reports came that Miles had landed at Ponce. That the astonished Spaniards had run away; that the equally astonished citizens had welcomed the invaders with primitive hospitality. Then General Miles issued an "address" and every citizen of the republic that took thought of its duplicity hung his head in shame. For the address was a tissue of—let us say—misconceptions. The general informed the stupefied Porto Ricans that the great republic, whose heart was being torn with grief over the wrongs of the islanders, had sent its armies to end the people's woes; that in future the downtrodden should be the wards of the republic; that life should be a grand, sweet dream.

Twenty thousand troops appeared in the island to make good General Miles' pronounciamento. From the debarkation at Ponce, to the occupation of the insular capital, there was nothing that could be called war. The islanders submitted with equanimity to the invasion—to the substitution of the control of the United States over the incapable government of Spain. The majority of the people, perfectly indifferent to the ownership of the island, simply desired to be let alone. The conquest was complete with the mere appearance of the United States forces. We wanted the island; Spain was powerless to hold it, and it was ours. Then too, the preliminaries of peace were under discussion, delay might make the seizure more awkward. Perhaps the most conclusive comment on this Porto Rico enterprise can be embodied in the utterances of a Porto Rican, who has passed years in longing for the state we call "freedom."

For a Porto Rico, owning itself, a native of the isle—one "Hos-tos," makes the situation clear in his melancholy plaint:

"What I had desired for Porto Rico was that, since her own arm was too weak to achieve her independence, it might be won for her by a noble and powerful neighbor no longer able to endure the spectacle of old-world tyranny at her very door; that this liberator should tarry long enough to see the infant republic born and assured of the vigorous beginning of life; that the emancipator should then withdraw with the love and gratitude of a new nation, rightfully bearing a gladly yielded paramount influence with that nation in all continental and international matters. This conclusion, I am sure, would have been better in the end for Porto Rico as well as the United States. For America it would have meant so



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

much the less of the fatal imperial policy, and so much the more of adherence to the wholesome traditions of the past. For the island it would have meant development according to the genius of the people—not development which must encounter at every step the difficulties raised by difference of race, to temperament of language, and of education.

“The population of Porto Rico are totally ignorant of the federal system of government; even those who fancy that they understand it are, for the

most part, mistaken. It will be difficult for them to comprehend it; it will be still more difficult for them to adapt themselves to it and enter into it. An obstacle, and to my mind a serious one, will arise in an introduction of a language foreign to the people as the official language of the island. It will tend in a measure to the creation of caste; to the rise of an official class sharply set off from the rest of the inhabitants. The passing of the Spanish language will in itself be viewed with regret, for Spanish, as it is, it is dear to all who speak it. Impediments in the transactions of affairs, business as well as governmental, will also neces-



NATIVE OF PORTO RICO.

sarily be produced by this difference in language, and their tendency will be more or less toward irritation and friction. How many of my countrymen will agree with me in the views I hold, I cannot state with positiveness, but there are not a few I am confident, and it seems to me that it should be easy for all to comprehend where their best interests lie. The press of the United States has rightly made a great deal of the open arms with which the Porto Ricans have received the army of General Miles. All those manifestations of delight—the resounding addresses of welcome, the flowers, the tears of joy, the embraces of the unrestrained enthusiasm—were questionlessly honest and sincere. Yet—and I assert this with absolute conviction—they were founded upon a serious misapprehension.

“The Porto Ricans have taken for granted that the purpose of the United States was, first, to strike a military blow at Spain, and second, to seize the opportunity to put an end forever to Spanish misgovernment in the

Antilles, by erecting on the island a free and independent government. The policy of annexation, the imposition of sovereignty upon a people without its solicitation and even without inquiry as to its desires, they never suspected for one moment, opposed as it was to the fundamental principles which had hitherto guided the republic. What revulsion of feeling may follow a recognition of the true intention of the United States, no one can tell. But what avails it now to talk in this strain? The die is cast. The policy of the United States has been declared to the world and it is doubtless inalterable. This being so, it behooves Porto Ricans to consider the future in the fixed light of annexation. Whatever disappointment may be felt, however acute it may be at first, I expect that it will give way to a general and hearty acceptance of the status. The infinitude of good involved in the change from Spanish to republican allegiance, forbids any other conclusion. But since our lot is cast with the United States, we shall now desire, with intense eagerness to be admitted to full participation in all the prerogatives of a sovereign unit of the republic. We aspire to reach as speedily as possible our station among the states—to be that element in the affairs of the union which such a status implies. The continuance of a military government will be particularly displeasing to Porto Ricans, reminiscent as it will be of the odious shape of Spanish rule. A territorial government will be viewed as a necessary stage, it may be, but with impatience for its termination. Since we must be Yankees we cannot be blamed if we are anxious to become at once as citizens of the republic, the most Yankee of the Yankees. At present we are not the best of material for such a transformation, but immediate conversion will perhaps be for us the best educative process."

And so in the year 1898 an administration elected to preserve the sanctity of gold over silver, embarked on a crusade to acquire territory. Congress decreed a war for humanity and the minute the legions were formed we made it a war for conquest. We turned from suffering and bleeding Cuba, and directed our chief armament to Porto Rico. We frankly declared that we were going there because we coveted the island. We met no opposition and the island is ours. But there are other islands near by that it would be good to have. Jamaica, Martinique, the Bahamas—strangely enough we never made a move toward them.

III.

BARELY had General Shafter raised the flag of the republic over Santiago, when an ominous forecaste of our new responsibilities was made plain. The Cuban leaders demanded as a right, entrance into the captured stronghold, and the instant substitution of a Cuban regime for the Spanish system. General Shafter, by instructions from Washington, refused peremptorily to admit the insurgent armies as participants in the pageant of occupation or the replacing of local authorities by the Cubans. Thereupon one of the eminent insurgent leaders seceded from union with the "liberators," and marched away with his army to continue the war elsewhere. Disquieting reports of continued warfare went on in the territory surrendered by General Toral, the Spanish commander, and for ten days it seemed that the insurrection against Spain was to be revived against the Yankees. The "Juntas" made assiduous attempts to incite their old allies, the Jingo presses, to revive the "Cuba Libre" cry, and fire the country in favor of the "patriots" denied the recognition of their valor. The masses, however, who had come under the sphere of our influence, that is the army, petitioned the General in command, and even the Cabinet in Washington, to spare them from the horrors of the Cuban domination. These masses included very nearly every citizen owning property—every native of serious repute. The army folk were naturally surprised. We had gone to war, as we supposed, to give these very people, free government, home rule, self-control, and here they were to a man demanding a military regime, rather than the Cuban constitution and republican machinery so long waiting to crown the efforts of the patriots! In the embarrassment of the situation—the President issued a proclamation which at once gave Cuba tranquillity. Among other assurances, the executive held out these significant promises:

"Under this changed condition of things, the inhabitants so long as they perform their duties, are entitled to security in their persons and property, and all their private right and relations. It is my desire that the inhabitants of Cuba should be acquainted with the purpose of the United States to discharge to the fullest extent its obligations in this regard. It will therefore be the duty of the commander of the army of occupation, to announce and proclaim in the most public manner, that we come, not to make war upon the inhabitants of Cuba nor upon any party

or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments and in their personal and religious rights. All persons who by active aid or honest submission cooperate with the United States, in its efforts to give effect to this beneficent purpose, will receive the reward of its support and protection."

Existing laws were to continue in force, and as far as possible the capable incumbents of office were to be retained in place. In fact—Cuba was to be left to its own destiny in a sense far different from that intended by the Junta who had posed as representing the Cuban people in the cities of the republic. The effect of this assurance would have made a prolongation of the war impossible to Spain—for the clemency and good sense of the President's prescription, at once diverted the masses, who were indifferent to Spain, from any desire to prolong the struggle. But for that matter, the conduct of our soldiers, the magnanimity of the commanders on sea and shore, had made an ineffaceable impression on Spaniards, not only in Cuba, but in Spain. Indeed, before Santiago, the question was asked; what then are we fighting for? We may hold the Yankees off awhile, but we shall starve presently, why not end it? Spain's loud hints and covert pourparlers for peace, had really begun as soon as the impossibility of sending Camara's fleet to Manila had been made clear. The utter break down of Cervera, and the resultant fall of Santiago, while virtually ending the Spanish defence in this hemisphere, redoubled our resources. We had, the instant Cervera's fleet was put out of action—a vast sea force ready to despatch to any point deemed desirable.

Then began a fantastic campaign of threats. If Camara persisted in sailing for Manila to avenge Montojo's destruction, the fleets that had sunk Cervera's ships would be despatched to the coast of Spain. All Europe pricked up its ears at this threat. The cables were hot with the revelations of the colloquing of the continental powers. The British presses, with mock gravity let on to know the secret designs of the Washington Cabinet. Europe was informed through these media, that the voracious Yankees were bent on possessing a Mediterranean station. That Commodore Watson would attack Ceuta, the counterpoise of the Spanish fortress held by Great Britain. That he would seize the Canary Islands—possibly the most desirable of the Minorca group. That in short, the Yankees having tasted the inebriating cup of facile conquest, were bent on constituting a chain of possessions about the world, engirdling Europe itself. The Britons professed to regard this evidence that the "Americans" were a chip of the old block, with complacency.



MAJOR-GENERAL MATT. C. BUTLER.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. C. MERRIAM.

Ceuta in Yankee hands, they reasoned, would be preferable to its transfer to France. Reasons of the most elaborate and plausible contexture were adduced to prove that this was the manifest destiny of the conquering republic. Day by day, the preparations of our "Flying squadron" were set forth in the British presses and telegraphed by Reuter's and other European news agencies, all over the continent. Our own Jingoos took up the tale and their exultant shrieks of covetousness were scattered broadcast over the continent.

But the comedy failed. The continental powers had already learned the use the British were making of the academic schemes pratted over in the various chancelleries. France, Russia and Italy were smarting over the perfidy which had made them seem inimical to the United States, when the official documents cited by the Italian diplomatic journal, the *Arena*—proved that the only intimation of a purpose to, in any way, interfere with the war between this country and Spain, was in the form of a hint from Great Britain. The outcome however was far from the end the intriguers calculated on. The reiterated declarations of the British were taken seriously by the Spanish Cabinet. From the first, the statesmen of Spain had fallen into the trap set by the British. They believed that the republic was in a sense, the mere protégé of the British, that our Cabinet was secretly governed by the Tory Cabal. The speeches of "Joe" Chamberlain and other demagogues, in the Cabinet and out, were proof to the rather punctilious statesmen of the Peninsula, that the open patronage of British officials and the flamboyant testimonies in the London press, meant that the odious alliance suddenly proclaimed by a Cabinet minister, was a fact; that the republic had joined hands in the career of spoliation which has given Britain domination.

The result was, that Camara's fleet was recalled in a panic from its desirive cruise toward Manila. Frantic prayers were sent to Paris to invent some way of gaining the ears of the Washington Cabinet, to consider peace, on its own terms. This was far from what the British wanted. Another half year of war was necessary to enable them to wind us up hopelessly in the "imperial" coil they had begun to enmesh us in. But more important of all, they had been counting on acting the part of peace-maker, after the republic had seized the Canaries, Ceuta and possibly one of the Minorca isles. Then, as peace-maker, Britain would have soothed the anger of the Yankees and saved some of the captured islands. In return, Spain could not refuse the cession of Ceuta, or aid in the British seizure of Morocco. But the fright and desperation of the Regent and the Cabinet, impelled Spain to swallow her pride and to appeal to France

to intermediate. At the same time the British Ambassador at Madrid—Sir Drummond Wolff—began a system of nagging and hints. He demanded to be made the intermediary, under threat, that if he were not selected, Britain would see to it that the Yankees consented to no peace, not first approved by the British Cabinet. Desperate as Sagasta was, this gave him a flash of the old Spanish spirit. He let the British envoy understand that Spain had never suffered more in war than she had when governed by a British peace.

These pourparlers were going on simultaneously with the rendition of Santiago—but the Washington Cabinet was not apprised of the part the British were playing, until hints of it began to appear in the foreign press. The Santiago surrender came opportunely for the long deferred acceptance of the semi-official proposals for peace. So soon as it was known that the President would listen to the plea, the French ambassador was authorized to present Spain's submission; the willingness of the Madrid Cabinet to comply with any just terms the victor might prescribe. But—even



M. JULES CAMBON.

then, the peace came inopportunely—as Porto Rico had not yet been conquered. Hand in hand, with the prolonged preliminaries, the legions of Miles were swarming over the undefended leagues of the island. The mere word peace brought about a portentous public sentiment. The instant the millions knew that peace was contingent on our authorities—from one end of the land to the other, the cry went up, "Make peace. We have won what we set out to gain—the liberation of Cuba, we did not go to war for conquest and an hour's delay will be criminal." For a moment,

even the Jingo press was abashed into a semblance of decorous moderation. Peace would be a sensation hardly less inspiring than war. For a time, it would never have been imagined, that every energy of the republic had been devoted to slaughter and the mechanism of destruction. The French minister, Cambon—knowing the extremities of Spain, made no demur over the basis or protocol as it was called. This memorable paper embalms the most momentous change ever wrought in the destinies of millions of people, who may be said to have had no voice in the events that led to its adoption :

His Excellency M. Cambon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Washington, and Mr. William R. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, having received respectively to that effect plenary powers from the Spanish Government and the Government of the United States, have established and signed the following articles, which define the terms on which the two Governments have agreed with regard to the questions enumerated below, and of which the object is the establishment of peace between the two countries, namely :

Article 1. Spain will renounce all claim to all sovereignty over and all her rights over the island of Cuba.

Article 2. Spain will cede to the United States the island of Porto Rico and the other islands which are at present under the sovereignty of Spain in the Antilles, as well as an island in the Ladrone Archipelago, to be chosen by the United States.

Article 3. The United States will occupy and retain the city and bay of Manila and the port of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control and form of government of the Philippines.

Article 4. Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico, and the other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the Antilles. To this effect each of the two Governments will appoint Commissioners within ten days after the signing of this protocol, and those Commissioners shall meet at Havana within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, with the object of coming to an agreement regarding the carrying out of the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and other adjacent Spanish islands; each of the two Governments shall likewise appoint within ten days after the signature of this protocol other Commissioners, who shall meet at San Juan de Porto Rico within thirty days after the signature of the protocol to agree upon the details of the evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the Antilles.

Article 5. Spain and the United States shall appoint to treat for peace five Commissioners at the most for either country. The Commissioners shall meet in Paris on October 1, at the latest, to proceed to negotiations and to the conclusion of a treaty of peace. This treaty shall be ratified in conformity with the Constitutional laws of each of the two countries.

Article 6. Once this protocol is concluded and signed hostilities shall be suspended, and to that effect in the two countries orders shall be given by either Government to the commanders of its land and sea forces as speedily as possible.

Done in duplicate at Washington, read in French and in English by the undersigned, who affix at the foot of the document their signatures and seals, August 12, 1898.

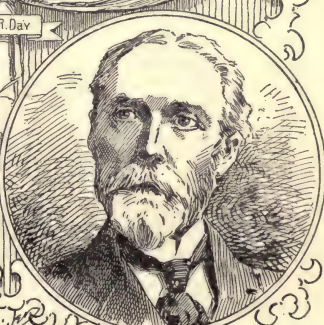
Peace came with the signature of this document—but two days afterward the restored cable from Manila brought word that the mock battle had been fought between General Merritt and the Spanish garrison. Thereupon, controversy arose over the clause regarding Manila—whether having obtained it by conquest, it could be subjected to the decisions of the commission charged to make the definite treaty in Paris. The event let loose the Jingoese again in full cry. “Wherever the flag has been raised,” they argued, “it would be treason to haul it down.” Now the flag has been raised in Japan, in China, in the Barbary states, it has been raised on many an island in the Pacific, and it has been hauled down. It floated over many a mile of Canadian territory, it has floated over miles of our northern border and gone down before the exactions of British treaty makers. Had Commodore Watson taken his fleets to Cadiz—it might have floated over the seaports of Andalusia. The President himself, who has never indicated any sympathy with the expansionists—or Jingoese, save in the deplorable rape of the Hawaiian islands, set to work to secure commissioners equal to the vast interests entrusted them. The selection of Judge Day, the Secretary of State—for the Paris commission, was regarded as an indication of wise conservatism—for during his tenure of the great place forced upon him, he exhibited all the reserve, dignity and wise conduct of the practiced diplomat. His associates were men not regarded as skilled in the intricacies of diplomacy—but in any event, the final decision of the treaty that must effect the character of this country until the end of time, lay in the hands of Congress. The commissioners appointed to Cuba and Porto Rico had merely perfunctory duties to perform. They verified the property transferred and took possession of the islands as Representatives of the Republic.

Senator Cushman K. Davis

Senator George Gray



Judge Wm. R. Day



Senator W. P. Frye

Hon. Whitelaw Reid

THE AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

General R. Cerero

Señor J. De Garnica



Señor Montero Rios



Señor W.Z. De Villaurrutia



Señor Buenaventura Abarzuza

THE SPANISH PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

IV.

WAR has become a science so complicated, that its conduct in peace even, involves all the mechanism of a vast university. Indeed it is doubtful whether Harvard or Oxford are called upon to maintain so many subdivisions as the War Department or Navy Department of a modern nation. Nominally, the President is commander-in-chief of the armies and navies. But the actual duties are performed by the senior officer of each service, naval and military.

When the war with Spain began—President McKinley, who saw some service as a subaltern during the Civil War, and knew the need of skilled direction in all parts of the vast machine, wisely divested himself of all part in the details or plans. To General Miles and the Secretary of War, the conduct of the campaign on land was entrusted. For the navy, something like the “Aulic” council of Austria was adopted. There was a “War Board” consisting of three eminent marines—Rear Admiral Sicard, Captains Mahan and Crowninshield. The function of this board was of the most comprehensive range and diversity. The character of the men selected inspired confidence in the navy. Perhaps the most distinguished personage in the body was Captain T. A. Mahan, whose researches and studies in “Sea power” have given him the rank of expert, among the educated of his profession all over the world—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, in Great Britain and this country. Admiral Sicard was of the highest type of the admirable group of great sailors produced by the Civil War.

To these men, the problem was given of finding out what effective forces the enemy possessed, and so disposing of our own fleets and even armies as to impede, blockade or destroy them. The map of the world, therefore was their study by day and night. It was exultingly proclaimed by Admiral Dewey’s delighted comrades, that he had wisely cut the Manila cable, in order that he might escape the hampering of the War Board. But the Admiral did not thus escape. He went to his post instructed in almost every detail by the recommendation of the board—put in the shape of orders by Secretary Long. Of course this does not mean that a commander is held down to small details. It is the scope and interest of the campaign he is expected to follow. Dewey, for example, was charged with finding the Spanish fleet in Oriental waters.

When found, he was to attack if the chances were anywhere nearly equal. The War Board was responsible for providing the ships; the admiral in charge was responsible for fighting them. The War Board is therefore the eyes and ears of a great power at war; no one man could retain the immensity of modern fleets in mind. Napoleon could keep the armies of Europe in his head, but he was the only captain that ever could. The War Board must keep each responsible commander apprised of the number and whereabouts of the adversary. But even prescience cannot always do this, for there are endless stratagems, that enable a crafty opponent to misguide. By painting harmless craft to look like war ships; by dispersing into unexpected places; by taking a thousand advantages of natural phenomena, a wary opponent may perplex and discomfort a superior force and an abler commander.

For a time, the unwise act of Cervera served as a brilliant piece of naval strategy, for the sagacious War Board could not conceive Spain's most important fleet, deliberately withdrawing from the conflict, to waste its vitalities in a land-locked harbor. It was the penetrating intelligence of Admiral Schley that detected the trick and announced the end of the fleet—almost the instant it found shelter. For weeks before the war began, our consular agents were instructed to make reports on the whereabouts of the Spanish men-of-war, in every port in the world. After hostilities broke out, our agents were equally indefatigable in reporting the presence and movements of Spanish shipping. Not a pound of coal, for example, was bought or sold in any part of the world, that the War Board was not informed on the instant. Not a vessel could change hands that our strategists were not apprised. Every squadron that quit a Spanish port, was known, down to the minutest detail. Naturally, thus safeguarded, our blockading fleets which were saved the peril of other days, when an enemy in force might appear at any point and destroy the squadron in detail. Hence, even though the Spanish fleets had outnumbered ours, as the impression ran when the war began, the War Board could have assembled a superior force at any endangered point.

For example, although the fleets of Great Britain outnumber ours ten to one, that power would be no more successful in attacking us than the Spaniards, because she could never make her preponderance available. We could always meet her squadrons in equal numbers—since her base is thousands of miles away. The sea has its strategy as the land has. No one ever illustrated this so perfectly as Admiral Farragut. And curiously enough, the French at sea have always outgeneraled their British rivals, though rarely successful in actual conflict—owing to about

the same causes that kept the northern armies second best to the southern, during the early years of the struggle. The War Board then, must know to a ship, all that the enemy can put into the water; it must know the exact capacity of each ship, it must even know, or ought to, the characteristics of the commanders and the hierarchies of each vessel. It was by knowing the characteristics of the commanders opposing him, that Napoleon won unhoped for victories. Our War Board knew the sort of men we had to depend upon, and from the outset they never doubted what the result would be, unless strain, stress or accident should intervene. Strategy therefore takes in beside the manifold operations of sea and land, the forces involved.

It fell to the War Board to provide for all possible contingencies in the harbors that we should find it necessary to attack. To hamper the enemy, all cables were cut in Cuban ports—in order that the land forces might be isolated—that the various commanders should receive no aid, when it became necessary to make an attack by fleet or army. Outside of a battlefield, there was no place more suggestive of the work in hand than the immense apartment in the navy building—where this fateful War Board sat day by day—at its iron game—for it can be likened to nothing more suggestive than a vast game of chess with all the seas of the world outspread on the walls and tables, and the various devices to denominate forces, marking vital points.

It would require volumes as ample as a cyclopedia to merely enumerate the masses of detail this extraordinary body was called upon to pass upon and digest clearly. Each conjunction compelled a revision of previous determinations or modifications of adopted resolutions. For it was in this form the work of the board went to the Secretary and from him was submitted to the President. Of course this was in the main perfunctory, as neither President nor Secretary possesses the technical knowledge necessary to pass intelligently upon abstruse questions of this character. Naturally, men in such a post are garmented in a certain fear. In case of disaster, they may be made the victims—as the Aulic council was during the century they brought woe upon the Hapsburgs. But with such captains as manned our ships, the War Board never had cause for apprehension; there was not a man in authority on Dewey's or Schley's fleets, that could not have taken his place on the War Board, had there been reason for it. Naturally the Board possesses an occult influence, quite beyond its official status. The Secretary of the Navy instinctively—or insensibly, comes to see everything done and to be done through the eyes of the Board. Hence the slight cloud of favoritism and

heart-burning over the awards and promotions following the Santiago victories. To the lay mind, Admiral Schley was indisputably the hero of the fleet. He had "bottled" Cervera and when the great day came, Providence so ordered that he was in command of the victorious squadron that destroyed the Armada. But as Sampson was nominally the commander, though not present, he received the official proclamation, award, and promotion. As the controversy promises to last as long as the renown of the victory, Captain Mahan's reasoning in Sampson's favor has high historic value. In a letter to the public press, while the controversy was raging, he set the official view forth in this fashion:

"At Santiago, all the dispositions prior to action, and for over a month before, were made by the Commander-in-Chief. A number of orders, issued from time to time by him, for the enforcement of the close watch of the harbor's mouth, were published in the *Washington Post* of July 27, and I presume by other journals as well. There is very strong ground for believing that Cervera's attempt to escape by day instead of by night—the incident of his conduct which has been most widely censured and is most inexplicable—was due to the fact that the United States ships kept so close to the harbor mouth at night that a dash like his, desperate at best, had a better chance when the ships were at day distance. This was so stated, substantially, to Admiral Sampson by the Captain of the Colon. If so, the merit of this, forcing the enemy to action under disadvantageous conditions—and it is one of the highest achievements of military art—belongs to the Commander-in-Chief. *It was the great decisive feature of the campaign, from start to finish.* Few naval authorities, I imagine, will dispute this statement.

"It will be noted also, by comparing the report of Admiral Sampson, stating the disposition of the ships, with the report of Captain Cook, commanding the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flagship, that the United States ships chased and fought in the order, from left to right, established by Sampson. There is in this no particular merit for the latter, beyond that, in placing the two fastest ships, Brooklyn and New York, on the two flanks, he had made the best provision for heading off the enemy, which the Brooklyn so handsomely effected. But the fact that the ships chased as they stood shows that it was unnecessary for Schley to make a signal; and in truth, from first to last, the second in command needed to make no signal of a tactical character, and made none, so far as is shown by his own report, or that of the Captain of the ship. That is, the second in command exercised no special directive functions of a flag or general officer while the fighting lasted. In this there was no fault, for there



CUTTING CABLES NEAR CIENFUEGOS.

was no need for signals; but the fact utterly does away with any claim to particular merit as second in command, without in the least impairing the Commodore's credit for conduct in all possible respects gallant and officerlike. So far as plan is concerned, the battle was fought on Sampson's lines; and, to quote Collingwood before Trafalgar, 'I wish Nelson would stop signalling, for we all know what we have to do.' The second in command and the Captains before Santiago all knew what they had to do, and right nobly they all did it.

"But the distinctive merit of the series of events which issued in the naval battle of Santiago is that, so far as appears, Cervera was forced to fight as he did on account of the unrelenting watch, through more than a whole moon, including its dark nights, maintained by Admiral Sampson. The writer has been told by a naval officer whose name he has not authority to mention, but who would be recognized as one of the most efficient of his mature years, and who had been off Santiago during part of that eventful month, that he regarded Sampson's watch of the harbor as the decisive feature in the great result. This neither ignores the merits of the Captains nor of the "man behind the gun." But Captains and the men behind the guns may be of the best, the Colonels of the regiments and the privates of land warfare the same, but vain are their valor and their skill if the Commander-in-Chief be wanting in either.

"With the wise and stringent methods laid down and enforced by the Admiral, it would not in the least have mattered, as things happened, with such ships and such Captains, had the Commander-in-Chief and the second in command, either or both, been seventy miles away. It is exactly with the fleet as with the single ships. The merit of each Captain was not only, nor chiefly, that he handled and fought his ship admirably on the day of battle. His greatest merit was that, when he took his ship into action, she was so organized and trained that, had he himself been absent or struck dead by the first shot, the ship would none the less have played her full part efficiently in the fight, under her second in command.

"Few things in the observation of the writer have been more painful than the attempt of a portion of the press and of the public to rob Sampson of his just and painfully won dues. During the night hours of July 2, 3, when there is strong reason to believe that Cervera, despite the full moon, wished to come out, the Commander-in-Chief with the whole of his force lay close to the harbor's mouth, and the Spanish attempt was deferred till day, when it might be supposed from their usual practice that the besieging vessels would be more distant, and perhaps off their guard.

At four A. M., when day began to break, the Massachusetts, commanded by one of the most spirited officers in the service, silently withdrew, to coal at Guantanamo, forty miles away. Half an hour before the enemy was discovered coming out, the flagship New York also proceeded west. In doing this the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sampson, was obeying a specific and direct order of the Navy Department, to confer personally with the Commander-in-Chief of the army. To this was owing that, to use the words of Sampson's despatch, the flagship 'was not at any time within range of the heavy Spanish ships.' Upon this circumstance, mortifying as a mere disappointment, that the ship, though pushed to her utmost speed, could not retrieve her original disadvantage of position—incurred in obedience to the orders of the Navy Department—has been raised the shameful outcry, designed to deprive an eminent officer of the just reward of his toils.

"The injustice is with many doubtless unintentional and unwitting. The same excuse can scarcely be made for the charge that the Admiral has grudged praise to his subordinates. Some Washington papers have in this matter been particularly vicious, and the *Post* of that city, in an editorial of July 31 to that effect, is guilty, in quoting from one paragraph of Sampson's despatch, of suppressing these following words in the succeeding paragraph: 'The commanding officers merit the greatest praise for the perfect manner in which they entered into this plan [of blockade] and put it into execution. The Massachusetts, which, according to routine, was sent that morning to coal at Guantanamo, like the others had spent weary nights upon this work, and deserved a better fate than to be absent that morning.' Again, as regards the action: 'When all the work was done so well, it is difficult to discriminate. The object of the blockade of Cervera's squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the Commodore in command of the Second Division, the Captains of ships, their officers and men. The fire of the battleships was powerful and destructive and the resistance of the Spanish squadron was, in great part, broken almost before they had got beyond the range of their own forts.' If higher praise is expected, the only reply that can be made is that it is, historically, rarely given. When individual men are named, unless some conspicuous and unusual deed compels it, those passed over feel slighted; while, if each who has done his duty is individually named, all distinctive effect is lost. Those who doubt may examine the despatches of men like Nelson and Farragut."

In a rather heated polemic that arose over the various degrees of credit due the commanders of fleets and ships, the curious anomaly of "Prize

money" and bounties—were for the first time made realistic to the whole people. It struck the open-minded as an extraordinary retention of the outworn, that our sailors should be left in the mercenary category of old and evil times—when the fleets of the world were manned by naval condottieri who took pay and served under any flag that offered the most chance for prize money. Indeed, the war had barely begun when the newspapers vivaciously set forth the "Money in it" for the sailormen and Captains of the fleets. For weeks the tales swelled and the visions of the Klondike adventurers suddenly dimmed before the spoil waiting the blockading fleet. Yet, when the allotments were counted it was shown that Admiral Sampson, who had not been under fire during the war, was entitled to \$100,000—as his percentage—simply because he commanded the seas in which the bulk of the captures had been made. Schley, who really destroyed the Spanish fleet had \$5,000, or at the utmost \$10,000 for his share. Dewey, who destroyed Spain's efficiency as a power—was awarded \$5,000!. The odiousness of the system brought about a discussion that will probably force a change and put the navy on the same conditions as the army.

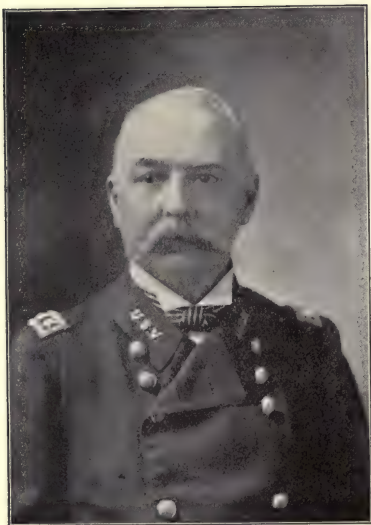
Bounty money differs only from prize money in its origin. Prize money is awarded for ships and cargoes captured; bounty money for those destroyed. The method of distribution is substantially the same in both cases. Under our laws, a prize captured on the high seas is taken to the nearest port in which there is a United States court. The vessel is "libelled" as a prize, and if the owners wish to contest by proving that she is not an enemy, they are permitted to do so. The court decides the question, releasing the vessel, if the claim of the contestants is established. If the vessel is declared a lawful prize, the court decides what ships are entitled to share in the award. This includes not only those which actually made the capture, but all which were within signalling distance with flags by day, or lights by night. Ships near at hand belonging to the same squadron, which might have contributed to the result, though not actually engaged in the battle, come in for their portion, the will being taken for the deed. It is assumed that if their crews had a chance they would have displayed as much valor as any others. In the case of the destruction of an enemy's warships in battle, the evidence of what has taken place is more easy to get, and there are practically no court formalities.

But prize money has been the magnet of many a navy. The British could never have manned their vaunted navies—the instruments of loathsome oppression, since fleets were first known, if these legalized bucca-

neers had not been lured by the spoil of the weak, the cost of the captured prizes. The odious system still exists and the rank and file of our victorious fleets in the late war will share a spoil, greater than the wages won during the war of the revolution by John Paul Jones, or the war of 1812 by the glorious captains who humbled British arrogance. More than \$1,000,000 are due the fleets for the conquest of the Spanish navies. This, according to the law, which provides payment of \$100 a head for every man on the ships of an enemy when these ships are destroyed. There is an old adage in the navy about the distribution of money won in battle. According to the tars, the money is poured over a ladder and all that falls through goes to the officers, and what remains on the rungs goes to the sailors! Nevertheless, every man in the fleets will receive a purse small or great, for his part in the campaign. The law governing the distribution of this money is explicit. There are exact provisions for carrying it into effect, and every man according to his rank, will be paid in due season. This statute provides:

A bounty shall be paid by the United States for each person on board any ship or vessel of war belonging to an enemy at the commencement of an engagement, which is sunk or otherwise destroyed in such engagement, by any ship or vessel belonging to the United States, or which it may be necessary to destroy in consequence of injury received in action, of \$100 if the enemy's vessel was of inferior force, and \$200 if of equal or superior force, to be divided in the same manner as prize money; and when the actual number of men on board any such vessel cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, it shall be estimated according to the complement allowed the vessels of its class in the navy of the United States; and there shall be paid as bounty to the captors of any vessel of war, captured from an enemy, which they may be instructed to destroy or which is immediately destroyed for the public interest, but not in consequence of injuries received in action, \$50 for every person who shall be on board at the time of such capture. According to this law the officers and men of Sampson's fleet will be entitled to \$100 for every officer and man on board the six Spanish vessels that were destroyed off Santiago. This will give prize money in about this proportion:

Vizcaya	500
Maria Teresa	500
Almirante Oquendo	500
Cristobal Colon	450
Furor	67
Pluton	70
	2,087



MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. WADE.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.



BRIG.-GENERAL H. M. DUFFIELD.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. T. KENT.

On this reckoning, the treasury will pay to the officers and men of Sampson's fleet, \$208,700. Admiral Sampson will receive a lion's share of the "Head money." The law explicitly provides that the commanding officer shall have one-twentieth part of all prize money awarded to the ships under his immediate command. This will give Admiral Sampson over \$10,000 as his share for the work of the three hours. But it should be remembered that this is only a part of the extra money that Admiral Sampson receives because of the decision of the Navy Department to place him in command over the fleet, thus temporarily jumping him over Commodore Schley, who ranked him by several points. Admiral Sampson receives a share in all prizes captured in the Caribbean from the time the war began. The *Pedro*, one of the captured vessels was sold to the government for \$200,000—one half of which goes to the captors. Out of that prize alone, Admiral Sampson received about \$5,000, and it is only one of many valuable prizes that were taken in West Indian waters. While the Admiral in command of the fleet must always be given his share of prize money, the ships of his fleet can be allowed to share only when they are within signal distance of the fray, and therefore in a position to give effective aid if needed. The *New York* therefore shares in the "Head money." Commodore Schley receives only about \$4,000 of the "Head money." The law prescribes that the commanding officer of a division shall receive a one-fiftieth share. The United States fleets are organized on a somewhat different plan now, than when this law was enacted, so that the Commander of a squadron really corresponds to the Commander of a division mentioned in the statute. As a commander of a second squadron of the fleet, Commodore Schley receives his one-fiftieth part of the "Head money" but Commodore Howell who was in command of a squadron also receives nothing, because he was away at Key West, and his ships were in no position to render immediate aid. After these two shares have been taken out, the money is apportioned among the vessels of the fleet that took part in the engagement.

The law provides that every commander of a single vessel shall receive one-tenth part of the prize money awarded to the vessel in his command. There were seven big warships in the *Santiago* battle entitled to share in this distribution—the battleships *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Texas*, and the cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*. Some smaller ships including the *Gloucester* and the *Vixen* are entitled to a share, as they were warships in the meaning of the law. As there should be about \$200,000 left after Admiral Sampson and Schley have been helped, there

will be something like \$25,000 to be distributed on each of these seven ships, even after the smaller ships, which were converted yachts have been provided for. If this reckoning is approximately correct, Captains Taylor, Evans, Philip, Chadwick, Higginson, Clark and Cook will receive about \$2,500 each as his share. This is on the supposition that each of these war vessels is given an equal distribution of the "Head money" which seems probable from the fact that they carry about the same complement of officers and men.

	Number of officers.	Number of men.
Iowa, ...	36	469
Indiana, ...	32	441
Oregon, ...	32	441
Massachusetts, ...	32	441
Texas, ...	30	359
New York, ...	40	516
Brooklyn, ...	46	470
Totals, ...	248	3,137

After the captain of each ship has been given his share, there will be something over thirty officers and about 450 men to share every allotment of \$22,500. For the distribution of these sums, the law provides that they shall be divided among the others doing duty on board, borne upon the books of the ship in proportion to their respective rates of pay in the service. Speaking roughly, about one-half of this remainder will probably be required to pay the officers of the ship, excepting the commander, and the other half will go to the sailors, who may receive something like \$20 each. But there is still more coming to the officers and men of Sampson's fleet beside the money they receive for destroying Cervera's fleet. The *Reina Mercedes* which was also destroyed off Santiago carried 375 officers and men, which means \$37,500 for distribution. The squadron doing duty off Havana will receive \$30,000 for the destruction of the *Alphonso XII.* as she carried a crew of 300 officers and men. Moreover there may be some salvage from the destruction of Cervera's fleet, which will go to swell the profit of the crews in West Indian waters. It is probable that Congress will have to appropriate money to pay all this indebtedness. It takes considerable time to determine the allotments, and to place the amounts due each officer and man, to his credit on the books of the navy. The principle is a vicious one; relic of barbarous age, for it is

an incitement to mercenary war; the sort of war made infamous in the Italian republic, when armies hired themselves to the highest bidder. An army is never given prize money now for a Gettysburg or a Sedan; why should a navy for a Santiago or a Mobile? The system degrades our sailors—and certainly never makes patriots.



BUTTONS WILL COME OFF.

V

FORTY years of recrimination followed the British participation of the invasion of the Crimea where the wretched French did most of the fighting, and the sons of Albion caught up and carried off most of the glory and all the advantages. Our own brief essay in foreign conquest promises an interminable aftermath of disputation. To enable the reader to judge impartially, the official utterances of both battle, siege and camp are herewith presented in full. Debating societies and political enthusiasts may turn to these appendices and find the utterances of the chief actors, when they find the text hostile to their contentions. This is making a history, virtually an encyclopædia, and in view of present tendencies, perhaps this is the ultimate expression of historic chroniclings—for when all the world thinks, no man is willing to accept the interpretations of any one man, no matter how wise or self-restrained.

PART I. NAVAL REPORTS.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S STORY OF MANILA.

“UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA, CAVITE, May 4, 1898.

“The squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27, arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and, finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The Boston and the Concord were sent to reconnoitre Port Subic. A thorough search was made of the port by the Boston and the Concord, but the Spanish fleet was not found. Entered the south channel at 11:30 P. M., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The Boston and McCulloch returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at 5:15 A. M. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavite, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

“The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flagship Olympia, under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, and Boston in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron opened fire at 5:41 A. M.

While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flagship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire at ranges varying from 5,000 to 2,000 yards, countermarching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective. Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the Olympia with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before they were able to fire their torpedoes.

"At seven A. M. the Spanish flagship Reina Cristina made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such a galling fire, the entire battery of the Olympia being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. The fires started in her by our shell at the time were not extinguished until she sank. The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by my squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head at the entrance of the Pasig River, the second on the south position of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Molate, about one-half mile further south. At this point I sent a message to the Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

"At 7:35 A. M. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11:16 I returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flagship and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames. At 12:30 the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burned, and deserted.

"At 12:40 the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the Petrel being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavite. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk, Reina Cristina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa; burned, Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, El Correo, Velasco; and Isla de Mindanao (transport); captured, Rapido and Hercules (tugs), and several small launches.

"I am unable to obtain complete accounts of the enemy's killed and wounded, but believe their losses to be very heavy. The Reina Cristina alone had 150 killed, including the Captain, and ninety wounded. I am happy to report that the damage done to the squadron under my command was inconsiderable. There were none killed and only seven men in the squadron were slightly wounded. Several of the vessels were struck and even penetrated, but the damage was of the slightest, and the squadron is in as good condition now as before the battle.

"I beg to state to the department that I doubt if any Commander-in-Chief was ever served by more loyal, efficient, and gallant Captains than those of the squadron now under my command. Captain Frank Wildes, commanding the

Boston, volunteered to remain in command of his vessel, although his relief arrived before leaving Hong Kong. Assistant Surgeon Kindelberger of the Olympia and Gunner J. C. Evans, of the Boston, also volunteered to remain after orders detaching them had arrived. The conduct of my personal staff was excellent. Commander B. P. Lamberton, chief of staff, was a volunteer for that position, and gave me most efficient aid. Lieutenant Brumby, Flag Lieutenant, and Ensign E. P. Scott, aide, performed their duties as signal officers in a highly creditable manner, Caldwell, Flag Secretary, volunteered for and was assigned to a sub-division of the five-inch battery. Mr. J. L. Stickney, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, and now correspondent for the New York *Herald*, volunteered for duty as my aide, and rendered valuable service. I desire especially to mention the coolness of Lieutenant C. G. Calkins, the navigator of the Olympia, who came under my personal observation, being on the bridge with me throughout the entire action, and giving the ranges to the guns with an accuracy that was proven by the excellence of the firing.

"On May 2, the day following the engagement, the squadron again went to Cavite, where it remains. On the 3d the military forces evacuated the Cavite arsenal, which was taken possession of by a landing party. On the same day the Raleigh and the Baltimore secured the surrender of the batteries on Corregidor Island, paroling the garrison and destroying the guns. On the morning of May 4, the transport Manila, which had been aground in Bakor Bay, was towed off and made a prize."

ADMIRAL MONTJOJO'S REPORT.

"MANILA, May 7th.

"I have to report the destruction of the fleet under my command by a superior number of American battleships.

"The force of these vessels, excepting transports that were non-combatant, amounted to 21,410 tons, 49,290 horse power, 163 guns (many of which were rapid fire), 1,750 men in their crews, and of an average speed of about seventeen miles. The power of our only five effective ships for battle was represented by 10,111 tons, 11,200 horse power, seventy-six guns (very short of rapid fire), 1,875 crew, and a maximum speed of twelve miles.

"The Americans fired most rapidly. There came upon us numberless projectiles, as the three cruisers at the head of the line devoted themselves almost entirely to fight the Cristina, my flagship. A short time after the action commenced one shell exploded in the fore-castle and put out of action all those who served the four rapid fire cannon, making splinters of the forward mast, which wounded the helmsman on the bridge, when Lieutenant Jose Nunez took the wheel with a coolness worthy of the greatest commendation, steering until the end of the fight.

"In the meanwhile another shell exploded in the orlop, setting fire to the crew's bags, which they were, fortunately, able to control.

"The enemy shortened the distance between us, and, rectifying his aim, covered us with a rain of rapid fire projectiles.

"At half-past seven one shell destroyed completely the steering gear. I ordered to steer by hand while the rudder was out of action. In the meanwhile another shell exploded on the poop and put out of action nine men. Another destroyed the mizzenmast head, bringing down the flag and my ensign, which were replaced immediately.

"A fresh shell exploded in the officers' cabin, covering the hospital with blood, destroying the wounded who were being treated there. Another exploded in the ammunition room astern, filling the quarters with smoke and preventing the working of the hand steering gear. As it was impossible to control the fire, I had to flood the magazine when the cartridges were beginning to explode.

"Amidships, several shells of smaller calibre went through the smokestack, and one of the large ones penetrated the fireroom, putting out of action one master gunner and twelve men serving the guns.

"Another rendered useless the starboard bow gun. While the fire astern increased, fire was started forward by another shell, which went through the hull and exploded on the deck.

"The broadside guns, being undamaged, continued firing until there were only one gunner and one seaman remaining unhurt for firing them, as the guns' crews had been frequently called upon to substitute those charged with steering, all of whom were out of action.

"The ship being out of control, the hull, smokepipe and masts riddled with shot, half of her crew out of action, among whom were seven officers, I gave the order to sink and abandon the ship before the magazines should explode, making signal at the same time to the Cuba and Luzon to assist in saving the rest of the crew, which they did, aided by others from the Duro and the arsenal.

"I abandoned the Cristina, directing beforehand to secure her flag, and, accompanied by my staff, and with great sorrow, I hoisted my flag on the cruiser Isla de Cuba.

"After having saved many men from the unfortunate vessel, one shell destroyed her heroic commander, Don Luis Cadaraso, who was directing the rescue.

"The Ulloa, which also defended herself firmly, using the only two guns which were available, was sunk by a shell, which entered at the water line, putting out of action her commander and half of her remaining crew, those who were only remaining for the service of the two guns stated.

"The Castilla, which fought heroically, with her artillery useless, except one stern gun, with which they fought spiritedly, was riddled with shot and set on

fire by the enemy's shells, then sunk, and was abandoned by her crew, in good order, which was directed by her commander, Don Alonzo Algaro. The casualties on this ship were twenty-three killed and eighty wounded.

"The Austria, very much damaged and on fire, went to the aid of the Castilla. The Luzon had three guns dismounted and was slightly damaged in the hull. The Duro remained, with one of her engines useless, the bow gun and one of the redoubts.

"At eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy's squadron having suspended its fire, I ordered the ships that remained to us to take positions in the bottom of the roads, at Bacoor, and there to resist to the last moment, and that they should be sunk before they surrendered.

"At half-past ten the enemy returned forming a circle to destroy the arsenal, and the ships which remained to me, opening upon them a horrible fire, which we answered as far as we could with the few cannon which we still had mounted.

"There remained the last recourse—to sink our vessels—and we accomplished this operation, taking care to save the flag, the distinguishing pennant, the money in the safe, the portable arms, the breech plugs of the guns, and the signal codes, after which I went, with my staff, to the convent of Santo Domingo de Cavite to be cured of a wound received in the left leg, and to telegraph a brief report of the action, with preliminaries and results.

"The inefficiency of the vessels which composed my little squadron, the lack of all classes of the personnel, especially master gunners and seaman gunners, the inaptitude of some of the provisional machinists, the scarcity of rapid fire cannon, the strong crews of the enemy, and the unprotected character of the greater part of our vessels, all contributed to make more decided the sacrifice which we made for our country.

"Our casualties, including those of the arsenal, amounted to 381 men killed and wounded."

REPORT OF THE DIARIO DE MANILA.

"As the sun rose above the clouds and mist that overhung our shores on the morning of May 1, the inhabitants of Manila saw with surprise and dismay the enemy's squadron in well-ordered line of battle on the waters of the bay. Who could have imagined that they would have had the rashness to stealthily approach our shores, provoking our defenders to an unavailing display of skill and valor, in which, alas, balls could not be propelled by heart-throbs, else the result would have been different? The sound of the shots from our batteries and those from the enemy's ships, which awakened the citizens of Manila at five o'clock on that May morning, transformed the character of our peaceful and happy surroundings. Frightened at the prospect of dangers that seemed greater than they were, women and children in carriages, or by whatever means they could, sought refuge in the outskirts of the city, while all the men,

from the highest to the lowest, the merchant and the mechanic, the soldier and the peasant, the dwellers of the mainland and those of the coast, repaired to their posts and took up arms, confident that never, except by passing over their dead bodies, should the soil of Manila be defiled by the enemy, notwithstanding that from the first it was apparent that the armored ships and powerful guns were invulnerable to any effort at our command. Before entering our port the enemy had well assured himself of his superiority over our defences.

"The walls of the public square, the towers of the churches, the upper stories of houses, and every place that commanded a view of the bay were thronged by eager spectators.

"The shots from the batteries and plaza produced no impression upon the cruisers. The spectators on the shore, with and without glasses, continued to scan the advancing enemy, who, although he may have been brave, had no occasion to show it, since the range of his guns and the deficiencies of our artillery enabled him to do all the harm he wished with impunity. . . . A soldier of the First Battalion of Sharpshooters, who saw the squadron so far out of range of our batteries, said, glancing up to Heaven, 'If the Holy Mary would only transform that water into land, then the Yankees would see how we could fight!' And a Malay, squatting near by, exclaimed, 'Let them land, and we will crush them under heel!' Meanwhile the enemy proceeded with speed and safety, in perfect formation, toward Cavite, with the decision born of security.

". . . From Manila we could see, by the aid of glasses, the two squadrons almost confounded and enveloped in clouds of smoke. Owing to the inferiority of our batteries, it was evident that the enemy was triumphant and secure in his armored strength; he was a mere machine, requiring only motive power to keep in action his destructive agencies. . . . Who can describe the heroic acts, the prowess, the deeds of valor performed by the sailors of our squadron as rage animated them? All who were beneath the folds of the banner of Spain did their duty as becomes the chosen sons of the fatherland.

"A thick column of smoke burst out of the forward storeroom hatch of the *Cristina*, indicating that an incendiary projectile, of the kind prohibited by Divine and human laws, had taken effect in the cruiser. Without ceasing her fire, she retired toward the shore and was scuttled to avoid falling into the Yankees' hands. The indignation of the sailors of the *Cristina* was raised to the highest pitch at seeing the *Castilla* on fire from the same incendiary causes. The Spanish vessels that had not succumbed to the flames or the shots of the enemy were run aground, as they could not be disposed of in any other way. This was the last stroke; we could do no more, the combat of Cavite was ended, and our last vessel went down flying her colors. A list of the Spanish killed and wounded is given, and high praise is awarded to the defenders of the batteries at Manila and Cavite."

THE FLEET AT SANTIAGO.

REPORT OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 15, 1898.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

"SIR: 1. I have the honor to make the following report upon the battle with and the destruction of the Spanish squadron, commanded by Admiral Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba, on Sunday, July 3, 1898.

"2. The enemy's vessels came out of the harbor between 9:35 and ten A. M., the head of the column appearing around Cay Smith at 9:31, and emerging from the channel five or six minutes later.

"3. The positions of the vessels of my command off Santiago at that moment were as follows: The flagship New York was four miles east of her blockading station and about seven miles from the harbor entrance. She had started for Siboney, where I intended to land, accompanied by several of my staff, and go to the front to consult with General Shafter. A discussion of the situation and a more definite understanding between us of the operations proposed had been rendered necessary by the unexpectedly strong resistance of the Spanish garrison of Santiago. I had sent my chief of staff on shore the day before to arrange an interview with General Shafter, who had been suffering from heat prostration. I made arrangements to go to his headquarters, and my flagship was in the position mentioned above when the Spanish squadron appeared in the channel. The remaining vessels were in or near their usual blockading positions, distributed in a semicircle about the harbor entrance, counting from the eastward to the westward, in the following order: The Indiana, about a mile and a half from shore; the Oregon—the New York's place between these two—the Iowa, Texas, and Brooklyn, the latter two miles from the shore west of Santiago. The distance of the vessels from the harbor entrance was from two and one-half to four miles, the latter being the limit of day blockading distance. The length of the arc formed by the ships was about eight miles. The Massachusetts had left at four A. M. for Guantanamo for coal. Her station was between the Iowa and Texas. The auxiliaries Gloucester and Vixen lay close to the land and nearer the harbor entrance than the large vessels, the Gloucester to the eastward and the Vixen to the westward. The torpedo boat Ericsson was in company with the flagship, and remained with her during the chase until ordered to discontinue, when she rendered very efficient service in rescuing prisoners from the burning Vizcaya. I inclose a diagram showing approximately the positions of the vessels as described above.

"4. The Spanish vessels came rapidly out of the harbor, at a speed estimated at from eight to ten knots, and in the following order: Infanta Maria Teresa (flagship), Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon, and the Almirante Oquendo. The

distance between these ships was about 800 yards, which means that, from the time the first one became visible in the upper reach of the channel until the last one was out of the harbor, an interval of only about twelve minutes elapsed. Following the Oquendo, at a distance of about 1,200 yards, came the torpedo boat destroyer Pluton, and after her the Furor. The armored cruisers, as rapidly as they could bring their guns to bear, opened a vigorous fire upon the blockading vessels, and emerged from the channel shrouded in the smoke from their guns.

"5. The men of our ships in front of the port were at Sunday 'quarters for inspection.' The signal was made simultaneously from several vessels, 'Enemy's ships escaping,' and general quarters was sounded. The men cheered as they sprang to their guns, and fire was opened probably within eight minutes by the vessels whose guns commanded the entrance. The New York turned about and steamed for the escaping fleet, flying the signal 'Close in toward harbor entrance and attack vessels,' and gradually increasing speed, until toward the end of the chase she was making sixteen and one-half knots, and was rapidly closing on the Cristobal Colon. She was not at any time within range of the heavy Spanish ships, and her only part in the firing was to receive the undivided fire from the forts in passing the harbor entrance and to fire a few shots at one of the destroyers, thought at the moment to be attempting to escape from the Gloucester.

"6. The Spanish vessels, upon clearing the harbor, turned to the westward in column, increasing their speed to the full power of their engines. The heavy blockading vessels, which had closed in toward the Morro at the instant of the enemy's appearance, and at their best speed, delivered a rapid fire, well sustained and destructive, which speedily overwhelmed and silenced the Spanish fire. The initial speed of the Spaniards carried them rapidly past the blockading vessels, and the battle developed into a chase, in which the Brooklyn and the Texas had at the start the advantage of position. The Brooklyn maintained this lead. The Oregon, steaming with amazing speed from the commencement of the action, took first place. The Iowa and Indiana, having done good work, and not having the speed of the other ships, were directed by me in succession, at about the time the Vizcaya was beached, to drop out of the chase and resume blockading stations. These vessels rescued many prisoners. The Vixen, finding that the rush of the Spanish ships would put her between two fires, ran outside of our column and remained there during the battle and chase.

"7. The skilful handling and gallant fighting of the Gloucester excited the admiration of every one who witnessed it, and merits the commendation of the Navy Department. She is a fast and entirely unprotected auxiliary vessel—the yacht Corsair—and has a good battery of light rapid-fire guns. She was lying about two miles from the harbor entrance, to the southward and eastward, and immediately steamed in, opening fire upon the large ships. An-

icipating the appearance of the Pluton and Furor, the Gloucester was slowed, thereby gaining more rapidly a high pressure of steam, and when the destroyers came out she steamed for them at full speed, and was able to close at short range, when her fire was most deadly and of great volume. During this fight the Gloucester was under the fire of the Socapa battery. Within twenty minutes from the time they emerged from Santiago Harbor the careers of the Furor and the Pluton were ended and two-thirds of their people killed. The Furor was beached and sunk in the surf; the Pluton sank in deep water a few minutes later. The destroyers probably suffered much injury from the fire of the secondary batteries of the battleships Iowa, Indiana, and the Texas, yet I think a very considerable factor in their speedy destruction was the fire at close range of the Gloucester's battery. After rescuing the survivors of the destroyers, the Gloucester did excellent service in landing and securing the crew of the Infanta Maria Teresa.

"8. The method of escape attempted by the Spaniards, all steering in the same direction, and in formation, removed all tactical doubt or difficulties, and made plain the duty of every United States vessel to close in, immediately engage, and pursue. This was promptly and effectively done. As already stated, the first rush of the Spanish squadron carried it past a number of the blockading ships, which could not immediately work up to their best speed; but they suffered heavily in passing, and the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Oquendo were probably set on fire by shells fired during the first fifteen minutes of the engagement. It was afterward learned that the Infanta Maria Teresa's fire main had been cut by one of our first shots and that she was unable to extinguish fire. With large volumes of smoke rising from their lower decks aft, these vessels gave up both fight and flight, and ran in on the beach, the Infanta Maria Teresa at about 10:15 A. M., at Nima, six and one-half miles from Santiago Harbor entrance, and the Almirante Oquendo at about 10:30 A. M., at Juan Gonzales, seven miles from the port.

"9. The Vizcaya was still under the fire of the leading vessels; the Cristobal Colon had drawn ahead, leading the chase, and soon passed beyond the range of the guns of the leading American ships; the Vizcaya was soon set on fire, and at 11:15 she turned inshore and was beached at Aserradero, fifteen miles from Santiago, burning fiercely, and with her reserves of ammunition on deck already beginning to explode. When about ten miles west of Santiago the Indiana had been signalled to go back to the harbor entrance, and at Aserradero the Iowa was signalled to 'Resume blockading station.' The Iowa, assisted by the Ericsson and the Hist, took off the crew of the Vizcaya, while the Harvard and the Gloucester rescued those of the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo. This rescue of prisoners, including the wounded, from the burning Spanish vessels, was the occasion of some of the most daring and gallant conduct of the day. The ships were burning fore and aft, their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment

the fire would reach the main magazines. In addition to this, a heavy surf was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no risk deterred our officers and men until their work of humanity was complete.

"10. There remained now of the Spanish ships only the Cristobal Colon. but she was their best and fastest vessel. Forced by the situation to hug the Cuban coast, her only chance of escape was by superior and sustained speed. When the Vizcaya went ashore, the Colon was about six miles ahead of the Brooklyn and the Oregon; but her spurt was finished, and the American ships were now gaining upon her. Behind the Brooklyn and the Oregon came the Texas, Vixen, and New York. It was evident from the bridge of the New York that all the American ships were gradually overhauling the chase and that she had no chance of escape. At 12:50 the Brooklyn and the Oregon opened fire and got her range, the Oregon's heavy shell striking beyond her, and at 1:20 she gave up without firing another shot, hauled down her colors, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago. Captain Cook, of the Brooklyn, went on board to receive the surrender. While his boat was alongside I came up in the New York, received his report, and placed the Oregon in charge of the wreck to save her if possible, and directed the prisoners to be transferred to the Resolute, which had followed in the chase. Commodore Schley, whose chief of staff had gone on board to receive the surrender, had directed that all their personal effects should be retained by the officers. This order I did not modify. The Cristobal Colon was not injured by our firing, and probably is not much injured by beaching, though she ran ashore at high speed. The beach was so steep that she came off by the working of the sea. But her sea valves were opened and broken treacherously, I am sure, after her surrender, and despite all efforts, she sank. When it became evident that she could not be kept afloat, she was pushed by the New York bodily upon the beach, the New York's stem being placed against her for this purpose, the ship being handled by Captain Chadwick with admirable judgment, and sank in shoal water, and may be saved. Had this not been done, she would have gone down in deep water and would have been to a certainty a total loss.

"11. I regard this complete and important victory over the Spanish forces as the successful finish of several weeks of arduous and close blockade, so stringent and effective during the night that the enemy was deterred from making the attempt to escape at night, and deliberately elected to make the attempt in daylight. That this was the case I was informed by the commanding officer of the Cristobal Colon.

"12. It seems proper to briefly describe here the manner in which this was accomplished. The harbor of Santiago is naturally easy to blockade, there being but one entrance, and that a narrow one; and the deep water extending close to the shore line presenting no difficulties of navigation outside of the entrance. At the time of my arrival before the port—June 1,—the moon

was at its full, and there was sufficient light during the night to enable any movement outside of the entrance to be detected; but with the waning of the moon and the coming of dark nights, there was opportunity for the enemy to escape, or for his torpedo boats to make an attack upon the blockading vessels. It was ascertained with fair conclusiveness that the Merrimac, so gallantly taken into the channel on June 3, did not obstruct it. I therefore maintained the blockade as follows: To the battleships was assigned the duty, in turn, of lighting the channel. Moving up to the port at a distance of from one to two miles from the Morro, dependent upon the condition of the atmosphere, they threw a searchlight beam directly up the channel, and held it steadily there. This lighted up the entire breadth of the channel for half a mile inside of the entrance so brilliantly that the movement of small boats could be detected. Why the batteries never opened fire upon the searchlight ship was always a matter of surprise to me; but they never did. Stationed close to the entrance of the port were three picket vessels, usually converted yachts, and, when they were available, one or two of our torpedo boats. With this arrangement there was at least a certainty that nothing could get out of the harbor undetected. After the arrival of the army, when the situation forced upon the Spanish admiral a decision, our vigilance increased. The night blockading distance was reduced to two miles for all vessels, and a battleship was placed alongside the searchlight ship, with her broadside trained upon the channel, in readiness to fire the instant a Spanish ship should appear. The commanding officers merit the greatest praise for the perfect manner in which they entered into this plan and put it into execution. The Massachusetts, which, according to routine, was sent that morning to coal at Guantanamo, like the others, had spent weary nights upon this work, and deserved a better fate than to be absent that morning. I inclose, for the information of the department, copies of orders and memoranda issued from time to time, relating to the manner of maintaining the blockade.

"13. When all the work was done so well, it is difficult to discriminate in praise. The object of the blockade of Cervera's squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the commodore in command of the second division, the captains of ships, their officers and men. The fire of the battleships was powerful and destructive, and the resistance of the Spanish squadron was, in great part, broken almost before they had got beyond the range of their own forts. The fine speed of the Oregon enabled her to take a front position in the chase, and the Cristobal Colon did not give up until the Oregon had thrown a thirteen-inch shell beyond her. This performance adds to the already brilliant record of this fine battleship and speaks highly of the skill and care with which her admirable efficiency has been maintained during a service unprecedented in the history of vessels of her class. The Brooklyn's westerly blockading position gave her an advantage in the chase, which she maintained to the end, and she employed her

fine battery with telling effect. The Texas and the New York were gaining on the chase during the last hour, and had any accident befallen the Brooklyn or the Oregon, would have speedily overhauled the Cristobal Colon. From the moment the Spanish vessel exhausted her first burst of speed the result was never in doubt. She fell, in fact, far below what might reasonably have been expected of her. Careful measurements of time and distance give her an average speed, from the time she cleared the harbor mouth until the time she was run ashore at Rio Tarquino, of 13.7 knots. Neither the New York nor the Brooklyn stopped to couple up their forward engines, but ran out the chase with one pair, getting steam, of course, as rapidly as possible on all boilers. To stop to couple up the forward engines would have meant a delay of fifteen minutes, or four miles in the chase.

"14. Several of the ships were struck, the Brooklyn more often than the others, but very slight material injury was done, the greatest being aboard the Iowa. Our loss was one man killed and one wounded, both on the Brooklyn. It is difficult to explain this immunity from loss of life or injury to ships in a combat with modern vessels of the best type; but Spanish gunnery is poor at best, and the superior weight and accuracy of our fire speedily drove the men from their guns and silenced their fire. This is borne out by the statements of prisoners and by observation. The Spanish vessels, as they dashed out of the harbor, were covered with the smoke from their own guns, but this speedily diminished in volume, and soon almost disappeared. The fire from the rapid-fire batteries of the battleships appears to have been remarkably destructive. An examination of the stranded vessels shows that the Almirante Oquendo especially had suffered terribly from this fire. Her sides are everywhere pierced, and her decks were strewn with the charred remains of those who had fallen.

"15. The reports of Commodore W. S. Schley and of the commanding officers are enclosed.

"16. A board, appointed by me several days ago, has made a critical examination of the stranded vessels, both with a view of reporting upon the result of our fire and the military features involved, and of reporting upon the chance of saving any of them and of wrecking the remainder. The report of board will be speedily forwarded. Very respectfully,

"W. T. SAMPSON,

"Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

INCLOSURES IN THE REPORT.

The Admiral made these inclosures in his report:

ORDER OF BATTLE.

" UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

" OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 2, 1898.

" The fleet off Santiago de Cuba will be organized during the operations against that port and the Spanish squadron as follows:

" FIRST SQUADRON—Under the personal command of the Commander-in-Chief: New York, Iowa, Oregon, New Orleans, Mayflower, Porter.

" SECOND SQUADRON—Commodore Schley: Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Marblehead, Vixen.

" Vessels joining subsequently will be assigned by the Commander-in-Chief. The vessels will blockade Santiago de Cuba closely, keeping about six miles from the Morro in the daytime and closing in at night, the lighter vessels well in shore. The first squadron will blockade on the east side of the port and the second squadron on the west side. If the enemy tries to escape the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel. It is not considered that the shore batteries are of sufficient power to do any material injury to battleships.

" In smooth weather the vessels will coal on station. If withdrawn to coal elsewhere, or for other duty, the blockading vessels on either side will cover the angle thus left vacant. Very respectfully,

" W. T. SAMPSON,

" Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

MEMORANDUM NO. 13.

" UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

" OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 7, 1898.

" After careful consideration of the various schemes of maintaining an effective blockade of Santiago de Cuba at night, which have been advanced, I have decided upon the following, which will be maintained until further orders:

" The weather permitting, three (3) picket launches, detailed from the ships of the squadron each evening, will occupy positions one mile from the Morro, one to the eastward, one to the westward and one south of the harbor entrance. On a circle drawn with a radius of two miles from the Morro will be stationed three vessels, the Vixen to the westward, from one-half mile to one mile from the shore; the Suwanee south of Morro and the Dolphin to the eastward, between one-half mile and one mile from the shore. The remaining vessels will retain the positions already occupied, but they will take especial care to keep within a four-mile circle.

"All vessels may turn their engines whenever desirable to keep them in readiness for immediate use, and while doing so may turn in a small circle, but without losing proper bearing or distance.

"The signal for an enemy will be two (2) red Very lights fired in rapid succession. If the enemy is a torpedo boat, these two red lights will be followed by a green light.

"I again call attention to the absolute necessity of a close blockade of this port, especially at night and in bad weather. In the daytime, if clear, the distance shall not be greater than six miles. At night or in thick weather not more than *four* miles. The end to be attained justifies the risk of torpedo attack, and that risk must be taken. The escape of the Spanish vessels at this juncture would be a serious blow to our prestige, and to a speedy end of the war.

"Attention is called to the provisional signals established by General Order No. 9.

Very respectfully,

"W. T. SAMPSON,

"Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

MEMORANDUM NO. 14.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 8, 1898.

"During the dark hours of the night searchlights will be used as follows:

"The Iowa, Oregon and the Massachusetts will take turns of two hours each, *i. e.*, from dark to eight P. M., and from eight P. M. to ten P. M., &c., in keeping one searchlight directly on the harbor entrance, maintaining carefully during that time their blockading positions. Should a vessel's lights fail the next in order will at once take up the duty.

"The picket launch and vidette, stationed south of the Morro, will move to one side or the other sufficiently to get clear of the beam of light.

"The vessel on each flank, the Brooklyn and the Texas on the western side, the New York and New Orleans on the eastern side, will take two hour turns in using one searchlight from time to time on the coast line, swinging it toward the Morro, but avoiding the illumination of the flanking videttes on the inside line. The light should never be turned off more than five minutes at a time. From time to time the horizon outside will be swept.

"Attention is called to bad and careless handling of searchlights. Last night some of the lights were kept high in the air and were again swept rapidly from side to side. Under such circumstances a searchlight is worse than useless.

"The beams must be directed to the horizon, and must be moved very steadily and slowly. Not less than three minutes should be employed in sweeping through an arc of ninety degrees.

"The best way to discover a torpedo boat is by its smoke, and even this will not be seen unless the light is very well handled. Very respectfully,

"W. T. SAMPSON,

"Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

MEMORANDUM NO. 17.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 11, 1898.

"SIR: When on the blockade vessels will, unless for some special temporary reason for the contrary, habitually head *toward* the land instead of *away* from it. Very respectfully,

"W. T. SAMPSON,

"Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

"The Commanding Officer, U. S. S. ——."

MEMORANDUM NO. 18.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 12, 1898.

"SIR: 1. While blockading the Spanish fleet in Santiago de Cuba vessels will hereafter maintain a blockading distance of four miles during the daytime.

"2. This distance will not be exceeded except by permission or under special circumstances. Very respectfully,

"W. T. SAMPSON,

"Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

"The Commanding Officer, U. S. S. ——."

MEMORANDUM NO. 20.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 15, 1898.

"SIR: 1. The Commander-in-Chief desires again to call the attention of commanding officers to the positions occupied by the blockading fleet, especially during the daytime, and it is now directed that all ships keep within a distance of the entrance to Santiago of four miles, and this distance must not be exceeded.

"2. If the vessel is coaling or is otherwise restricted in her movements she must nevertheless keep within this distance.

"3. If at any time the flagship makes signal which is not visible to any vessel, such vessel must at once approach the flagship or repeating vessel to a point where she can read the signal.

"4. Disregard of the directions which have already been given on this head

has led to endless confusion. Many times during the day the fleet is so scattered that it would be perfectly possible for the enemy to come out of the harbor and meet with very little opposition.

"5. The Commander-in-Chief hopes that strict attention will be given this order.

Very respectfully,

"W. T. SAMPSON,

"Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

"The Commanding Officer, U. S. S. _____."

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S REPORT.

"NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET, SECOND SQUADRON,

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN,

"GUANTANAMO BAY, Cuba, July 6, 1898.

"SIR: 1. I have the honor to make the following report of that part of the squadron under your command which came under my observation during the engagement with the Spanish fleet on July 3, 1898.

"2. At 9:35 A. M. Admiral Cervera, with the Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya, Oquendo, Cristobal Colon, and two torpedo-boat destroyers, came out of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba in column at distance and attempted to escape to the westward. Signal was made from the Iowa that the enemy was coming out, but this movement had been discovered from this ship at the same moment. This vessel was the farthest west, except the Vixen, in the blockading line. Signal was made to the western division as prescribed in your general orders, and there was immediate and rapid movement inward by your squadron and a general engagement at ranges beginning at eleven hundred yards and varying to three thousand, until the Vizcaya was destroyed, about 10:50 A. M. The concentration of the fire of the squadron upon the ships coming out was most furious and terrific and great damage was done them.

"3. About twenty or twenty-five minutes after the engagement began, two vessels, thought to be the Teresa and Oquendo, and since verified as such, took fire from the effective shell fire of the squadron and were forced to run on the beach some six or seven miles west of the harbor entrance, where they burned and blew up later. The torpedo-boat destroyers were destroyed early in the action, but the smoke was so dense in their direction that I cannot say to which vessel or vessels the credit belongs. This, doubtless, was better seen from your flagship.

"4. The Vizcaya and Colon, perceiving the disaster to their consorts, continued at full speed to the westward to escape, and were followed and engaged in a running fight with the Brooklyn, Texas, Iowa, and Oregon until 10:50, when the Vizcaya took fire from our shells. She put her helm to port,

and, with a heavy list to port, stood in shore and ran aground at Aserradero, about twenty-one miles west of Santiago, on fire fore and aft, and where she blew up during the night. Observing that she had struck her colors and that several vessels were nearing her to capture and save the crew, signal was made to cease firing. The Oregon, having proved vastly faster than the other battleships, she and the Brooklyn, together with the Texas and another vessel, which proved to be your flagship, continued westward, in pursuit of the Colon, which had run close in shore, evidently seeking some good spot to beach, if she should fail to elude her pursuers.

"5. This pursuit continued with increasing speed in the Brooklyn, Oregon and other ships, and soon the Brooklyn and the Oregon were within long range of the Colon, when the Oregon opened fire with her thirteen-inch guns, landing a shell close to the Colon. A moment afterward the Brooklyn opened fire with her eight-inch guns, landing a shell just ahead of her. Several other shells were fired at the Colon, now in range of the Brooklyn's and Oregon's guns. Her commander seeing all chances of escape cut off and destruction awaiting his ship, fired a lee gun and struck her flag at 1:15 P. M., and ran ashore at a point some fifty miles west of Santiago harbor. Your flagship was coming up rapidly at the time, as was also the Texas and Vixen. A little later, after your arrival, the Cristobal Colon, which had struck to the Brooklyn and the Oregon, was turned over to you as one of the trophies of this great victory of the squadron under your command.

"6. During my official visit a little later Commander Eaton, of the Resolute, appeared and reported to you the presence of a Spanish battleship near Altares. Your orders to me were to take the Oregon and go eastward to meet her, and this was done by the Brooklyn, with the result that the vessel reported as an enemy was discovered to be the Austrian cruiser Kaiserin seeking the Commander-in-Chief.

"7. I would mention for your consideration that the Brooklyn occupied the most westward blockading position with the Vixen, and being more directly in the route taken by the Spanish squadron, was exposed for some minutes, possibly ten, to the gun fire of three of the Spanish ships and the west battery at a range of 1,500 yards from the ships and about 3,000 yards from the batteries, but the vessels of the entire squadron, closing in rapidly, soon diverted this fire and did magnificent work at close range. I have never before witnessed such deadly and fatally accurate shooting as was done by the ships of your command as they closed in on the Spanish squadron, and I deem it a high privilege to commend to you for such action as you may deem proper, the gallantry and dashing courage, the prompt decision and the skilful handling of their respective vessels, of Captain Philip, Captain Evans, Captain Clark, and especially of my chief of staff, Captain Cook, who was directly under my personal observation and whose coolness, promptness, and courage were of the highest order. The dense smoke of the combat shut out from my view the Indiana and the

Gloucester, but as these vessels were closer to your flagship, no doubt their part in the conflict was under your immediate observation.

"8. Lieutenant Sharp, commanding the Vixen, acted with conspicuous courage; although unable to engage the heavier ships of the enemy with his light guns, nevertheless was close into the battle line under heavy fire, and many of the enemy's shot passed beyond his vessel.

"9. I beg to invite special attention to the conduct of my flag lieutenant, James H. Sears, and Ensign Edward McCauley, Jr., aide, who were constantly at my side during the engagement, and who exposed themselves fearlessly in discharging their duties; and also to the splendid behavior of my secretary, Lieutenant B. W. Wells, Jr., who commanded and directed the fighting of the fourth division with splendid effect.

"10. I would commend the highly meritorious conduct and courage in the engagement of Lieutenant-Commander N. E. Mason, the executive officer, whose presence everywhere over the ship during its continuance did much to secure the good result of this ship's part in the victory.

"11. The navigator, Lieutenant A. C. Hodgson, and the division officers, Lieutenant T. D. Griffin, Lieutenant W. R. Rush, Lieutenant Edward Simpson, Lieutenant J. G. Doyle, Ensign Charles Webster, and the junior divisional officers were most steady and conspicuous in every detail of duty, contributing to the accurate firing of this ship in her part of the great victory of your forces.

"12. The officers of the medical, pay, and engineer and marine corps responded to every demand of the occasion and were fearless in exposing themselves. The warrant officers, Boatswain William L. Hill, Carpenter G. H. Warford and Gunner F. T. Applegate, were everywhere exposed in watching for damage, reports of which were promptly conveyed to me.

"13. I have never in my life served with a braver, better or worthier crew than that of the Brooklyn. During the combat, lasting from 9:35 until 1:15 P. M., much of the time under fire, they never flagged for a moment and were apparently undisturbed by the storm of projectiles passing ahead, astern and over the ship.

"14. The result of the engagement was the destruction of the Spanish squadron and the capture of the Admiral and some thirteen to fifteen hundred prisoners with the loss of several hundred killed, estimated by Admiral Cervera at 600 men.

"15. The casualties on board this ship were: G. H. Ellis, chief yeoman, killed; J. Burns, fireman, first-class, severely wounded. The marks and scars show that the ship was struck about twenty-five times and she bears in all forty-one scars as the result of her participation in the great victory of your force on July 3, 1898. The speed-cone halliards were shot away and nearly all the signal halliards. The ensign at the main was so shattered that in hauling it down at the close of the action it fell in pieces.

"16. I congratulate you most sincerely upon this great victory to the squadron under your command, and I am glad that I had an opportunity to contribute in the least to a victory that seems big enough for all of us.

"17. I have the honor to transmit herewith the report of the commanding officer and a drawing in profile of the ship showing the location of hits and scars; also a memorandum of the ammunition expended and the amount to fill her allowance.

"18. Since reaching this place and holding conversation with several of the Captains, viz, Captain Eulate of the Vizcaya and the second in command of the Colon, Commander Contreras, I have learned that the Spanish Admiral's scheme was to concentrate all fire for a while on the Brooklyn, and for the Vizcaya to ram her, in hopes that if they could destroy her the chance of escape would be increased, as it was supposed she was the swiftest ship of your squadron. This explains the heavy fire mentioned and the Vizcaya's action in the earlier moments of the engagement. The execution of this purpose was promptly defeated by the fact that all the ships of the squadron advanced into close range and opened an irresistibly furious and terrific fire upon the enemy's squadron as it was coming out of the harbor.

"19. I am glad to say that the injury supposed to be below the water line was due to a water valve being opened from some unknown cause and flooding the compartment. The injury to the belt is found to be only slight and the leak small.

"20. I beg to inclose a list of the officers and crew who participated in the combat of July 3, 1898.

"21. I cannot close this report without mentioning in high terms of praise the splendid conduct and support of Captain C. E. Clark of the Oregon. Her speed was wonderful and her accurate fire splendidly destructive.

"Very respectfully,

"W. S. SCHLEY,

"Commodore U. S. Navy, commanding second squadron, North Atlantic fleet.

"The Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic station."

CAPTAIN EVANS' REPORT.

"UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP IOWA, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 4, 1898.

"SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the engagement with the Spanish squadron off Santiago de Cuba on the 3d of July:

"1. On the morning of the 3d, while the crew was at quarters for Sunday inspection, the leading vessel of the Spanish squadron was sighted at 9:31 o'clock coming out of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Signal 'Enemy's ships coming out' was immediately hoisted, and a gun fired to attract attention.

The call to general quarters was sounded immediately, the battery made ready for firing, and the engines rung full speed ahead.

"2. The position of this vessel at the time of sighting the squadron was the usual blockading station off the entrance of the harbor; Morro Castle bearing about north, and distant about three to four miles. The steam at this time in the boilers was sufficient for a speed of five knots.

"3. After sighting the leading vessel, the *Infanta Maria Teresa* (Admiral Cervera's flagship), it was observed that she was followed in succession by the remaining three vessels of the Spanish squadron, the *Vizcaya*, *Cristobal Colon* and *Almirante Oquendo*. The Spanish ships moved at a speed of about eight to ten knots, which was steadily increased as they cleared the harbor entrance and stood to the westward. They maintained a distance of about 800 yards between vessels. The squadron moved with precision and stations were well kept.

"4. Immediately upon sighting the leading vessel fires were spread, and the *Iowa* headed toward the leading Spanish ship. About 9:40 the first shot was fired from this ship, at a distance of about 6,000 yards.

"The course of this vessel was so laid that the range speedily diminished. A number of shots were fired at ranges varying between 6,000 and 4,000 yards. The range was rapidly reduced to 2,500 yards, and subsequently to 2,000 and to 1,200 yards.

"5. When it was certain that the *Maria Teresa* would pass ahead of us, the helm was put to starboard and the starboard broadside delivered at a range of 2,500 yards. The helm was then put to port and the ship headed across the bow of the second ship, and as she drew ahead the helm was again put to starboard, and she received in turn the full weight of our starboard broadside at a range of about 1,800 yards. The *Iowa* was again headed off with port helm for the third ship, and as she approached the helm was put to starboard until our course was approximately that of the Spanish ship. In this position, at a range of 1,400 yards, the fire of the entire battery, including rapid-fire guns, was poured into the enemy's ship.

"6. About ten o'clock the enemy's torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton* were observed to have left the harbor and to be following the Spanish squadron. At the time that they were observed, and, in fact, most of the time that they were under fire, they were at a distance varying from 4,500 to 4,000 yards. As soon as they were discovered the secondary battery of this ship was turned upon them, while the main battery continued to engage the *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa*.

"The fire of the main battery of this ship when the range was below 2,500 yards was most effective and destructive, and after a continuance of this fire for perhaps twenty minutes it was noticed that the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* were in flames and were being headed for the beach. Their colors were struck about 10:20, and they were beached about eight miles west of Santiago.

"7. About the same time (about 10:25) the fire of this vessel, together with that of the Gloucester and another smaller vessel, proved so destructive that one of the torpedo-boat destroyers (Pluton) was sunk, and the Furor was so much damaged that she was run upon the rocks.

"8. After having passed, at 10:35, the Oquendo and Maria Teresa on fire and ashore, this vessel continued to chase and fire upon the Vizcaya until 10:36, when the signal to cease firing was sounded on board, it having been discovered that the Vizcaya had struck her colors.

"9. At eleven the Iowa arrived in the vicinity of the Vizcaya, which had been run ashore, and as it was evident that she could not catch the Cristobal Colon, and that the Oregon, Brooklyn and New York would, two steam cutters and three cutters were immediately hoisted out and sent to the Vizcaya to rescue her crew. Our boats succeeded in bringing off a large number of officers and men of that ship's company and placing many of them on board the torpedo boat Ericsson and the auxiliary despatch vessel Hist.

"10. About 11:30 the New York passed in chase of the Cristobal Colon, which was endeavoring to escape from the Oregon, Brooklyn, and Texas.

"11. We received on board this vessel from the Vizcaya Captain Eulate, the commanding officer, and twenty-three officers, together with about 248 petty officers and men, of whom thirty-two were wounded. There were also received on board five dead bodies, which were immediately buried with the honors due to their grade.

"12. The battery behaved well in all respects, the dashpot of the forward twelve-inch gun, damaged in the engagement of the 2d, having been replaced the same day by one of the old dashpots, which gave no trouble during this engagement.

"13. The following is an approximate statement of the ammunition expended during the engagement. A more exact statement cannot be given at this time:

31 twelve-inch semi-A. P. shell, with full charges.

35 eight-inch common shell, with full charges.

251 four-inch cartridges, common shell.

1,056 six-pounder cartridges, common shell.

100 one-pounder cartridges, common shell.

"14. This ship was struck in the hull, on the starboard side, during the early part of the engagement by two projectiles of about six-inch calibre, one striking the hull two to three feet above the actual water line and almost directly on the line of the berth deck, piercing the ship's side between frames nine and ten, and the other piercing the side and the coffer dam between frames eighteen and nineteen.

"The first projectile did not pass beyond the inner bulkhead of the cofferdam A 41-43. The hole made by it was large and ragged, being about sixteen inches in a longitudinal direction and about seven inches in a vertical

direction. It struck with a slight inclination aft, and perforated the cofferdam partition bulkhead (A 41-43, 45-47). It did not explode, and remained in the cofferdam.

"The second projectile pierced the side of the ship and the cofferdam A 105, the upper edge of the hole being immediately below the top of the cofferdam, on the berth deck, in compartment A 104. The projectile broke off the hatch plate and coaming of the water-tank compartment, exploded and perforated the walls of the chain locker. The explosion created a small fire, which was promptly extinguished. The hole in the side made by this projectile was about five feet above the water line, and about two to three feet above the berth deck. One fragment of this shell struck a link of the sheet-chain, wound around the six-pounder ammunition hoist, cutting the link in two. Another perforated the cofferdam on the portside and slightly dished the outside plating.

"These two wounds, fortunately, were not of serious importance. Two or three other projectiles of small calibre struck about the upper bridge and smoke-stacks, inflicting trifling damage, and four other small projectiles struck the hammock nettings and the side aft.

"15. There are no casualties among the ship's company to report. No officer nor man was injured during the engagement.

"16. After having received on board the rescued crew of the Vizcaya, this vessel proceeded to the eastward and resumed the blockading station in obedience to the signal made by the Commander-in-Chief about 11:30.

"17. Upon arriving on the blockading station the Gloucester transferred to this vessel Rear-Admiral Cervera, his Flag Lieutenant, and the commanding officers of the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor and Pluton, and also one man of the Oquendo's crew rescued by the Gloucester.

"18. Naval Cadets Frank Taylor Evans and John E. Lewis and five men belonging to the Massachusetts were on board the Iowa when the enemy's ships came out. They were stationed at different points and rendered efficient service.

"19. The officers and men of this ship behaved admirably. No set of men could have done more gallant service. I take pleasure in stating to you, sir, that the coolness and judgment of the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Raymond P. Rodgers, deserves, and will, I hope, receive a proper reward at the hands of the government. The test of the executive officer's work is the conduct of ship and crew in battle; in this case it was simply superb.

"The coolness of the navigator, Lieutenant W. H. Schuetze, and of Lieutenant F. K. Hill, in charge of the rapid-fire guns on the upper deck, are worthy of the greatest commendation. Other officers of the ship did not come under my personal observation, but the result of the action shows how well they did their duty.

"I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the

enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen ; but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women.

"20. In conclusion, sir, allow me to congratulate you on the complete victory achieved by your fleet. Very respectfully,

"R. D. EVANS,

"Captain United States Navy, commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief United States Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

REPORT OF THE BROOKLYN'S COMMANDER.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN, FIRST RATE,

"AT ANCHOR, GUANTANAMO BAY, July 7, 1898.

"SIR: 1. At nine A. M., July 3, I gave orders and arrangements were made for general muster at 9:30 A. M. At 9:30 A. M. the enemy were telegraphed by the Iowa as coming out. At the same time they were discovered by the Quartermaster on watch, N. Anderson, of this ship, and reported to the officer of the deck. The executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was on deck about to execute the order for general muster, immediately gave the order: 'Clear ship for action and general quarters.' Signal was made at the same time: 'Enemy coming out, action.' I went immediately forward, stood for the enemy, and gave orders to get steam on all boilers. We started with steam on three boilers at about twelve knots speed.

"2. The head of the Spanish squadron, in column, was just outside the entrance of the harbor of Santiago, heading about southwest. The Spanish squadron consisted of the Maria Teresa (flag), Vizcaya, Oquendo and Colon, and two torpedo destroyers. We opened fire on the leading ship in five minutes from the discovery.

"3. The port battery was first engaged as we stood with port helm to head off the leading ship, and giving them a raking fire at about 1,500 yards range. The enemy turned to the westward to close in to the land. We then wore around to starboard, bringing the starboard battery into action. The enemy hugged the shore to the westward.

"4. The Brooklyn, leading, was followed by the Texas, Iowa, Oregon, Indiana and Gloucester. The Vixen, which had been to westward to us on the blockade, ran to the southward and eastward of us and kept for some time off our port side distant about 1,000 yards, evidently intending to guard against torpedo attack upon this ship; the shell passing over her. At this time the firing was very fast and the whistling of shell incessant, and our escape with so little injury was miraculous, and can only be attributed to bad marksmanship on the part of the enemy. The Maria Teresa, which had dropped astern while we were wearing, under the heavy fire of our fleet ran ashore.

"5. The Vizcaya, Oquendo and Colon, continuing on and gaining in dis-

tance, the Brooklyn was engaged with the three leading ships of the enemy, which were forging ahead, the Texas, Iowa, and Indiana keeping up a heavy fire, but steadily dropping astern. The Oregon was keeping up a steady fire and was coming up in the most glorious and gallant style, outstripping all others. It was an inspiring sight to see this battleship, with a large white wave before her, and her smokestacks belching forth continued puffs from her forced draught. We were making fourteen knots at the time, and the Oregon came up off our starboard quarter at about six hundred yards and maintained her position, though we soon after increased our speed to fifteen knots, and just before the Colon surrendered were making nearly sixteen.

"6. The Oquendo, soon after the falling out of the Teresa, dropped astern and on fire ran ashore. The Vizcaya and Colon continued on, under fire from the Brooklyn and Oregon. The other vessels of our fleet were well astern and out of range. The Texas was evidently coming up fast. At about 10:53 A. M. the Vizcaya was seen to be on fire, and the Colon passed inside of her with increased speed, took the lead, and gradually forged ahead. The Vizcaya soon after ran on the beach, ablaze with fire. We signaled the Oregon to cease firing on the Vizcaya, as her flag was down. Firing immediately ceased and we both continued the chase of the Colon, now about 12,000 yards away. The ranges ran from 1,500 to 3,000 yards with the Vizcaya as she kept in and out from the coast. We steered straight for a distant point near Cape Cruz, while the Colon kept close to the land, running into all the bights. She could not have come out without crossing our bows, and we were steadily gaining on her. We were getting more steam all the time and now had four and one-half boilers on and the remaining one and one-half nearly ready.

"7. After running for about fifty miles west from the entrance, the Colon ran into a bight of land, beached, fired a gun to leeward and hauled down her flag. The Oregon and Brooklyn had just previously begun to fire upon the Colon and were landing shell close to her. I was sent on board by Commodore Schley to receive the surrender. The Captain spoke English and received me pleasantly, though naturally much depressed. He surrendered unconditionally. He was polite, shook hands and said his case was hopeless and that he saw that we were too much for him. I was on board about fifteen minutes. As we came from the Colon the flagship New York came in with the Texas. I reported on board the flagship to Rear-Admiral Sampson. I stated to him that I believed the Colon could be gotten off the beach.

"8. During the entire action I was in constant communication with you, so that I was enabled to promptly execute your orders and instructions. The officers and crew behaved with great and unexceptionable coolness and bravery, so that it is difficult to discriminate. They were encouraged in their best efforts by your enthusiasm and your cheery words: 'Fire steady, boys, and give it to them.'

"9. The executive officer, N. E. Mason, with his usual zeal, was continually at the battery directing the firing and keeping me well informed of the exact condition of the ship, and in encouraging both officers and men by his example of coolness and courage.

"10. Lieutenant Hodgson was on the bridge coolly and deliberately taking bearings and measuring and giving ranges. He was assisted in getting ranges and noting time by Chief Yeoman George Ellis, with a stadimeter, until Ellis was killed by a passing shell.

"11. The officers of the divisions, Lieutenants T. D. Griffin, W. R. Rush, E. Simpson, J. G. Doyle, B. W. Wells and Ensign Webster, all performed their full duties deliberately and efficiently. The naval cadets in divisions were cool and efficient, Naval Cadets Halligan, Marble, Abele and Cronan having especially been noticed for good service. Lieutenant B. W. Wells, your secretary, volunteered for command of a division, and was given the fourth division, thus enabling me to station a commissioned officer in a turret.

"12. Too much praise cannot be given the engineer's department for the hard work done by all in the steadily raising the steam until the speed rose from twelve to sixteen knots.

"13. The marines did splendid service at the guns and at their stations. The orderlies carried messages quickly and effectively. Captain Murphy and Lieutenant Borden were constant in their visits to the different stations, to be assured of efficiency.

"14. Medical Inspector Paul Fitzsimons and P. A. Surgeon De Valin were in constant attendance at the divisions and on deck to be ready for any emergency. Flag Lieutenant James H. Sears was particularly active, standing in the open directing signals, reporting fall of shot and position of the enemy. He was cool and firm in his duty.

"15. Ensign McCauley attended personally to signals while constantly under fire, at one time mounting the forward turret and making the wigwag himself. His coolness was conspicuous.

"16. The boatswain, Mr. Hill, was continually about the forecastle, ready for any duty, and materially assisted in watching the fall of shots and thus checked the ranges.

"17. The gunner, F. T. Applegate, rendered very valuable and conspicuous service at the battery, making repairs wherever practicable during the action.

"18. The carpenter, G. H. Warford, was on the alert, watching for effects of shell and in examining compartments, pipes, and valves.

"19. The signalmen under Chief Quartermaster O'Connell all stood in the open and performed their duties courageously.

"20. I would call to your special attention the valuable and conspicuous services rendered during the action by B. Gaynor (G. M., first-class), as noted in the reports of the executive officer, the divisional officers, and the gunner. Gaynor is a natural mechanic, and a very intelligent man, and he went from

gun to gun repairing breaks, and was constant in his work, keeping them in condition for use.

"21. Chief Gunner's Mate D. F. Diggins was in all parts of the ship attending faithfully and coolly to the electric apparatus.

"22. N. Anderson (Q. M., first-class) is a particularly bright seaman. He was at the wheel and kept the ship steadily on her course. He has been particularly known in this ship as a valuable man. He would prove very efficient as a mate, and I recommend him for such appointment.

"23. N. Morrissey (Lds.) twice got out on the muzzle of a forward six-pounder and backed out a jammed shot. Private Macneal, U. S. M. C., also went out on the muzzle of forecastle six-pounder and cleared a jammed shot.

"24. We had but two personal casualties, George H. Ellis (chief yeoman), killed, and J. Burns (F., first-class), wounded. The ship was struck twenty times by whole shot, and many times by pieces of bursting shell and from small shot of machine guns. No serious injury was done to the ship, and all repairs can be temporarily done by the ship's force, excepting to the five-inch elevating gear. The smokestacks were hit in several places, the signal halliards, rigging, and flags were cut in many places. The flag at the main was destroyed, being much cut by shot and flying pieces of shell. The eight-inch guns worked satisfactorily; some trouble and delay was caused by jamming of locks. The turrets worked well. The five-inch battery gave great trouble with the elevating gear. At the end several were rendered useless for battle. Two are bulged at the muzzle. This ship should have new elevating gear for five inch as soon as practicable. We fired 100 rounds of eight-inch, 47 of five-inch, 1,200 of six-pounder, and 200 of one-pounder ammunition.

"Very respectfully,

"F. A. Cook,

"Captain U. S. Navy, commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief, Second Squadron, U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

REPORT OF CAPTAIN PHILIP OF THE TEXAS.

"UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP TEXAS,

"OFF SANTIAGO, July 4, 1898.

"SIR: In accordance with the requirements of article 437, Navy Regulations, I respectfully submit the following statement in regard to the part the Texas took in the engagement with the enemy yesterday:

"At daylight on the morning of the 3d the Texas stood out from entrance to harbor, taking day blockading position about three miles from the Morro (the Morro bearing N. N. E.).

"At 9:35, the Morro bearing north by east half east, distant 5,100 yards, the enemy's ships were sighted standing out of the harbor. Immediately general signal 250 was made. This signal was followed by the Iowa's almost at the same time.

"The ship, as per order, was heading in toward the entrance; went ahead full speed, putting helm hard a starboard and ordering forced draft on all boilers, the officer of the deck, Lieutenant M. L. Bristol, having given the general alarm and beat to quarters for action at the same time.

"As the leader, bearing the Admiral's flag, appeared in the entrance she opened fire, which was, at 9:40, returned by the Texas at range of 4,200 yards, while closing in. The ship leading was of the Vizcaya class and the flagship.

"Four ships came out, evidently the Vizcaya, the Oquendo, Maria Teresa, and Colon, followed by two torpedo-boat destroyers. Upon seeing these two we immediately opened fire upon them with our secondary battery, the main battery at the time being engaged with the second and third ships in line. Owing to our secondary battery, together with the Iowa and Gloucester, these two destroyers were forced to beach and sink.

"While warmly engaged with the third in line, which was abreast and engaging the Texas, our fire was blanketed for a short time by the Oregon forging ahead and engaging the second ship. This third ship, after a spirited fire, sheered inshore and at 10:35 ran up a white flag. We then ceased fire on the third and opened fire with our forward guns at long range (6,600 yards) on the second ship which was then engaged with the Oregon, until 11:05, when she (enemy's second ship) sheered into the beach on fire. At 11:10 she struck her colors. We ceased fire and gave chase with Brooklyn and Oregon for the leading ship until 1:20, when the Colon sheered into beach and hauled down her colors, leaving them on deck at foot of her flagstaff. We shut off forced draft and proceeded at moderate speed to close up.

"I would state that during this chase the Texas was holding her own with the Colon, she leading us about four miles at the start.

"The reports of the executive officer and the surgeon are transmitted.

"I have the pleasure of stating that the entire battery of the Texas is in a most excellent condition and ready for any service required by the Commander-in-Chief, especially calling attention to the efficiency of the two turret guns, due to the alterations recently made by Lieutenant F. J. Haeseler, of this ship.

"The bearing and performance of duty of all officers met with my entire approval.

Very respectfully submitted,

"J. W. PHILIP,

"Captain U. S. Navy, Commanding.

"To Commander-in-Chief, North Atlantic Station."

" UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP OREGON, FIRST RATE,

" OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 4, 1898.

" SIR: 1. I have the honor to report that at 9:30 A. M. yesterday the Spanish fleet was discovered standing out of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. They turned to the westward and opened fire, to which our ships replied vigorously. For a short time there was an almost continuous flight of projectiles over this ship, but when our line was fairly engaged, and the Iowa had made a swift advance as if to ram or close, the enemy's fire became defective in train as well as range. The ship was only struck three times, and at least two of them were by fragments of shells. We had no casualties.

" 2. As soon as it was evident that the enemy's ships were trying to break through and escape to the westward we went ahead at full speed with the determination of carrying out to the utmost your order: 'If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore.' We soon passed all of our ships except the Brooklyn, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Schley. At first we only used our main battery, but when it was discovered that the enemy's torpedo boats were following their ships we used our rapid-fire guns as well as the six-inch upon them with telling effect.

" As we ranged up near the sternmost of their ships she headed for the beach, evidently on fire. We raked her as we passed, pushing on for the next ahead, using our starboard guns as they were brought to bear, and before we had her fairly abeam she, too, was making for the beach. The two remaining vessels were now some distance ahead, but our speed had increased to sixteen knots, and our fire, added to that of the Brooklyn, soon sent another, the Vizcaya, to the shore in flames. Only the Cristobal Colon was left, and for a time it seemed as if she might escape, but when we opened with our forward turret guns and the Brooklyn followed she began to edge in toward the coast and her capture or destruction was assured. As she struck the beach her flag came down and the Brooklyn signaled, 'Cease firing,' following with, 'Congratulations for the grand victory! Thanks for your splendid assistance.'

" 3. The Brooklyn sent a boat to her, and when the Admiral came up with the New York, Texas, and Vixen she was taken possession of. A prize crew was put on board from this ship under Lieutenant-Commander Cogswell, the executive officer, but before eleven P. M. the ship, which had been filling in spite of all efforts to stop leaks, was abandoned, and just as the crew left she went over on her side.

" 4. I cannot speak in too high terms of the bearing and conduct of all on board this ship. When they found the Oregon had pushed to the front and was hurrying to a succession of conflicts with the enemy's vessels if they could be overtaken and would engage, their enthusiasm was intense.

" 5. As these vessels were so much more heavily armored than the Brooklyn, they might have concentrated upon and overpowered her, and consequently I

am persuaded that, but for the way the officers and men of the Oregon steamed and steered the ship and fought and supplied her batteries, the Colon, and perhaps the Vizcaya, would have escaped. Therefore I feel that they rendered meritorious service to the country, and while I cannot mention the name of each officer and man individually, I am going to append a list of the officers, with their stations that they occupied, hoping that they may be of service to them should the claims of others for advancement above them ever be considered.

Very respectfully,

"C. E. CLARK,

"Captain U. S. Navy, Commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

CAPTAIN TAYLOR'S REPORT.

"UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP INDIANA, FIRST RATE,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 4, 1898.

"SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Indiana in the action of July 3 with the Spanish squadron off Santiago de Cuba:

"1. At 9:37 A. M., while the crew were at quarters, preliminary to general muster, noted two guns fired from the Iowa and general signal 'Enemy's ships escaping' flying. At once cleared ship for action and the crew were at the guns in a remarkably short time, all officers and men showing an alacrity that indicated clearly their pleasure at the opportunity offered them.

"2. The Spanish squadron was seen emerging from the harbor, and in a few moments a general action ensued. The leading ship, which proved to be the Infanta Maria Teresa, flying the flag of Vice Admiral Cervera, was followed by the other vessels of the squadron as follows: Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon, Oquendo, and the torpedo-boat destroyers, Furor and Pluton. The enemy's vessels headed to the westward, and our ships headed in the same direction, keeping as nearly abreast of them as possible.

"3. This ship fired on all of them as they came out one by one, and continued the action later by firing principally on the Maria Teresa, Oquendo, Furor and Pluton. Several of our shells were seen to take effect on these vessels. Our secondary battery guns were directed principally on the destroyers as also were the six-inch guns. The destroyers were sunk through the agency of our guns and those of the Gloucester, which vessel had come up and engaged them close abreast.

"4. The initial fire of the last two ships was directed at this vessel, and although falling very close, only struck the ship twice without any injury to ship or crew.

"5. Our ranges were obtained by stadimeter angles on Morro as the ships

emerged, and then by angles on the tops of the rear ships. The ranges were from 4,500 to 3,000 yards, observed from the top. From the bridge I could see that our shooting was excellent and showed its effects. One of our thirteen-inch shells was seen to enter the Maria Teresa under the quarter deck and explode, and that ship was observed on fire very shortly afterward.

"6. About 10:15 A. M. observed the Maria Teresa and Oquendo on fire and heading for the beach, the fire from their guns having ceased. We then devoted our special attention to prevent the escape of the destroyers, which appeared more than a match for the Gloucester, she being the only small vessel near to engage them. They were soon seen to blow up, apparently struck by our six-inch and six-pounders. We now fired our large guns at the Vizcaya, which was at long range; she made for the shore soon after, on fire and battery silenced. These ships hauled down their colors as they made for the beach. The Spanish flagship hoisted the white flag as she grounded.

"7. We now ceased firing. The Colon was observed well over the western horizon, closely pursued by the Brooklyn, Oregon, and Texas off shore of her. The flagship New York, steaming full speed to the westward, as soon as the Vizcaya surrendered, signaled us 'Go back and guard entrance of harbor.' Several explosions were observed on board the burning ships. At noon turned and stood to the eastward for our station in obedience to the above signal. Observed the Harvard and several transports standing to the westward.

"8. About 12:30 the Resolute came within hail and informed us by megaphone that a Spanish battleship was sighted to the eastward, standing toward us. Later the Harvard passed, confirming the information, and adding that the ship was painted white. We made out the vessel ahead and stood for her with our guns bearing. She proved to be the Austrian armored cruiser Kaiserin Maria Teresa. She sent an officer on board and requested permission to enter the harbor. I referred him to the Commander-in-Chief. She then stood on to the westward and we resumed our station.

"9. During this action we used no armor-piercing shell, except the smokeless-powder six-pounders, and the good effect of the common shell is shown by the fires on the enemy's ships and the short time taken to disable them without piercing their armor, and with almost no injury to our ships.

"10. The guns and mounts worked well, only two failures of electric primers noted.

"11. During the afternoon sent boats with surgeon on shore to the burning vessels to assist in caring for the wounded. The boats returned bringing one wounded officer and seventeen men as prisoners.

"12. Received also during the afternoon and night prisoners from the Gloucester and Hist, in all seven officers and 217 men, who were to-day transferred to the St. Louis.

"13. The conduct of the officers and crew was in every way commendable; coolness and good discipline prevailed, coupled with a marked enthusiasm.

This desirable condition of affairs is largely due to the efforts of the officers, and I desire to commend to the Commander-in-Chief the executive officer, Lieutenant Commander John A. Rodgers and all the officers of the ship for the part taken by the Indiana in bringing about this great victory, and the complete destruction of the enemy's squadron.

Very respectfully,

"H. C. TAYLOR,

"Captain Commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Forces on North Atlantic Station."

CAPTAIN CHADWICK'S REPORT.

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NEW YORK,

"PLAYA DEL ESTE, July 4, 1898.

"SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by this ship in the action of yesterday during and following the sortie of Admiral Cervera's squadron.

"1. The ship had started at 8:50 for the army landing at Siboney, the Commander-in-Chief having an appointment with the General commanding the army. A few minutes after the crew had been called to quarters for Sunday inspection firing was heard and a ship was seen leaving the harbor entrance. The helm was at once put over, the crew called to general quarters, signal 'Close in toward the harbor entrance and attack vessels' made, orders given to spread all fires, and the ship headed back for the enemy, whose ships were seen successfully coming out at a high speed. The Flagship Infanta Maria Teresa was first, then another armored cruiser of the same class (which turned out to be the Vizcaya), followed by the Cristobal Colon, an armored cruiser (Oquendo) and the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor and Pluton.

"2. The nearer ships had immediately engaged and by the time we were off the entrance, one, the flagship, was already afire and was soon ashore; the Indiana and Gloucester were actively engaged with the torpedo boats; this ship fired some four-inch shells at the one nearer the port toward which she was already headed and seemed attempting to return, but she was already practically out of the fight. The boiler of the more advanced one had blown up, showing a vast column of condensed steam. During the time the batteries, whose line of fire we had crossed close to, repeatedly fired upon us, but without effect. No return was made to this fire. A shell from the west battery fell within 200 yards of the ship when we were over four miles to the westward and we had thought ourselves entirely out of range. This ship stood on, leaving the Gloucester, which had shown herself so capable, to look after the survivors in the torpedo boats. By this time a second cruiser was ashore and burning (the Almirante Oquendo), while the third, the Vizcaya, and the Cristobal Colon were still steaming rapidly westward. The Indiana was now signaled (11:26 A. M.) to return to her blockading position, to look after any-

thing which might be there. Very shortly the Vizcaya turned shoreward, smoke began to issue from her after port, and by the time that she was ashore on the reef at Aserradero (fifteen miles west of Santiago) she was ablaze. The Iowa had signaled a little before that she had surrendered, and stopped off this place, where she gave much assistance in the rescue of the Vizcaya's people.

"3. This ship stood on in chase of the Cristobal Colon, with ahead of us the Brooklyn, Oregon, Texas, and Vixen, the Oregon being much nearer in shore of the two headmost ships, but not in gunshot. We were rapidly increasing our speed.

"4. It was evident, however, that the Colon would give us a lengthy chase, and at noon the crew left quarters and went to dinner.

"5. About 12:50 the Oregon opened fire, and some of her shell were observed to strike beyond the Colon; this made her capture a foregone conclusion, and shortly after one o'clock she turned in toward shore, and soon struck her colors. She had been beached at a small inlet known as Rio Tarquino. By the time we arrived, a boat was alongside her from the Brooklyn, and Captain Cook, the boarding officer came alongside this ship and reported. This ship then sent a boat to take possession, the commanding officer going in the boat. I was received by the Commodore of the squadron, the Captain, Captain de Navio Don Emilio Moreu, and Captain de Navio of the first-class Don Jose de Paredes y Chacon (which latter had been civil Governor of Santiago, and had only just been attached to the squadron). I arranged for the transfer of the crew and officers, a division to each ship present, and the engineer force to be left aboard. While aboard, however, the Resolute arrived, and it was arranged to transfer the whole number to her.

"6. I had taken with me the fleet surgeon, an engineer, and the carpenter, to examine and make secure everything necessary. The engineer reported to me that she was making water aft. I had previously had soundings taken and found eight feet at the bow and seventy at the stern, so that but a small portion of the ship was ashore. I returned as quickly as possible to the flagship to report the situation. The Oregon was signaled to take charge, and the men were hastened on board, a number sent also from the ship. Our work of closing watertight doors, &c., was, however, of no avail; a large number of sea valves had been treacherously opened, and the valves so broken as to make it impossible to close them; the ship thus slowly settled. At 7:30 she came afloat, and came out into deeper water. The officer in charge, Lieutenant-Commander Cogswell, had let go an anchor, but it was clear that if she went down in water of the depth in which she was, she could never be recovered. This ship's stem was placed against her quarter, and later a line being taken from our own bow to hers, the Colon was forced inshore. It was by this time dark, but using a searchlight, we were enabled to force the ship on the beach, the chain being played out at the same time. She thus sank in a very moderate depth of water, and it is very probable she may be saved.

"7. At eleven P. M. the flagship returned to Santiago, leaving the Texas and Oregon in charge of the prize.

"8. Though the ship was not able to come to action with any of the larger ships on account of her distance to the eastward, every nerve was strained to do so, and all was done that could be done. Our speed had rapidly increased, so that we were going sixteen knots at the end. We were immediately astern, while all others were considerably to seaward. We were thus in a position to prevent a possible doubling to the rear and escape to the southeast.

"9. The officers and crew, as they always have done, acted in the most enthusiastic and commendable manner. They have worked into so complete a system that the ship is practically instantaneously ready for action, and while (all) are deserving of commendation and credit, I think it no derogation from the deserts of others to particularly name Lieutenant-Commander Potter, to whom, as executive officer, so much of the ship's efficiency is due, and Chief Engineer McConnell, who has kept the machinery in the admirable order which has enabled us at all times to develop the ship's full speed.

"Very respectfully,

"F. E. CHADWICK,

"Captain U. S. Navy, Commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT'S REPORT.

"UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP GLOUCESTER,

"OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 6, 1898.

"SIR: I have the honor to report that at the battle of Santiago on July 3 the officers and crew of the Gloucester were uninjured and the vessel was not injured in hull or machinery, the battery only requiring some slight overhauling. It is now in excellent condition.

"I enclose herewith a copy of the report of the executive officer, made in compliance with paragraph 525, page 110, Naval Regulations, which report I believe to be correct in all particulars. I also enclose copies of the reports of the several officers which may prove valuable for future reference.

"It was the plain duty of the Gloucester to look after the destroyers, and she was held back, gaining steam, until they appeared at the entrance. The Indiana poured in a hot fire from all her secondary battery upon the destroyers; but Captain Taylor's signal, 'Gunboats close in,' gave security that we would not be fired upon by our own ships. Until the leading destroyer was injured, our course was converging, necessarily; but as soon as she slackened her speed we headed directly for both vessels, firing both port and starboard batteries as the occasion offered.

"All the officers and nearly all the men deserve my highest praise during

the action. The escape of the Gloucester was due mainly to the accuracy and rapidity of the fire. The efficiency of this fire, as well as that of the ship generally, was largely due to the intelligence and unremitting efforts of the executive officer, Lieutenant Harry P. Huse. The result is more to his credit when it is remembered that a large portion of the officers and men were untrained when the Gloucester was commissioned. Throughout the action he was on the bridge, and carried out my orders with great coolness.

"That we were able to close in with the destroyers—and until we did so they were not seriously injured—was largely due to the skill and constant attention of Passed-Assistant Engineer George W. McElroy. The blowers were put out, and the speed increased to seventeen knots without causing a tube to leak or a brass to heat. Lieutenant Thomas C. Wood, Lieutenant George H. Norman, Jr., and Ensign John T. Edson not only controlled the fire of the guns in their division and prevented waste of ammunition, but they also did some excellent shooting themselves. Acting Assistant Surgeon J. F. Bransford took charge of one of the guns, and fired it himself occasionally. Acting Assistant Paymaster Brown had charge of the two Colt guns, firing one himself, and they did excellent work. Assistant Engineer A. M. Proctor carried my orders from the bridge, and occasionally fired a gun when I found it was not being served quite satisfactorily. All were cool and active at a time when they could have had but little hope of escaping uninjured.

"Lieutenants Wood and Norman, Ensign Edson and Assistant Engineer Proctor were in charge of the boats engaged in saving life. They all risked their lives repeatedly in boarding and remaining near the two destroyers and the two armored cruisers when their guns were being discharged by the heat and their magazines and boilers were exploding. They also showed great skill in landing and taking off the prisoners through the surf.

"Of the men mentioned in the several reports, I would call special attention to John Bond, chief boatswain's mate. He would have been recommended to the department for promotion, prior to his gallant conduct during the action of July 3. I would also recommend to your attention Robert P. Jennings, chief machinist, mentioned in the report of Mr. McElroy. I believe it would have a good effect to recognize the skill of the men and the danger incurred by the engineers' force. I would also recommend that the acting appointments of those men mentioned by the officers in their reports be made permanent.

"The wounded men and exhausted prisoners were well and skilfully tended by Assistant Surgeon Bransford, assisted by Ensign Edson, who is also a surgeon. The Admiral, his officers, and men were treated with all consideration and care possible. They were fed and clothed as far as our limited means would permit.

Very respectfully,

"RICHARD WAINWRIGHT,

"Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy, commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Forces, North Atlantic Station."

" UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP VIXEN,
" GUANTANAMO, Cuba, July 7, 1898.

" SIR: I have the honor to make the following report as to the part taken by the United States Steamship Vixen in the engagement with the Spanish fleet under the command of Admiral Cervera during the morning and afternoon of Sunday, July 3, 1898 :

" Between 9:35 and 9:45 A. M., the Vixen was at a point about four miles to the westward of Morro and at a distance of about one and one-half miles south of the shore line. At about 9:40 o'clock it was reported to me that an explosion had taken place in the entrance of Santiago harbor. I went on deck and almost immediately sighted the leading vessel of the Spanish fleet, standing out of the entrance. Some of the vessels of our fleet were closing in toward Morro and firing.

" The Vixen was heading toward the Morro. The engines were ordered ahead at full speed and the helm put hard-a-port, the object being to cross ahead of the leading Spanish vessel and thus not obstruct the gun fire of our own fleet, the shells from which soon began to fall about the position we had just left. The leading Spanish vessel opened fire on this vessel with her starboard bow guns, the projectiles from which passed over us, all being aimed too high. I estimate the number of shots fired at us at this time to have been between five and ten.

" As the Vixen gathered headway her head came to about south by east, opening the Brooklyn up about two points on our port bow. Steadied her and steamed on about this course until we had reached a position about a mile to the southward and westward of the Brooklyn, which was now turning with port helm and firing her guns as they bore on the enemy's vessels. At 9:50 o'clock hoisted signal No. 252. The course was then ordered changed to west-southwest, the intention being to steer a parallel course to that of the Spanish fleet. By some mistake the Quartermaster steadied the helm on southwest by south, which was soon discovered, but not until the Vixen had increased her distance off shore by perhaps another half mile. The course west-southwest was again ordered, and when steadied on it we were at an estimated distance of about five miles from the shore. From about 10:15 the courses and times of changing were as follows: At 10:15, changed course to west half south; at 10:56, to northwest by north; at 11:00, west-northwest; at 11:05, west by north; at 11:10, northwest by west; at 11:15, west by north; at 11:30, west by south; at 1:50, west by north. All these courses were by the steering compass, and the speed was estimated from twelve to thirteen and one-half knots per hour. Times noted are by the deck clock, which was five minutes fast of watch time, used in the notes inclosed. Seeing that the Spanish vessels were out of range of our guns, while we were well within range of theirs, we reserved our fire.

" About 11:06, having approached within range of the Vizcaya, we opened fire with our starboard battery at an elevation of 5,000 yards for the six-pounder

guns and extreme elevation for the one-pounders. Continued the fire for six minutes, when, seeing that the ensign of the Vizcaya was not flying, at 11:12 ordered cease firing. Expended twenty-seven six-pounders A. P. shells and eighteen one-pounder common shells. After passing Aserradero the course was held at from west by north to west by south, heading for the point on the western horizon. Average speed about twelve to thirteen and one-half knots; average number of revolutions, 105 per minute; average steam pressure, 122½ pounds.

"The Brooklyn and Oregon bore on the port and starboard bows respectively, and were gradually dropping the Vixen astern, as was the Cristobal Colon, which was running closer inshore. About 12:25 the Oregon opened fire on the Colon, as did also the Brooklyn, feeling their way up to the range, which was apparently obtained after the fourth or fifth shot. About 1:20 the Oregon and Brooklyn headed in shore, about four points. About 1:28 the Texas hoisted signal, 'Enemy has surrendered.' This signal was repeated to the New York by the Vixen. At 2:30 the Vixen stopped off Rio Tarquino, in the vicinity of the Oregon and Brooklyn. The Cristobal Colon was close in shore, bows on the beach, her colors down, lying on the deck at the foot of her staff.

"I have the honor to inclose a copy of notes, taken during the chase by my orders, upon the suggestion of Lieutenant Harlow. These notes were written by Assistant Paymaster Doherty, the incidents and times were given by Lieutenant Harlow, whose watch was five minutes slow of deck-clock time. The times taken after 10:30 are accurate; those taken before that time were estimated, and may be in error a few minutes.

"Inclosed is a sketch showing positions of vessels at various times. It is taken from a chart taken from the Cristobal Colon after the surrender, and is enlarged four times. All courses are true.

"In conclusion, I wish to call your attention to the coolness and strict attention to duty of both officers and men.

Very respectfully,

"ALEX. SHARP, Jr.,

Lieutenant, Commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Forces, North Atlantic Station."

CAPTAIN COTTON'S REPORT.

"UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP HARVARD,

"AT SEA, OFF ALTARES, Cuba, July 4, 1898.

"SIR: 1. On Sunday, the 3d inst., the Harvard, under my command, was at Altares, Cuba, discharging the military stores brought in the ship with the troops from Newport News, Va. Nearly all of the boats and the majority of the officers of the ship were employed in this work. Some of the boats were away from the ship discharging their loads and others were alongside loading.

"2. At 10:45 A.M. the United States Steamship Resolute passed Altares at a considerable distance, standing to the eastward, sounding her whistle vigorously and flying a signal which announced that the Spanish fleet had 'fled.' With the utmost despatch I recalled the boats and officers to the ship, hoisted the former, sent the steam launch on shore, got under way and stood to the westward to join you. The ship was cleared for action.

"3. I had previously observed that the fleet was firing, but supposed that it was a bombardment of the Morro and the neighboring batteries. The ships of the fleet had meantime disappeared to the westward, none being in sight when I came out from behind the land where I could command an uninterrupted view of the coast west of Morro.

"4. I soon came up with the wrecks on shore of two of the smaller vessels and two of the cruisers of the Spanish fleet, and shortly afterward with the wreck of a third cruiser, all of the cruisers burning fiercely.

"5. I had meantime passed the Indiana and one of our torpedo boats standing to the eastward in search of the missing Spanish cruiser and informed them that a large Spanish battleship or cruiser was in sight to the eastward off Baiquiri. They immediately stood on in chase, but the supposed enemy was ascertained later to be the Austrian cruiser Maria Teresa.

"6. At the most westerly of the three wrecks of the Spanish cruisers, the Vizcaya, I found the battleship Iowa and communicated with her. Learning from Captain Evans that you in the New York were in chase of the Cristobal Colon, and were probably many miles to the westward, I decided not to go further in that direction.

"7. Shortly afterward the Iowa and the Harvard stood to the eastward, and upon reaching the wrecks of the Oquendo and Maria Teresa, Captain Evans informed me that the officers and crews of both vessels were on shore in great distress and suffering for want of food, and asked me if I would rescue them—a request with which I, of course, instantly complied, and which would have been unnecessary had I previously known the circumstances concerning them.

"8. I took the Harvard in as near the wrecks as I deemed to be prudent, and at 4:40 P. M. lowered nine of our boats and sent them in to the shore to rescue the survivors. This work continued until 9:45 P. M., when the last boatload of Spanish prisoners came alongside. During the greater part of the time the steam cutter of the Indiana rendered valuable assistance in towing our boats to and from the shore. We had the good fortune to rescue thirty-five officers and 637 men, without accident to them or to our boats, notwithstanding the fact that the landing was through the surf and dangerous, as well from the incessant explosion of ammunition, both small and large, as from the surf. The boats were handled with skill and judgment by the officers in command of them, who were Lieutenants Beale, Roberts, Davis, and Bradshaw, Ensigns Turner and Cuming, and Cadets Noa and Bruff, whose conduct and that of the boats' crews was commendable.

"9. Among the rescued were thirty-eight sick and wounded. At ten o'clock I steamed on to rejoin the ships off Santiago, reaching them at 10:55 P. M. with the junior medical officer of the Indiana and a Lieutenant and a boat's crew of the United States Steamship, Gloucester.

"10. The Spanish officers and men received every attention that it was possible to bestow upon them for their comfort and welfare. Some of them came on board wholly nude, and many with only a shirt or trousers. As soon as possible after their arrival on board they were provided with food and necessary clothing. About 300 working suits and many shoes and canvas hats were issued to them. The sick and wounded were attended by our own medical staff, assisted by two Spanish surgeons.

"11. I transmit herewith a copy of the detailed report of Lieutenant Joseph Beale, United States Navy, of the Harvard, who was the senior officer in charge of the transportation of the Spaniards to this ship, and I beg leave to invite your attention to the terms in which he speaks of the highly commendable conduct of the officers and men associated with him in the successful accomplishment of an important and humane duty, and one not without exposure to danger.

"12. This forenoon sixteen of the most severely wounded men were transferred to the United States hospital ship Solace. None of the Spanish officers on board this ship was so seriously wounded as to require transfer to that vessel.

"13. In conclusion I beg to be permitted the privilege, in my own behalf as well as that of the officers and men of the Harvard, to extend to you and to the people of the United States our most hearty and sincere congratulations upon the brilliant victory achieved by you yesterday, which adds another page to the imperishable glory and renown of the history of our navy.

"Very respectfully,

"C. S. COTTON,

"Captain U. S. Navy, Commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

LIEUTENANT USHER'S REPORT.

"UNITED STATES TORPEDO BOAT ERICSSON,

"HARBOR OF GUANTANAMO, Cuba, July 5, 1898.

"SIR: In obedience to Art. 437, p. 98, United States Navy Register, 1896, I respectfully report that on the morning of July 3, 1898, the United States Torpedo Boat Ericsson was proceeding under half speed on the starboard quarter of the United States Flagship New York toward Siboney, when the enemy was sighted coming out of Santiago entrance, we being then five or six miles to the eastward of the Morro. The vessels of our fleet were firing on

the enemy. The helm was put hard aport at once and full power put on as speedily as possible, and the course directed toward the enemy's ships, the crew at quarters and the vessel in all respects ready to deliver torpedo attack. By the time we had turned to westward two of the enemy's vessels were out in plain sight; they were followed at short intervals by the other two cruisers, and then after a longer interval by the two torpedo-boat destroyers. The fire of the shore batteries supported the enemy's fleet, and the fire of both fleets was rapid and continuous. The flagship New York had hoisted signal 260: 'Close in toward harbor entrance and attack vessels.' The Ericsson proceeded as fast as possible, the steam pressure and speed gradually increasing. The shore batteries at entrance to Santiago were directing their fire on the Gloucester at this time, which was hotly engaged with the two torpedo-boat destroyers. At full speed we drew near the entrance, and as we passed and afterward the fire of the shore batteries was directed on us. Several shells struck near us, short or beyond, and two burst overhead and over. The Ericsson was not struck. The Brooklyn, Texas, Oregon, Iowa and Indiana were closely engaged with the Colon, Vizcaya, Oquendo and Maria Teresa; the firing was furious. As we drew near, the two torpedo-boat destroyers were seen to strike to the Gloucester, and the Maria Teresa and Oquendo to run ashore, strike their colors, and display white flags. They were both on fire and clouds of steam arising from their hatches and ports. The Indiana remained near them, the Iowa directed her fire on the Vizcaya, and the Oregon joined in the chase of the Colon. The course of the Ericsson was directed toward the Vizcaya, prepared to deliver torpedo attack, but before we could arrive within striking distance the Vizcaya was seen to strike to the Iowa, run ashore and burst into flames, her engines being left running and clouds of steam issuing from all her openings on deck and in her sides. The course of the Ericsson was then set for the Colon, which was running very fast to the westward, pursued by the Brooklyn, Texas, and Oregon. As the Ericsson was hauling away from the New York in the chase, signal was made, interrogatory 2,872: 'Request permission to continue the chase.' The flagship hoisted negative, and by wigwag signal directed the Ericsson to pick up men in the water astern. Turned with port helm and found and picked up one man afloat on a piece of wreckage and then returned to the chase, the New York in the meantime chasing fast after the Colon. As we came up with the Iowa, lying about two miles seaward of Vizcaya, the Ericsson was hailed and directed to go inshore and rescue the crew of the Vizcaya from the burning vessel. Ran close alongside the Vizcaya and sent small boat to her, boats from Iowa pulling in also at same time. Explosions from the ammunition on board the Vizcaya began about this time, and her guns, which had been left loaded, were fired one after the other by the flames. The Vizcaya was on fire fore and aft, but the mass of the fire was aft, and the position of the Ericsson was perilous in the extreme and only the urgency of the occasion caused her to remain. Rescued eleven officers and

about nine sailors and marines from the vessel, many of them sorely wounded. The Spanish were no sooner taken on board than they urged immediate withdrawal of the Ericsson, but this vessel remained until all alive had been taken from the Vizcaya by the Ericsson's small boat and the boats from the Iowa. One of the Vizcaya's large cutters was also used. The Ericsson's deck was then crowded with prisoners, most of them naked and many of them wounded, and she returned to the Iowa towing the Vizcaya's cutter, also filled with prisoners. These were all put on board the Iowa.

"[The enemy afterward towed boats to and from the burning wrecks of the Maria Teresa and Oquendo until no more persons remained to be rescued from the vessels, the remaining prisoners being all ashore on the beach. There were no casualties on board this vessel.]

"I respectfully commend the good conduct of Edward Ryan, G. M., second class, who manned the small boat and brought off the officers and men from the stern of the Vizcaya, a duty of great danger from the incessant explosions of ammunition on board her. Very respectfully,

"N. R. USHER,

"Lieutenant U. S. Navy, Commanding.

"To the Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station."

This naval history is compiled from a semi-official statement issued by Admiral Cervera on leaving this country. This document declares, that

"The full truth concerning what led to the destruction of the magnificent Cape Verde fleet, has never yet been told, and the time has come when certain facts which have been heretofore withheld should be made public. It is true that Admiral Cervera and his officers may be court-martialed upon reaching Spain, and upon conviction it is also true that they could be shot if the authorities, those composing the court-martial or the Government, saw fit to impose such a penalty. However, such a catastrophe is not looked for; it will not occur; and when all the facts are plainly set forth and the blame placed where it belongs, it will be clearly shown that Admiral Cervera acted like the wise and sagacious Admiral that he is and both he and his officers and crew will be completely exonerated.

"Notwithstanding this, their situation at present or upon their approaching Spain is critical, and it may be safely said that the high standing of Admiral Cervera's family—all being of royal blood—will not save him from court-martial. Public opinion has been inflamed against him in Spain through gross misrepresentation, through falsehood and conspiracy of those who seek to shift the blame for the loss of the Spanish ships from their own shoulders to the shoulders of Admiral Cervera. Their erring deeds, unfaithfulness and treachery were entirely responsible for the disaster they would place upon those who are innocent, and who, if allowed to exercise their own wisdom and discretion, would have saved for Spain the pride of her navy.

"It is untrue that Admiral Cervera, after leaving the Cape Verde Islands and reaching western waters, was seeking to avoid the American fleet and flying here and there to avoid a fight. Naturally, his plans were different from those laid out for him to follow by the American Board of Strategy, for he was endeavoring to separate the American fleets and engage them separately; he wanted to meet and fight them singly, but his misfortune would not permit him to do that. When he was nearly without coal and being in need of some slight repairs to his ships he naturally put into Santiago, expecting there to find supplies, to make what few repairs were needed, get provisions and proceed further, but there he was greatly disappointed.

"Through the interference of General Blanco he was prevented from carrying out his plans, and the whole world knows the result. General Blanco immediately communicated to Spain and asked the Minister of Marine to place Admiral Cervera and his fleet under his (Blanco's) orders, making various representations and explaining the necessity of such action from his standpoint, and his request was finally granted.

"It was simply a deep diabolical trick on the part of General Blanco. He foresaw disaster somewhere, and in case it should come he wanted to have some one high in authority upon whom he could shove a portion if not all of the blame for any loss which might accrue to Spain and for which he was held responsible. General Blanco then ordered Cervera to remain in Santiago and assist in the defence of the shore batteries. Admiral Cervera protested strongly against this and appealed to Spain, but it is doubtful if his appeal ever reached the Government. He asked to be allowed to coal up and then leave Santiago, where he might be free to meet the American fleet, rather than to be bottled up in a blockaded harbor. He contended that he could not possibly be useful to Spain by remaining in Santiago harbor with the certainty of American ships coming to keep him there, whereas, outside and free, his strong fleet could be of great value to the Spanish cause.

"The answer of General Blanco was that Admiral Cervera was now subject to his orders, and that he, and not Admiral Cervera, was in command of affairs in Cuba, and that the Admiral must obey his command. Cervera could then do nothing.

"After the Merrimac affair, which made the name of Lieutenant Hobson immortal and made Admiral Cervera, by his kindly treatment of the prisoner, well regarded by Americans when he came to be a prisoner himself, Cervera was fully aware that he could still get out of Santiago harbor if he had permission to do so. His immediate investigation showed that the channel was not entirely closed and that his ships could pass out. Finally, when fully aware that the strong American fleet were waiting for him outside of the harbor, as he was completely informed of the movements of the Americans at all times, he concluded that he would do his best to defend the city, as it would at that time be certain destruction to attempt to run out of the

harbor. The time to escape had already passed, and he became resigned to do his best.

"Then one night an order came to him from General Blanco to be ready to sail out of the harbor within twenty-four hours and fixing one o'clock in the morning for the time of departure, when, it was argued by General Blanco, the Americans would be taken by surprise and probably off their guard and the escape could be made. Admiral Cervera protested strongly against this, maintaining that the American commanders were too shrewd not to double and treble their guard at night, and pointed out to General Blanco that one o'clock in the morning would be a very bad time to start, if indeed he should insist upon the order to get out of the harbor.

"Admiral Cervera did not know at that time of the villainy of Blanco in telegraphing to Madrid asking that Cervera be removed from command of the fleet and Commodore Villamil be placed in command. Then later, when the fleet was destroyed, Blanco sent another telegram stating that it was the fault of the Minister of Marine in not heeding his advice and granting his request to remove Cervera.

"Blanco was fully aware that to leave Santiago meant the destruction of the fleet, and he waited to again shift the blame, and so made the request for the change of commanders, which he knew would not and could not be made, but he nevertheless had an excuse and some one to blame for not accepting his counsel. General Blanco knew that the action which he ordered must mean the destruction of the fleet, and he actually hoped and believed that it would mean the death of Admiral Cervera, so that he could not make answer to the charges which Blanco proposed to make against him.

"The same vile treachery of General Blanco is also shown in his conduct toward General Toral, who he first ordered to surrender the city when it became actually necessary to do so and the siege could no longer be endured, and then publicly accused of cowardice when he and his command had laid down their arms in honorable surrender.

"Every one of Admiral Cervera's crew, of course, knew that in attempting to escape from Santiago harbor at the time they did meant not only the loss of their vessels, but probably death to them. They knew that the course they were entering upon by order of General Blanco was one of suicide, and all expected to find graves at the bottom of the sea. But the fleet would not have attempted the escape had it not been for the command of Blanco, and the only concession which Admiral Cervera could obtain from the Captain-General was a change in the time of departure.

"It is true that Admiral Cervera and some of his officers and crew attempted to escape by swimming to the shore, but there they found another obstacle and were fired upon by a force of men whom it was afterward learned were Cubans under command of Colonel Candelaris Cebrecos. The Spaniards have no cause for complaint at the treatment received at their hands, for when the rank of

their prisoners was ascertained they were taken to the Cuban camp and afterward surrendered to the American commanders and distributed among the American ships.

"The remainder is all history, but the world at large has never known the real inside facts or the cause which led to the destruction of the pride of the Spanish navy, and the blame has never been properly attached. History knows that the Spanish Cape Verde fleet was destroyed by superior American forces, but it does not know of the wilful treachery, incompetency, and dastardly villainy of those who were responsible for it, and Admiral Cervera will in the end be vindicated."

ARMY AND NAVY BEFORE SANTIAGO.

REPORT OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON TO SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

"On July 1, a demonstration was made by a Michigan volunteer regiment at Aguadores, under command of General Duffield. The New York, Gloucester, and Suwanee moved up at the request of the army to assist in an attack which was to begin at daylight, but the troops who came by rail did not arrive until 9:20.

"The small river San Juan cuts through a deep defile and is spanned by an iron railroad bridge. There is an ancient fort near the water, and on the hills two small rifle-pits. Some sixteen or twenty of the enemy had been encountered while waiting for the troops, but disappeared when the ships began firing. The troops advanced so far as the bridge, a corner of the fort was knocked off by the shells of the navy, and the flagstaff was shot away. Desultory firing was kept up between our troops and the Spanish, the troops returning to Siboney about half-past ten.

"On the evening of July 1 the Admiral was advised by General Shafter that the army would assault at daylight on the 2d, and the navy was requested to keep up a fire at the batteries on the bluff. The squadron consequently closed in early on the morning of the 2d, and kept up a vigorous fire for two hours, but the attack proposed by General Shafter did not take place on that day.

"On the night of July 1 the Reina Mercedes was sunk by the Spaniards so as to obstruct the ships. Extensive shore batteries existed, and if smaller vessels had been sent in and sunk by the mines or batteries, the harbor would have been effectually closed against us.

"It was essential to the new scheme of attack of the combined forces that the position occupied by the eastern and western batteries should be carried, and this was the scheme of action first proposed by General Shafter on the day of his first arrival. It was at that time explained to him that it was of primary importance that these points should first be carried, as their possession

insured the destruction of the mines, the entrance of heavy ships into the harbor, and the assault on Cervera's fleet.

"This was heartily consented to by General Shafter, who stated that the entrance to the harbor was the key to the situation. This was repeated in his interview with General Garcia at Aserraderos.

"It had been the Admiral's desire to do everything possible to coöperate with General Shafter. Such an attack as that proposed by the General was in complete accord with the views held by the Admiral and discussed with his staff. It was proposed to bring up the marines from Guantanamo and add them to the marines of the squadron, thus making a force of nearly a thousand men, which might be landed either at the foot of the Morro in Estrella Cove, to assault the Morro, or to the westward, for the purpose of assaulting the west battery; at the same time detaching a force of two or three thousand men from the army and proceeding by Aguadores, to occupy the ground between the Morro and that just to the northward of it. A visit to General Shafter was arranged, but the Admiral being ill, his chief of staff went instead. The following arrangement was made:

"Camp near San Juan River, Cuba, July 6, 1898.—Minutes of a conversation between Captain Chadwick of the navy, representing Admiral Sampson and General Shafter.

"That a long-continuing bombardment be made of Santiago from the sea, with the heavier guns of the fleet, the fleet firing slowly and continually during, say, twenty-four hours, at the rate of one shell every five minutes, excepting one hour, at the rate of one every two minutes. This refers to the eight-inch and thirteen-inch shells.

"If this be not sufficient to bring the enemy to terms, that an assault be arranged on the Socapa battery, using marines and the Cuban forces under General Cebrecos, and an effort made to enter the harbor, with some of the smaller ships of the squadron. This attack to be made upon knowing the result of a second demand made upon the commanding officer of the Spanish forces for the surrender of the place, stating to him the conditions that surround him; destruction of the Spanish fleet, etc., etc., and the number of forces opposed to him. To give him time to consider the matter, the date of the bombardment is fixed at noon of the 9th unless he positively refuses to consider it at all, when it will be begun at such time as is convenient to ourselves. General Shafter will furnish Admiral Sampson with correct map, showing where his lines will be surrounding the city, and also open telegraphic communication by the way of Siboney down to near Aguadores, to give information as to the falling of shots.

"This was followed by the following correspondence:

"The General-in-Chief commanding the Spanish forces, Santiago de Cuba:

"SIR: 1, In view of the events of the 3d inst., I have the honor to lay before

your Excellency certain propositions, to which I trust your Excellency will give the consideration which in my opinion they deserve.

"2. I enclose a bulletin of the engagement of Sunday morning, which resulted in the complete destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the loss of 600 of his officers and men, and the capture of the remainder. The Admiral, General, Paredes, and all others who escaped alive are now prisoners on board the Harvard and St. Louis, and the later ship, in which are the Admiral, General Paredes, and the surviving captains (all except the Captain of the Almirante Oquendo, who was slain), has already sailed for the United States. If desired by you, this may be confirmed by your Excellency sending an officer under a flag of truce to Admiral Sampson, and he can arrange a visit to the Harvard, which will not sail until to-morrow, and obtain the details from Spanish officers and men aboard that ship.

"3. Our fleet is now perfectly free to act, and I have the honor to state that unless a surrender be arranged by noon of the 9th instant, a bombardment of the city will be begun and continued with the heavy guns of our ships. The city is within easy range of these guns, the eight-inch being capable of firing 9,500 yards, the thirteen-inch, of course, much further. The ships can so lie that with a range of 8,000 yards they can reach the centre of the city.

"4. I make this suggestion of a surrender purely in a humanitarian spirit. I do not wish to cause the slaughter of any more men either of your Excellency's forces or my own; the final result under circumstances so disadvantageous to your Excellency being a foregone conclusion.

"5. As your Excellency may wish to make reference of so momentous a question to your Excellency's home government, it is for this purpose that I have placed the time of the resumption of hostilities sufficiently far in the future to allow a reply being received.

"6. I beg an early answer from your Excellency.

"I have the honor to be your Excellency's obedient servant,

"WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, Major-General, U. S. V.

"Commanding Fifth Army Corps."

PART II. MILITARY REPORTS.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S REPORT.

"CAMP BEFORE SANTIAGO, Cuba, July 18, 1898.

"I take the liberty of sending to you this morning a copy of the agreement between the Commissioners on my part and the Commissioners on the part of the Government of Spain for the surrender of eastern Cuba. The schedule just submitted shows there to be a little over 22,000 men and officers, about 6,000 more men than I have had myself; and I am glad to say that we have got all these men with very little loss of life, compared to what it would have been had we had to have fought them. The city of Santiago is simply a network of fortifications at every street corner. I had no proper conception of its strength until I went into it, although I knew these old stone towns were naturally very strong. Everything is going admirably, so far as the transfer is concerned, and the Spanish troops are behaving well, as they are perfectly delighted at the thought of getting home.

"I send to you personally a telegram of General Linares to his Government, which one of the Consuls gave me. It shows the straits to which they were put and the feelings that animated them. He stated the case exactly. I did have him so surrounded that it was impossible for him to get away, and I could wait and he could not.

"I send out to-morrow morning to receive something over 2,000 men up in the interior a short distance, about thirty miles, and in two or three days will send to Guantanamo to receive the 7,000 that have surrendered there. They should be shipped from Guantanamo Bay direct to Spain. There are also about 800 men each from Baracoa and Saguabe Tamamo on the north coast, who will come into the port there for shipment. I will send an officer around with a Spanish officer to take their arms and military supplies. We have gotten a great deal more than I had any idea of getting in the way of munitions of war. In everything but food they were well supplied. Have got a few beautiful, modern, high-power guns—about a dozen.

"My only fear is that we will have some sickness; and it is for that reason that I have wired you so earnestly about getting these prisoners away, so that we can go up in the mountains with my command, fifteen or twenty miles, at the end of the railroad, at San Luis, which is said to be very healthy. It is, at

any rate, about 1,500 feet above the sea, and has communication by rail with Santiago. So far there is no fever in Santiago. I suppose there is no one there except immunes. Three cases only so far this year, and the English Consul tells me there was very little last year.

"Of those here who served throughout the Civil War all declare they never had anything that could compare with it for hardship. With only one set of clothes, officers have been until now rained on nearly every day, carrying three days' rations like the men on their person, and suffering every privation that any man can added to all these privations; in addition, all the horrors of disease in an unknown land, and very limited accommodations should they be wounded. The spirit shown by them and by the whole army was simply grand. I can recall no instance where a greater surrender has been made than this. The final surrender of General Toral and his generals to myself and my generals was highly dramatic, as well as the hoisting of the flag over the city of Santiago, one of the oldest cities in this continent.

"I want to thank you and the President for the words of cheer that have come to us, and to say that none of us has ever doubted that every effort possible to make our lives as secure and our situation as comfortable as is possible would be done.

"W. R. SHAFTER,
"Major-General Commanding."

In a more extended report, condensed by the War Department, General Shafter says:

The expedition under his command, sailed from Tampa with 815 officers and 16,072 enlisted men. The orders were given by telegraph on May 30.

"Admiral Schley reports that two cruisers and two torpedo boats have been seen in the harbor of Santiago. Go with your force to capture garrison at Santiago and assist in capturing harbor and fleet.

"On the morning of June 20 we arrived off Guantanamo Bay, and about noon reached the vicinity of Santiago, where Admiral Sampson came on board my headquarters transport. It was arranged between us to visit in the afternoon the Cuban General (Garcia) at Aserradero, about eighteen miles to the west of the Morro. During the interview General Garcia offered the services of his troops, comprising about 4,000 men in the vicinity of Aserradero and about 500, under General Castillo, at the little town of Cujababo, a few miles east of Baiquiri. I accepted his offer, impressing it upon him that I could exercise no military control over him except such as he would concede, and as long as he served under me I would furnish him rations and ammunition.

"Ever since the receipt of my orders I had made a study of the terrain sur-

rounding Santiago, gathering information mainly from former residents of the city, several of whom were on the transports with me. At this interview all the possible points of attack were for the last time carefully weighed, and then, for the information and guidance of Admiral Sampson and General Garcia, I outlined the plan of campaign, which was as follows:

"With the assistance of the small boats of the navy, the disembarkation was to commence on the morning of the twenty-second at Baiquiri. On the twenty-first 500 insurgent troops were to be transferred from Aserradero to Cujababo, increasing the force already there to 1,000 men. This force, under General Castillo, was to attack the Spanish force at Baiquiri in the rear at the time of disembarkation. This movement was successfully made. To mislead the enemy as to the real point of our intended landing, I requested General Garcia to send a small force (about 500 men), under General Rabi, to attack the little town of Cabanis, situated on the coast a few miles to the west of the entrance to Santiago harbor, and where it was reported the enemy had several hundred men intrenched, and from which a trail leads around the west side of the bay to Santiago.

"I also requested Admiral Sampson to send several of his warships, with a number of my transports, opposite this town, for the purpose of making a show of disembarking there. In addition, I asked the Admiral to cause a bombardment to be made at Cabanis, and also at the ports around the Morro, and at the towns of Aguadores, Siboney and Baiquiri. The troops under General Garcia remaining at Aserradero were to be transferred to Baiquiri or Siboney on the twenty-fourth. This was successfully accomplished at Siboney.

"These movements committed me to approaching Santiago from the east over a narrow road, at first in some places not better than a trail, running from Baiquiri through Siboney and Sevilla, and making attack from that quarter. This, in my judgment, was the only feasible plan, and subsequent information and results confirmed my judgment.

"On the 23d General Lawton's advance reached Siboney and the disembarkation of Kent's division on that date enabled Shafter to establish a base eight miles nearer Santiago and to proceed with disembarkation at both points. General Shafter continues with details of movements up to the battle of El Caney, July 1, concerning which he says:

"These preparations were far from what I desired them to be, but we were in a sickly climate; our supplies had to be brought forward by a narrow wagon road, which the rains might at any time render impassable; fear was entertained that a storm might drive the vessels containing our stores to sea, thus separating us from our base of supplies, and, lastly, it was reported that General Pando, with 8,000 reinforcements for the enemy, was enroute from Manzanillo, and might be expected in a few days. Under these conditions I determined to give battle without delay.

"The disposition of the several bodies of troops is given, their formation under fire (in which Colonel Wikoff was killed), and the results of their movements are set forth in detail, and General Shafter adds:

"After completing their formation under a destructive fire, and advancing a short distance, both divisions (Kent's and Hawkins's) found in their front a wide bottom in which there had been placed a barbed-wire entanglement, and beyond which there was a high hill, along the crest of which the enemy was strongly posted. Nothing daunted, these gallant men pushed on to drive the enemy from his chosen position, both divisions losing heavily. In this assault Colonel Hamilton and Lieutenants Smith and Shipp were killed, and Colonel Carroll and Lieutenants Thayer and Myer, all in the cavalry, were wounded.

"Great credit is due to Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins, who, placing himself between his regiments, urged them on by voice and bugle call to the attack so brilliantly executed. In this fierce encounter words fail to do justice to the gallant regimental commanders and their heroic men, for, while the General indicated the formations and the points of attack, it was, after all, the intrepid bravery of the subordinate officers and men that planted our colors on the crest of San Juan Hill and drove the enemy from his trenches and blockhouses, thus gaining a position which sealed the fall of Santiago. In this action on this part of the field most efficient service was rendered by Lieutenant John H. Parker, Thirteenth Infantry, and the Gatling gun detachment under his command. The fighting continued at intervals until nightfall, but our men held resolutely to the position gained at the cost of so much blood and toil.

"I am greatly indebted to General Wheeler, who, as previously stated, returned from the sick list to duty during the afternoon. His cheerfulness and aggressiveness made itself felt on this part of the battlefield, and the information furnished to me at various stages of the battle proved to be most useful. My own health was impaired by overexertion in the sun and the intense heat of the day before, which prevented me from participating as actively in the battle as I desired, but from a high hill near my headquarters I had a general view of the battlefield extending from El Caney on the right to the left of our lines on San Juan Hill. My staff officers were stationed at various points on the field, rendering frequent reports, and through them, by the means of orderlies and the telephone, I was enabled to transmit my orders.

"During the afternoon I visited the position of Grimes's battery on the heights of El Pozo, and saw Sumner and Kent in firm possession of San Juan Hill, which I directed should be intrenched during the night. My regular officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Derby, collected and sent forward the necessary tools, and during the night trenches of very considerable strength were constructed.

"The cessation of firing at noon on July 3 practically ended the battle of

Santiago. General Shafter says it is doubtful if he had more than 12,000 men on the firing line on July 1, when the battle was fiercest and when the important and strong positions of El Caney and San Juan were captured.

"A few Cubans assisted in the attack at El Caney and fought valiantly, but their numbers were too small to materially change the strength, as indicated above. The enemy confronted us with numbers about equal to our own; they fought obstinately in strong and intrenched positions and the results obtained clearly indicate the intrepid gallantry of the company officers and men and the benefits derived from the careful training and instruction given in the company in recent years in rifle practice and other battle exercises. Our losses in these battles were twenty-two officers and 208 men killed and eighty-one officers and 1,203 men wounded; missing, seventy-nine. The missing, with few exceptions, reported later.

"In the battle of Santiago the Spanish Navy endeavored to shell our troops on the extreme right, but the latter were concealed by the inequalities of the ground, and the shells did little, if any, harm. Their naval forces also assisted in the trenches, having 1,000 on shore, and I am informed they sustained considerable loss; among others Admiral Cervera's chief of staff was killed. Being convinced the city would fall, Admiral Cervera determined to put to sea, informing the French Consul it was better to die fighting than to sink his ships. The news of the great naval victory which followed was enthusiastically received by the army.

"The information of our naval victory was transmitted under flag of truce to the Spanish commander in Santiago on July 4, and the suggestion again made that he surrender to save needless effusion of blood. On the same date I informed Admiral Sampson that if he would force his way into the harbor the city would surrender without any further sacrifice of life. Commodore Watson replied that Admiral Sampson was temporarily absent, but that in his (Watson's) opinion the navy should not enter the harbor.

"July 12, I informed the Spanish commander that Major-General Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had just arrived in my camp, and requested him to grant us a personal interview on the following day. He replied that he would be pleased to meet us. The interview took place on the 13th, and I informed him that his surrender only could be considered, and that as he was without hope of escape he had no right to continue the fight.

"At two P. M. on July 11 the surrender of the city was again demanded. The firing ceased and was not again renewed.

"By this date the sickness in the army was increasing very rapidly, as a result of exposure in the trenches to the intense heat of the sun and the heavy rains. Moreover, the dews in Cuba are almost equal to rains. The weakness of the troops was becoming so apparent I was anxious to bring the siege to an end, but in common with most of the officers of the army I did not think an

assault would be justifiable, especially as the enemy seemed to be acting in good faith in their preliminary propositions to surrender.

"I wish to dwell upon the natural obstacles I had to encounter and which no foresight could have overcome or obviated. The rocky and precipitous coast offered no sheltered landing places, the roads were mere bridle paths, the effect of the tropical sun and rains upon unacclimated troops was deadly and a dread of strange and unknown diseases had its effect on the army. At Baiquiri the landing of the troops and stores was made at a small wooden wharf which the Spaniards tried to burn, but unsuccessfully, and the animals were pushed into the water and guided to a sandy beach about 200 yards in extent. At Siboney the landing was made on the beach and at a small wharf occupied by the engineers. I had neither the time nor the men to spare to construct permanent wharves. In spite of the fact that I had nearly 1,000 men continuously at work on the roads, they were at times impassable for wagons.

"The San Juan and Aguadores rivers would often suddenly rise so as to prevent the passage of wagons, and then the eight pack trains with the command had to be depended upon for the victualing of my army, as well as the 20,000 refugees, who could not in the interests of humanity, be left to starve while we had rations. Often for days nothing could be moved except on pack trains.

"After the great physical strain and exposure of July 1 and 2 the malarial and other fevers began to rapidly advance throughout the command, and on July 4 the yellow fever appeared at Siboney. Though efforts were made to keep this fact from the army it soon became known.

"The supply of quartermaster and commissary stores during the campaign was abundant, and, notwithstanding the difficulties in landing and transporting the ration, the troops on the firing lines were at all times supplied with its coarser components, namely of bread, meat, sugar and coffee.

"There was no lack of transportation, for at no time up to the surrender could all the wagons I had be used.

"In reference to the sick and wounded, I have to say that they received every attention that it was possible to give them. The medical officers without exception worked night and day to alleviate the suffering, which was no greater than invariably accompanies a campaign. It would have been better if we had had more ambulances, but as many were taken as was thought necessary, judging from previous campaigns. The discipline of the command was superb, and I wish to invite attention to the fact that no officer was brought to trial by court-martial and, as far as I know, no enlisted men. This speaks volumes for an army of this size and in a campaign of such duration."

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER'S OPERATIONS.

"BEFORE SANTIAGO, Cuba, July 7, 1898.

"To Adjutant-General, Fifth Army Corps :

"SIR: After the engagements of June 24 I pushed forward my command through the valley, Lawton's and Kent's commands occupying the hills in the vicinity of that place. After two days' rest Lawton was ordered forward, and on the night of the 30th instructions were given by Major-General Shafter to this officer to attack Caney, while the cavalry division and Kent's division were ordered to move forward on the regular Santiago roads. The movement commenced on the morning of July 1. The cavalry division advanced and formed its line with its left near the Santiago road, while Kent's division formed its line with the right joining the left of the cavalry division.

"Colonel McClernand of General Shafter's staff directed me to give instructions to General Kent, which I complied with in person, at the same time personally directing General Sumner to move forward. The men were all compelled to wade the San Juan River to get into line. This was done under very heavy fire of both infantry and artillery. Our balloon, having been sent up right by the main road, was made a mark of by the enemy. It was evident that we were as much under fire in forming the line as we would be by an advance, and I therefore pressed the command forward from the covering under which it was formed. It merged into open space in full view of the enemy, who occupied breastworks and batteries on the crest of the hill which overlooks Santiago, officers and men falling at every step.

"The troops advanced gallantly, soon reached the foot of the hill and ascended, driving the enemy from their works and occupying them on the crest of the hill. To accomplish this required courage and determination on the part of the officers and men of a high order and the losses were very severe. Too much credit cannot be given to General Sumner and General Kent, and their gallant brigade commanders, Colonel Wood and Colonel Carroll of the cavalry; General Hamilton S. Hawkins, commanding First Brigade; Kent's division, and Colonel Pearson, commanding Second Brigade. Colonel Carroll and Major Wessels were both wounded during the charge, but Major Wessells was enabled to return and resume command. Colonel Wikoff, commanding Kent's Third Brigade, was killed at 12:10; Lieutenant-Colonel Worth took command, and was wounded at 12:15; Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum then took command and was wounded at 12:20, and the command then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers, Ninth Infantry.

"Upon reaching the crest I ordered breastworks to be constructed, and sent to the rear for shovels, picks, spades, and axes. The enemy's retreat from the ridge was precipitate, but our men were so thoroughly exhausted that it was impossible for them to follow. Their shoes were soaked with water by wading the San Juan River, they had become drenched with rain, and when they

reached the crest they were absolutely unable to proceed further. Notwithstanding this condition, these exhausted men labored during the night to erect breastworks, furnish details to bury the dead, and carry the wounded back in improvised litters. I sent word along the line that reinforcements would soon reach us, and that Lawton would join our right and that General Bates would come up and strengthen our left.

"After reaching the crest of the ridge, General Kent sent the Thirteenth Regulars to assist in strengthening our right. At midnight General Bates reported, and I placed him in a strong position on the left of our line. General Lawton had attempted to join us from Caney, but when very near our lines he was fired upon by the Spaniards, and turned back, but joined us next day at noon by a circuitous route. During all the day on July 2, the cavalry division, Kent's division, and Bates's brigade were engaged with the enemy, being subjected to a fierce fire and incurring many casualties, and later in the day Lawton's division also became engaged.

"During the entire engagement my staff performed their duties with courage, judgment, and ability. Special credit is due to Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Dorst, Major William D. Beach, Captain Joseph G. Dickman, and Lieutenant M. F. Steele. I desire also to say that Lieutenants James H. Reeves and Joseph Wheeler, Jr., Captain William Astor Chanler, Major B. A. Garlington, Mr. Aurelius Mestre, and Corporal John Lundmark also deserve high commendation for courage and good conduct. Major West, my Quartermaster, deserves special commendation for his energy and good conduct during the campaign, and Major Valery Havard and Mr. Leonard Wilson have also done their full duty. Captain Hardie and First Lieutenant F. J. Koester, with Troop G, Third Cavalry, were detailed with headquarters and conducted themselves handsomely under fire. The superb courage displayed by the officers and men will be especially mentioned in the reports of subordinate commanders.

"JOSEPH WHEELER,

Major-General, Volunteers.

"Accompanying the report is a copy of the despatches which were sent to General Shafter by General Wheeler, beginning June 25 and ending July 2. On July 1, at 8:20 P. M., General Wheeler, writing from San Juan, has the following to say about withdrawing from the position we had won :

"I examined the line in front of Wood's brigade, and gave the men shovels and picks, and insisted on their going right to work. I also sent word to General Kent to come and get entrenching tools, and saw General Hawkins in person, and told him the same thing. They all promise to do their best, but say the earth is very difficult, as a great part of it is rocky. The positions our men carried were very strong and the entrenchments were very strong.

"A number of officers have appealed to me to have the line withdrawn, and take up a strong position farther back, and I expect they will appeal to you. I

have positively discountenanced this, as it would cost us much prestige. The lines are very thin, as so many men have gone to the rear wounded and so many are exhausted, but I hope these men can be got up to-night, and, with our line intrenched and Lawton on our right, we ought to hold to-morrow, but I fear it will be a severe day.

"If we can get through to-morrow all right, we can make our breastworks very strong the next night. You can hardly realize the exhausted condition of the troops. The Third and Sixth Cavalry and other troops were up marching, and halted on the road all last night, and have fought for twelve hours to-day, and those that are not on the line will be digging trenches to-night.

"I was on the extreme front line. The men were lying down, and reported the Spaniards not more than 300 yards in their front."

OPERATIONS AROUND SANTIAGO.

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY CORPS IN THE FIELD,
FORT SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 7, 1898.

"The Assistant Adjutant-General, Fifth Army Corps:

"SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command in the battle of July 1.

"On the afternoon of June 30, pursuant to orders given me verbally by the corps commander at his headquarters, I moved my Second and Third Brigades (Pearson and Wikoff) forward about two miles to a point on the Santiago road near corps headquarters. Here the troops bivouaced, the First Brigade (Hawkins) remaining in its camp of the two preceding days, slightly in the rear of corps headquarters.

"On the following morning (July 1), at seven o'clock, I rode forward to the hill where Captain Grimes's battery was in position. I here met Lieutenant-Colonel McClernand, Assistant Adjutant-General, Fifth Corps, who pointed out to me a green hill in the distance, which was to be my objective on my left, and either he or Lieutenant Miley of Major-General Shafter's staff gave me directions to keep my right on the main road leading to the city of Santiago. I had previously given the necessary orders for Hawkins's brigade to move early, to be followed in turn by Wikoff and Pearson. Shortly after Grimes's battery opened fire I rode down to the stream and there found General Hawkins at the head of his brigade, at a point about 250 yards from the El Pozo sugar house. Here I gave him his orders.

"The enemy's artillery was now replying to Grimes's battery. I rode forward with Hawkins about 150 yards, closely followed by the Sixth Infantry, which was leading the First Brigade. At this point I received instructions to allow the cavalry the right of way, but for some unknown reason they moved up very slowly, thus causing a delay in my advance of fully forty minutes.

Lieutenant Miley of General Shafter's staff was at this point and understood how the division was delayed, and repeated several times that he understood I was making all the progress possible. General Hawkins went forward, and word came back in a few minutes that it would be possible to observe the enemy's position from the front. I immediately rode forward with my staff. The fire of the enemy's sharpshooters was being distinctly felt at this time. I crossed the main ford of the San Juan River, joined General Hawkins, and, with him, observed the enemy's position from a point some distance in advance of the ford. General Hawkins deemed it possible to turn the enemy's right at Fort San Juan, but later, under the heavy fire, this was found impracticable for the First Brigade, but was accomplished by the Third Brigade coming up later on General Hawkins's left. Having completed the observation with my staff, I proceeded to join the head of my division, just coming under heavy fire. Approaching the First Brigade, I directed them to move alongside the cavalry, which was halted. We were already suffering losses caused by the balloon near by attracting fire and disclosing our position.

"The enemy's infantry fire, steadily increasing in intensity, now came from all directions, not only from the front and the dense tropical thickets on our flanks, but from sharpshooters thickly posted in trees in our rear, and from shrapnel apparently aimed at the balloon. Lieutenant-Colonel Derby of General Shafter's staff met me about this time and informed me that a trail or narrow way had been discovered from the balloon a short distance back leading to the left to a ford lower down the stream. I hastened to the forks made by this road, and soon after the Seventy-first New York Regiment of Hawkins's Brigade came up. I turned them into the bypath indicated by Lieutenant-Colonel Derby leading to the lower ford, sending word to General Hawkins of this movement. This would have speedily delivered them in their proper place on the left of their brigade, but under the galling fire of the enemy the leading battalion of this regiment was thrown into confusion and recoiled in disorder on the troops in the rear. At this critical moment the officers of my staff practically formed a cordon behind the panic-stricken men, and urged them to again go forward. I finally ordered them to lie down in the thicket and clear the way for others of their own regiment who were coming up behind. This many of them did, and the Second and Third battalions came forward in better order and moved along the road toward the ford.

"One of my staff officers ran back, waving his hat to hurry forward the Third Brigade, who, upon approaching the forks, found the way blocked by men of the Seventy-first New York. There were other men of this regiment crouching in the bushes, many of whom were encouraged by the advance of the approaching column to rise and go forward. As already stated, I had received orders some time before to keep in rear of the cavalry division. Their advance was much delayed, resulting in frequent halts, presumably to drop their blanket rolls, and due to the natural delay in fording a stream. These delays,

under such a hot fire, grew exceedingly irksome and I therefore pushed the head of my division as quickly as I could toward the river in column of files or twos, paralleled in the narrow way by the cavalry. This quickened the forward movement and enabled me to get into position as speedily as possible for the attack. Owing to the congested condition of the road the progress of the narrow columns was, however, painfully slow. I again sent a staff officer at a gallop to urge forward the troops in rear. The head of Wikoff's brigade reached the forks at 12:20 P. M. and hurried on the left, stepping over prostrate forms of men of the Seventy-first. This heroic brigade (consisting of the Thirteenth, Ninth, and Twenty-fourth United States Infantry) speedily crossed the stream and were quickly deployed to the left of the lower ford. While personally superintending this movement Colonel Wikoff was killed, the command of the brigade then devolving upon Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, Thirteenth Infantry, who immediately fell, severely wounded, and then upon Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, Twenty-fourth Infantry, who, five minutes later, also fell under the withering fire of the enemy. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Ewers, Ninth Infantry.

"Meanwhile, I had again sent a staff officer to hurry forward the Second Brigade, which was bringing up the rear. The Tenth and Second Infantry, soon arriving at the forks, were deflected to the left to follow the Third Brigade, while the Twenty-first was directed along the main road to support Hawkins.

"Crossing the lower ford a few minutes later, the Tenth and Second moved forward in column in good order toward the green knoll already referred to as my objective on the left. Approaching the knoll the regiments deployed, passed over the knoll, and ascended the high ridge beyond, driving back the enemy in the direction of his trenches. I observed this movement from the Fort San Juan Hill. Colonel E. P. Pearson, Tenth Infantry, commanding the Second Brigade, and the officers and troops under his command deserve great credit for the soldierly manner in which this movement was executed. I earnestly recommend Colonel Pearson for promotion.

"Prior to this advance of the Second Brigade the Third, connecting with Hawkins's gallant troops on the right, had moved toward Fort San Juan, sweeping through a zone of most destructive fire, scaling a steep and difficult hill, and assisting in capturing the enemy's strong position, Fort San Juan, at 1:30 P. M. This crest was about 125 feet above the general level, and was defended by deep trenches and a loopholed brick fort surrounded by barbed wire entanglements. General Hawkins, some time after I reached the crest, reported that the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry had captured the hill, which I now consider incorrect, and credit is almost equally due to the Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-fourth regiments of Infantry. Owing to General Hawkins's representations I forwarded the report sent to corps headquarters about three P. M. that the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry regiments had captured the hill. The Thirteenth Infantry captured the enemy's colors waving

over the fort, but unfortunately destroyed them, distributing the fragments among the men, because, as was asserted, 'it was a bad omen,' two or three men having been shot while assisting Private Arthur Agnew, Company II, Thirteenth Infantry, the captor. All fragments which could be recovered are submitted with this report. The greatest credit is due to the officers of my command, whether company, battalion, regimental or brigade commanders, who so admirably directed the formation of their troops, unavoidably intermixed in the dense thicket, and made the desperate rush for the distant and strongly defended crest.

"I have already mentioned the circumstances of my Third Brigade's advance across the ford, where in the brief space of ten minutes it lost its brave commander (killed) and the next two ranking officers by disabling wounds. Yet, in spite of these confusing conditions, the formations were effected without hesitation, although under a stinging fire, companies acting singly in some instances and by battalion and regiment in others, rushing through the jungle, across the stream waist deep, and over the wide bottom thickly set with barbed wire entanglements. In this connection I desire to particularly mention First Lieutenant Wendell L. Simpson, Adjutant Ninth Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Third Brigade, who was noticeably active and efficient in carrying out orders which I had given him to transmit to his brigade commander, who no longer existed.

"The enemy having retired to a second line of rifle pits, I directed my line to hold their positions and intrench. At ten minutes past three P. M. I received almost simultaneously two requests—one from Colonel Wood, commanding a cavalry brigade, and one from General Sumner, asking for assistance for the cavalry on my right, 'as they were hard pressed.' I immediately sent to their aid the Thirteenth Infantry, who promptly went on this further mission, despite the heavy losses they had already sustained.

"Great credit is due to the gallant officer and gentleman, Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins, who, placing himself between the two regiments leading his brigade, the Sixth and the Sixteenth Infantry, urged and led them by voice and bugle calls to the attack so successfully accomplished. My earnest thanks are due to my staff officers present at my side and under my personal observation on the field, especially to Major A. C. Sharpe, Assistant Adjutant-General; Major Philip Reade, Inspector-General; Captain U. G. McAlexander, Chief Quartermaster, and my aides, First Lieutenant George S. Cartwright, Twenty-fourth Infantry, and First Lieutenant William R. Jackson, Second Infantry; also to Mr. Adolfo Carlos Muñoz, the latter a volunteer aide, subsequently wounded in the fight of the 2d inst., who richly merits a commission for his able assistance given without pay.

"The officers enumerated should at least be brevetted for gallantry under fire. I also personally noticed the conduct of First Lieutenant T. J. Kirkpatrick, Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, on duty with the Twenty-

fourth Infantry, giving most efficient aid to the wounded under fire. I observed several times First Lieutenant J. D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, aide to General Shafter, who was conspicuous throughout the day for his coolness under fire, delivering instructions with apparent unconcern. The bloody fighting of my brave command cannot be adequately described in words. The following list of killed, wounded and missing tells the story of their valor:

**REPORT OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING, FIRST
DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY CORPS, JULY 1, 1898.**

Organization.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.....
	Officers...	Men.....	Officers...	Men.....	
<i>First Brigade.</i>					
Sixteenth Infantry.....	1	13	5	82	6
Sixth Infantry.....	4	13	7	95	..
Seventy-first N. Y. Vol. Inf..	..	12	1	47	43
Totals	5	38	13	224	49
<i>Second Brigade.</i>					
Tenth Infantry.....	1	4	5	21	..
Twenty-first Infantry.....	..	5	1	25	..
Second Infantry	..	1	4	16	..
Totals	1	10	10	62	..
<i>Third Brigade.</i>					
Brigade Commander	1	..	..	..	..
Ninth Infantry.....	1	3	..	23	1
Thirteenth Infantry.....	2	16	5	81	1
Twenty-fourth Infantry.....	2	10	4	73	7
Totals	6	29	9	177	9
Grand totals.....	12	77	32	463	58

"At daylight on the morning of July 2, the enemy resumed the battle, and firing continued throughout the day, part of the time in a drenching rain. At nightfall the firing ceased, but at nine P. M. a vigorous assault was made all along our lines. This was completely repulsed, the enemy again retiring to his trenches. The following morning firing was resumed and continued until near noon, when a white flag was displayed by the enemy and firing was ordered to cease.

"The casualties of these two days (July 2 and 3) are as follows:

JULY 2, 1898.

Organization.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.....
	Officers...	Men.....	Officers...	Men.....	
Division staff			1*		
<i>First Brigade.</i>					
General officers.....	..	..	1	..	..
Sixteenth Infantry.....	..	1	..	21	1
Sixth Infantry.....	..	..	..	2	..
Seventy-first N. Y. Vol. Inf..	..	1	..	7	..
Totals	..	2	1	30	1
<i>Second Brigade.</i>					
Tenth Infantry.....	..	1	..	14	3
Twenty-first Infantry	..	1	..	7	..
Second Infantry	..	4	..	31	..
Totals	..	6	..	52	3
<i>Third Brigade.</i>					
Ninth Infantry.....	..	..	..	4	..
Thirteenth Infantry	..	..	..	3	..
Twenty-fourth Infantry.....	..	1	2	1	..
Totals	..	1	2	8	..
Grand totals.....	..	9	4	90	4

"General Kent's table of the casualties in the third day's fighting shows that only one man, a private in the Second Infantry, was killed. One man was wounded in the Sixteenth Infantry, two in the Sixth Infantry, four in the Seventy-first New York and one in the Thirteenth Infantry. No missing.

"Grand total for July 1, 2 and 3—Twelve officers and eighty-seven men killed, thirty-six officers and 561 men wounded, sixty-two missing.

"One hospital corps man attached to the Tenth Infantry, killed, is not included in the above report.

"The report concludes: 'I desire in conclusion to express my gratitude to Major-General Joseph Wheeler for his courteous conduct to me and through me to my division under the trying circumstances enumerated. Though ill and suffering, General Wheeler was so perfectly at home under fire that he inspired all of us with assurance.'

"Attention is invited in this connection to the report of the brigade and

*Mr. A. C. Muñoz, volunteer aide to Division Commander.

subordinate commanders and of my Inspector-General herewith submitted. I cordially indorse their commendations.

“Very respectfully,

“J. FORD KENT,

“Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, Commanding.”

REPORT OF INSPECTOR-GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE.

“It was seldom, indeed, that the supplies were brought up to the fighting lines in any great excess of the immediate needs, and the entire absence of the usual comforts and conveniences of even the simplest army life during the whole of the expedition, and sometimes of medical essentials, even in the hour of utmost need, was one of its most marked features after landing. Even the shelter tents and flies were abandoned, and all bivouacked without the wall of the common tent. The energy with which every element was driven from first to last will be sufficiently understood when such men as General Shafter and Colonels Humphrey and Watson had the task in hand. The means of expediting the landing of stores seemed inadequate, even to the last, and it is understood that lighter after lighter ordered to the Cuban coast was sunk at sea, and the lack of quick communication between the vessels or of any launches was apparently irremediable. The extent to which the transports suffered in their ground tackle, capstans, small boats, and other paraphernalia, and the dread their masters had of even a greater loss on such a surf-beaten, rock-bound shore was constantly shown, and the navy appeared to leave the army at last much to its own devices.

“Nothing like the usual proportion of artillery,” continues the report, “was present on the field to aid the other arms as accessories before the fact, and the comments on and results of this question came best from line officers of other arms. The remarkable marksmanship of our trained soldiers was hardly more exploited than the gross ignorance of our recruits. The books say that it ought not to be possible to successfully assault the enemy in front unshaken, still more with his fortified infantry under modern conditions. But in this instance dismounted cavalry, as well as its confrere of the infantry arm, did, without bayonets, successfully assault infantry posted on commanding ground and well entrenched, valiant and unshaken, and the difficulty of the task indicated by the list of casualties, as compared with the actual numbers the immediately opposing trenches will hold. And when the fight was over, though successful everywhere, we had no reserves, Bates’ Independent Brigade having been in the assault, first at Caney and then by a night march reinforcing the last at San Juan under most urgent calls. It was afterward supposed that the gap between our road and the bay was closed by Garcia’s forces, and the demand for the surrender of the Spaniards was made prior to any knowledge of

the intention of Cervera to escape with his fleet or of the arrival of the enemy's reinforcements.

"Such a conjunction of evidence may indicate the rapidity of the changes, in the situation. Indeed, the fighting of this army came up to the highest expectation, and accomplished results beyond what is usually expected of a force so constituted.

"At early dawn on July 1, the troops of Lawton's division started in to the position previously designated to them to occupy. The one battery of artillery assigned to this division for the day occupied a position overlooking the village of El Caney, 2,400 yards distant. General Chaffee's brigade took up a position east of the village, ready to carry the town as soon as it should have been bombarded by the artillery. General Ludlow's brigade took up a position to the west of the village, in order to cut off the retreat of the Spaniards when they should be driven out and attempt to retreat to the city of Santiago. But with soldierly instinct and admirable effect he closed in upon the defences of the village, and his white sailor hat became a target for the enemy during the hours he hugged the blockhouses on his flank of the well defended village. Colonel Miles' brigade was held in reserve south of the village.

"The artillery opened fire about seven A. M. The battery was entirely beyond the reach of small arms' fire, and the enemy had no artillery. The battery opened with shrapnel at what appeared to be a column of cavalry moving along the road from El Caney toward Santiago; then fired a few shots at the blockhouses, then a few at hedges where the enemy's infantry seemed to be located, and then fired a few shots into the village. At about eleven o'clock the battery stopped fire. During all this time a continuous fire of musketry, partly firing at will and partly by volley, was kept up in all parts of the lines. Our lines were drawing closer toward the enemy's works, and the brigade in reserve was brought up on the line. General Bates' independent brigade reached the position in the afternoon and also went into line, all closing in toward the village.

"Between one and two o'clock the division commander directed the battery of artillery to concentrate its fire upon the stone fort or blockhouse situated upon the highest point in the village on the northern side, as it was the key point to the village. The practice of the artillery against this was very effective, knocking great holes in the fort and rendering it untenable. The infantry of Chaffee's, Bates' and Miles' brigades then made an assault upon the work and carried it. There were a number of small blockhouses on the other side of the village from which a strong fire was kept up for some time after the stone fort had fallen. Word was sent to the commander of the artillery to bring his battery down so as to take these blockhouses, but by the time the battery had arrived the fire ceased. But there was one blockhouse still occupied by the Spaniards, and at this the battery fired four shots, resulting in the loss of a number of Spaniards. Orders having reached the division commander

in the meantime to withdraw his forces as soon as possible and to come into touch with the division at his left, our troops were not moved into the village, but were ordered to bivouac near the main road leading to the city of Santiago.

"The dawn of July 1 found the troops of Wheeler's division bivouacked on the eminence of El Pozo. Kent's division bivouacked near the road back of El Pozo. Grimes's battery went into position about 250 yards west of the ruined buildings of El Pozo soon after sunrise and prepared gun pits. Grimes's battery opened fire against San Juan a little before eight A. M. The troops of the cavalry division were scattered about on El Pozo Hill in the rear and around the battery, apparently without order and with no view to their protection from the enemy's fire. This condition rectified itself when the enemy, after five or six shots by our battery, replied with shrapnel fire at correct range and with accurately adjusted fuses, killing two men at the first shot. After some firing soon after nine A. M., Wheeler's division was put in march toward Santiago. Crossing Aguadores stream, it turned to the right, under General Sumner, who was in command at that time owing to General Wheeler's illness. Scattering shots were fired by the enemy before the arrival of the first troops at the crossing, but his volley firing did not commence until the dismounted cavalry went into position, crossing open ground. Kent's division followed Wheeler's moving across the stream, and advanced along the road in close order under a severe enfilading fire. After advancing some distance, it turned off to the left. Lieutenant Orr (killed in battle) made a reconnaissance from a large tree on the banks of the stream.

"At about one o'clock, after a delay of nearly two hours waiting for the troops to reach their positions, the whole force advanced, charged, and carried the enemy's first line of intrenchments. They were afterward formed on the crest and there threw up intrenchments facing the enemy's second line at a distance of from 500 to 1,000 yards. In the charge the Second Brigade of Kent's division advanced upon the First, some of the regiment getting into the first line and reaching the crossing at about the same time as the regiment of the leading brigade. At about one o'clock General Wheeler arrived at the crossing, and, after a brief stay, proceeded on the road toward San Juan with his staff, obtaining a good view of the troops as they were ascending San Juan Hill in the final stage of the battle, and soon thereafter reached the command.

"During the 2d of July there were a great many casualties, resulting not entirely from aimed fire, but from bullets clearing the crest of our intrenchments and going far beyond, striking the men as they were coming up together into position or as they were going back and forth bringing water, caring for the wounded, etc. Many casualties resulted from the fire of sharpshooters stationed in trees, with such thick foliage that the sharpshooters could not be seen. It seemed incredible that men should be so reckless as to remain within our lines and continue firing, and it is believed by many that what was reported to be firing from sharpshooters was simply spent bullets. But I and the mem-

bers of my staff can testify to the fact that in many places along the road leading up to the centre of our lines the sharp crack of the Mauser rifle could be heard very close to the road, and there were all the usual indications of the near and selected aim against individuals. Scouting parties were sent out from time to time to get hold of these fellows, and a number of them were captured or shot, but it was not until a day or two afterward, however, that they were all cleared out."

REPORT OF THE SPANISH COMMANDER OF SANTIAGO.

"OFFICIAL CABLEGRAM, July 12, 1898.

"To the Minister of War from the General-in-Chief of the Division of Santiago de Cuba:

"Although confined to my bed by great weakness and in much pain, the situation of the long-suffering troops here occupies my mind to such an extent that I deem it my duty to address your Excellency, that the state of affairs may be explained. The enemy's lines are very near the town on account of the nature of the ground: our lines are in full view from them. Troops weak; sick in considerable proportion not sent to hospitals, owing to the necessity for keeping them in the intrenchments. Horses and mules without the usual allowance of forage; in the midst of the wet season, with twenty hours' daily fall of rain in the trenches, which are simply ditches dug in the ground without any permanent shelter for the men, who have nothing but rice to eat and no means of changing or drying their clothing. Considerable losses; field officers and company officers killed, wounded, and sick deprive the troops of necessary orders in critical moments.

"Under these circumstances it is impossible to fight our way out, because in attempting to do so our force would be lacking one-third of the men, who could not leave, and we should be weakened besides by casualties caused by the enemy, resulting finally in a veritable disaster, without saving our diminished battalions. In order to get out, protected by the Holguin division, it will be necessary for me to come and break the enemy's lines, in order that my forces may break through in some other place, both acting in conjunction. For this operation the Holguin division will require eight days, and will have to bring a large amount of rations, which it is impossible to transport.

"The solution of the question is ominously imposed upon us. Surrender is inevitable, and we can only succeed in prolonging the agony. The sacrifice is useless, and the enemy understand this. They see our lines, theirs being well established, up. They tire out our men without exposing themselves, as they did yesterday when they cannonaded us on land, with such an elevation that we were unable to see their batteries; and, from the sea, by the squadron, which had perfect range, and bombarded the town in sections with mathematical precision.

"Santiago de Cuba is not a walled town, a part of a country defended inch by inch by its own sons without distinction, by the old, the women, and the children, who are all inspired, and help, and even expose their lives, all being actuated by the holy thought of independence, with the hope of succor that they shall receive. The complete exodus of the inhabitants, insular as well as peninsular, includes the occupants of the public offices with few exceptions. There only remain the clergy, and they to-day started to leave the town, with the Archbishop at their head.

"The defenders here cannot now begin a campaign full of enthusiasm and energy. They came here three years ago struggling against the climate, privations, and fatigue, and now they are placed in these sad circumstances, where they have no food, no physical force, and no means of recuperating. The ideal for them is lacking, because they are defending the city property of those that have abandoned it and of those that now are being fed by the American forces. The honor of arms has its limits, and I appeal to the opinion of the whole nation as to whether these long-suffering troops have not kept it safely many times since May 18, when they were subject to the first cannonade. If it is necessary that the sacrifice be endured, for reasons of which I am ignorant, or that some one shall assume the responsibility of the unfortunate termination which I have anticipated and mentioned in a number of telegrams, I faithfully offer myself on the altar of my country for the one, and for the other I will retain the command for the purpose of signing the surrender, for my modest reputation is of little value as compared with the country's interests.

"LINARES."

Hierarchical jealousies seem an inevitable part of the campaigns. There was heart burning and recrimination even in Napoleon's perfectly combined general staff. In war these always result in disaster. For had the marshals fought the enemy and not among each other—Spain would never have proven the pit of doom Napoleon found there. In our Civil War the schisms among eminent generals for years rendered the army of the Potomac impotent. Nor is it easy to so adjust military mechanisms as to wholly avoid this personal strife. It is true that the presence of a civilian in the war office, inevitably tends to create jealousy—even mutiny—unless the civilian be of a most unusual type. It was not until the closing days of the war, that it was known outside the exclusive conclaves of the war office, that General Miles distrusted the direction of Secretary Alger. The President did everything to assuage the indignation of the commander of the armies and keep the quarrel from becoming a public scandal. But while in Porto Rico—General Miles, as if conscious of the slightly absurd anti-climax his campaign made, revealed all his griefs to the correspondent of a Western journal. The assertion will

be seen gravely to compromise the good faith, not only of the Secretary of War, but all the official hierarchy directing the conduct of the campaign. The subjoined statement which will form part of the official history of the war, was issued by the General-in-Chief, partly in his own words and partly in the third person :

"After I arrived in Santiago with reënforcements for General Shafter and while I was conducting the surrender negotiations Adjutant-General Corbin sent a secret dispatch to General Shafter assuring him that my coming made no difference in his command; that I did not go to supersede him.

"This dispatch I did not see then. General Shafter did not mention it to me, but it was given out for publication in Washington. It might have caused great trouble and confusion except that it was based on an impossibility.

"I no more superseded General Shafter than a Colonel supersedes a Captain. If a Captain were sent ahead with a company of soldiers and was later on joined by his Colonel with the rest of the regiment the Colonel would not supersede the Captain; he would simply take command of the entire force, as I did at Santiago. That this fact was recognized by the War Department is shown by all the subsequent proceedings, for the dispatches from there in regard to the surrender all came to me, and General Shafter was not mentioned in them. I have been commanding General of the Army of the United States ever since Mr. Cleveland appointed me such three years ago, and I have heard nothing to lead me to believe I have been relieved of the responsibility.

"The dispatches from and to Santiago all show this, but they were very much mutilated and garbled in Washington when given to the public. Words and sentences were left out, which changed the meaning and significance of the messages, and several very important ones, which would have thrown a clearer light upon the situation, were entirely suppressed."

Newspapers which reach here from the United States show that considerable discussion is now going on as to the credit for moving the Santiago army from Cuba back to the States. Secretary Alger claims, it appears, that he originated the idea and had already made the necessary arrangements before the appeal sent from the commanding officers at Santiago reached Washington.

"When called upon to submit a plan of campaign, he did so and put it in writing. In substance he took the stand, first, that every effort should be made to equip the Cubans and thereby enable them to harass the Spanish forces. The cry of 'on to Havana' should be encouraged, but when the transports, loaded with troops, were out of sight of land they should sail as straight as steam power could bear them to the gate of the Antilles and the key to the whole position, Porto Rico; then, having seized and occupied that island, a movement to Cuba was to follow by means of a strong cavalry force, which was to be organized and equipped by August or September. He contemplated that 20,000 cavalry thrown to the centre of Cuba, cutting the Spanish forces in two

and moving west to Havana, by the time the rainy season was over and it would be possible to manœuvre an army, we could move against that city a well organized, well equipped, and well disciplined army, and complete the capture of the Spanish forces.

"The inclosure of Cervera's fleet in the harbor of Santiago changed conditions and made it necessary to move a military force to that point. General Miles, while at Tampa, organized the expedition, felt the importance of the enterprise so greatly that he requested permission to accompany that expedition, or to immediately organize another to join it. This permission was not granted so far as accompanying that expedition was concerned, but authority was granted to equip a second 'for movement and operation against the enemy in Cuba and Porto Rico.' However, before this expedition was equipped calls were made for additional forces to go to Santiago, and they were immediately forwarded.

"The day he sailed with reinforcements (July 7) he sent the following despatch from Washington:

"GENERAL SHAFTER, SANTIAGO:

"Take every precaution against surprise, and be on the lookout that the enemy does not turn your right flank and come in on the line of your communications. Reënforcements are being sent forward as rapidly as possible, but you will have to be the judge of the position you are to hold until reënforcements can reach you.

"MILES,

"Major-General, Commanding."

"General Miles sailed for Cuba. On July 11 at noon he reported his safe arrival to the War Department and at once assumed charge, reporting to the Secretary of War.

"All of the subsequent business of the surrender was entirely in his hands, as shown by the fact that the War Department communicated with him direct, not even mentioning General Shafter's name in the numerous despatches.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1898.

"MAJOR-GENERAL MILES: You may accept surrender by granting parole to officers and men, the officers retaining their side arms. The officers and men after parole will be permitted to return to Spain, the United States assisting. If not accepted, then assault, unless in your judgment an assault would fail. Consult with Sampson and pursue such course as to the assault as you jointly agree upon. Matters should be settled promptly.

"R. A. ALGER,

"Secretary of War."

"In the face of this situation, Secretary Alger, through General Corbin, sent a despatch to General Shafter, assuring him that General Miles did not come to Cuba to supersede Shafter in any way.

"This despatch General Miles refers to as 'secret,' for he says he did not know it had been sent, not being notified from Washington and General Shafter saying nothing about it.

"On July 15 Shafter wired General Miles that the surrender was not as complete as he thought, and said, 'Please do not go away with the reinforcements, as I may yet need them.'

"Miles promptly replied by wire from Baiquiri that the surrender 'is complete' and the Spaniards 'must surrender.'

"On July 16 Shafter wired Miles that the surrender was finally complete, and General Miles replied through Adjutant-General Gilmore as follows:

"'The Commanding-General is very much gratified to hear that the surrender is complete. He directs that you telegraph anything of importance and the condition of your command daily.'

"General Miles then reported the condition of affairs to the Secretary of War, with whom he had been in conference. In one of his telegrams to Miles Secretary Alger says:

"'As soon as Santiago falls the troops must all be put in camp as comfortable as they can be made and remain, I suppose, until the fever has had its run.'

"Miles did not agree with Secretary Alger, for on July 21, in a letter, the General urged the return of the army to the United States as soon as possible. July 17, after the surrender was complete, General Shafter wired as follows to General Miles: 'Letters and orders in reference to movement of camp received and will be carried out. None is more anxious to get away from here than myself.'

"It seems from your orders given me that you regarded my forces as part of your command. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than serving you, General, and I shall comply with all your requests and directions, but I was told by the Secretary that you were not to supersede in command here. I will furnish the information called for as to condition of command to Gilmore, Adjutant-General, A. H. Q.

"SHAFTER,
"Major-General."

"General Miles promptly replied as follows:

"PLAYA DEL ESTE, July 18, 1898.

"'GENERAL SHAFTER: Telegram received. Have no desire and have carefully avoided any appearance of superseding you. Your command is a part of the United States army which I have the honor to command, having been duly assigned thereto and directed by the President to go wherever I thought my presence required and give such general directions as I thought best concerning military matters, and especially directed to go to Santiago for a specific purpose.

"'You will also notice that the orders of the Secretary of War of July 18

left the matter to my discretion. I should regret that any event should cause either yourself or any part of your command to cease to be a part of mine.

“ ‘Very truly yours,

“ ‘NELSON A. MILES,

“ ‘Major-General, Commanding United States Army.’ ”

“ Miles' arrival at Santiago, July 11, was not as a private individual nor as a visitor. Any pretense that he went there disrobed of his authority or official capacity is too childish to be considered by sensible men. From the moment he arrived at Santiago he was responsible for what might occur. He arrived there with the Yale, Columbia, and Rita, loaded with infantry, and three ships loaded with artillery, besides those already disembarked. He designed to disembark the troops and artillery named on the west side of Santiago, as was understood before leaving Washington, and before he went ashore he made the necessary arrangements accordingly.

“ He then proceeded to the front, and after consulting with General Shafter a note was sent to the Spanish commander by General Shafter, saying, that the commanding General of the United States Army had arrived in his camp with strong reinforcements and would meet him between the lines at any hour agreeable to him. The reply of the Spanish commander was that he would meet him at twelve o'clock next morning. The meeting was held, and after some conversation between General Shafter and General Toral, General Miles frankly informed the Spanish General that he had left Washington six days before and that it was then the determination of the government that this portion of the Spanish army must be captured or destroyed. He also informed the Spanish General that his reinforcements had arrived with him; that some of these forces had already disembarked and the remainder would be disembarked on the west side of the harbor, and that it was useless for him to contend against the inevitable. These transports could also be plainly seen by the Spanish from Morro Castle and other points.

“ General Toral replied that so long as he had rations and ammunition he had to fight in order to maintain the honor of the Spanish Army. In response to that he was informed that he had already maintained the honor of the Spanish Army, and that further efforts would be useless, and would result in the wanton sacrifice of human life. He then said that he was waiting to hear from his government, and was informed by General Miles that he had already taken much time for that purpose, and would be given until daylight of the following morning, it being then three o'clock, to submit his final answer. He begged for longer time, and earnestly requested until twelve o'clock next day. This was finally granted by General Miles, the meeting dissolved, and the officers separated.

“ On returning from this conference, a dispatch was received by General Miles from Washington as follows :

" WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1898.

" MAJOR-GENERAL MILES :

" You may accept surrender by granting parole to officers and men, the officers retaining their side arms, the officers and men after parole to be permitted to return to Spain, the United States assisting. If not accepted then assault, unless, in your judgment, an assault would fail. Consult with Sampson and pursue such course as to the assault as you jointly agree upon. Matter should be settled promptly.

" R. A. ALGER,
" Secretary of War.

" This," the statement says, " does not look as if General Miles was there as a visitor. He was charged with responsibility of ordering an assault upon the entrenchments and fortifications of an army, which, if successful, would have cost at least 5,000 lives, or of withholding the assault, if, in his judgment, such assault would fail. No greater discretion was ever given to any General commanding an army, and, what is more, as will be observed, he was authorized to accept the surrender, which, in the interests of his subordinates, he generously declined to do, and went away, leaving all the honor to his next in rank, General Shafter."

LETTER FROM GENERAL TORAL.

" On the morning succeeding the first interview, a letter was received from General Toral, of which the following is a literal translation :

" SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 14, 1898.

" General-in-Chief of the American Forces :

" HONORED SIR: His excellency, the General-in-Chief of the army of the Island of Cuba telegraphs from Havana yesterday at seven P. M., the following :

" ' Believing the business of such importance as the capitulation of that place to be known and decided upon by the government of his majesty, I give you notice that I have sent the conditions of your telegram asking an immediate answer and enabling you also to show this to the General of the American Army to see if he will agree to await the answer of the government which cannot be as soon as the time which he has decided, as communication by way of Bermuda is more slow than by Key West. In the meanwhile your honor and the General of the American Army may agree upon capitulation on the basis of repatriation (returning to Spain).'

" I have the honor to transmit this to you that in case you may consider the foregoing satisfactory that he may designate persons in representation of himself who with those in my name may agree to clauses of the capitulation upon the basis of returning to Spain, accepted already in the beginning by the General-in-Chief of this army. Awaiting a reply, I am very respectfully your servant.

" JOSE TORAL, etc."

"At the meeting on the following day General Toral stated that he was prepared to surrender, with the approval of the Captain-General of Cuba, but it would require a little time to have his acts confirmed by the home government; that, in the meantime, he was prepared to appoint commissioners to arrange the clauses of capitulation. Not only this, he offered to surrender the balance of his command, which had not been under fire during the campaign. This remarkable offer was on his motion, and was in the nature of a surprise to the American generals present. However, at the conference of the day previous, General Miles had reminded him that he had been tendered the most liberal terms ever offered to an enemy, that his fleet was destroyed, and that they were 3,000 miles from home.

"Toral's offer could be accounted for in one of two ways—either that the troops were wanted at home to meet a threatened revolution, or that they wanted to get home, and regarded this as the only means of doing so at the expense of the United States. Whether Blanco and the rest of the Spanish forces in Cuba would have surrendered on the same terms is not now, and perhaps may never be known."

OCCUPATION OF MANILA.

REPORT OF GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

Under date of August 20th, General Merritt said: "In obedience to instruction from the President, I embarked at San Francisco June 29th, and reached Cavite, Manila Bay, July 25th.

"The American fleet of warships, commanded by Rear Admiral George Dewey, was anchored in line off Cavite and just outside of the transports and supply vessels engaged in the military service. The distinguished Admiral above mentioned was in full control of the navigation of the bay, and his vessels passed and repassed within range of the water batteries of the town of Manila without drawing the fire of the enemy.

"Brigadier-General Thomas M. Anderson, United States Volunteers, was in command of the military forces prior to my arrival, and from his report I learned that his headquarters were in Cavite, and that the troops were disposed as follows:

"The Second Oregon, detachments of California Heavy Artillery, Twenty-third Infantry and Fourteenth Infantry occupied the town of Cavite; while Brigadier-General F. V. Greene, United States Volunteers, was encamped with his brigade, consisting of the Eighteenth Infantry, Third United States Artillery, Company A, Engineer Battalion, First Colorado, First California, First Nebraska, Tenth Pennsylvania and Batteries A and B, of the Utah Artillery,

along the line of the bay shore near the village of Paranaque, about five miles by water and twenty-five miles by the roads from Cavite.

"Immediately after my arrival I visited General Greene's camp, and made a reconnoissance of the position held by the Spanish, and also the opposing lines of the insurgent forces, hereafter to be described. I found General Greene's command encamped on a strip of sandy land running parallel to the shore of the bay, and not far distant from the beach, but owing to the great difficulties of landing supplies, the greater portion of the force had shelter tents only, and were suffering many discomforts, the camp being situated in a low, flat place, without shelter from the heat of the tropical sun or adequate protection during the terrific downpours of rain so frequent at this season. I was at once struck by the exemplary spirit of patient, even cheerful, endurance shown by the officers and men under such circumstances, and this feeling of admiration for the manner in which the American soldiers, volunteer and regular alike, accept the necessary hardships of the work they have undertaken to do has grown and increased with every phase of the difficult and trying campaign which the troops of the Philippine expedition have brought to such a brilliant and successful conclusion.

"I discovered during my visit to General Greene that the left or north flank of his brigade camp extended to a point on the 'Calle Real' about 3,200 yards from the outer line of Spanish defences of the city of Manila. The Spanish line began at the powder magazine, or old Fort San Antonio, within a hundred yards of the beach, and just south of the Malate suburb of Manila, and stretched away to the Spanish left in more or less detached works, eastward, through swamps and rice fields, covering all the avenues of approach to the town and encircling the city completely.

"The Filipinos, or insurgent forces at war with Spain had, prior to the arrival of the American land forces, been waging a desultory warfare with the Spaniards for several months, and were at the time of my arrival in considerable force, variously estimated and never accurately ascertained, but probably not far from 12,000 men. These troops, well supplied with small arms, with plenty of ammunition and several field guns, had obtained positions of investment opposite to the Spanish line of detached works throughout their entire extent; and on the particular road called the 'Calle Real,' passing along the front of General Greene's brigade camp and running through Malate to Manila, the insurgents had established an earthwork or trench within 800 yards of the powder magazine fort. They also occupied as well the road to the right, leading from the village of Pasay, and the approach by the beach was also in their possession. This anomalous state of affairs, namely, having a line of quasi-hostile native troops between our forces and the Spanish position, was, of course, very objectionable, but it was difficult to deal with, owing to the peculiar condition of our relations with the insurgents, which may be briefly stated as follows:

"Shortly after the naval battle of Manila Bay, the principal leader of the insurgents, General Emilio Aguinaldo, came to Cavite from Hong Kong, and, with the consent of our naval authorities, began active work in raising troops and pushing the Spaniards in the direction of the city of Manila. Having met with some success, and the natives flocking to his assistance, he proclaimed an independent government of republican form, with himself as President, and at the time of my arrival in the islands the entire edifice of executive and legislative departments and sub-division of territory for administrative purposes had been accomplished at least on paper, and the Filipinos held military possession of many points in the islands other than those in the vicinity of Manila.

"As General Aguinaldo did not visit me on my arrival nor offer his services as a subordinate military leader, and as my instructions from the President fully contemplated the occupation of the islands by the American land forces, and stated that 'the powers of the military occupant are absolute and supreme and immediately operate upon the political condition of the inhabitants,' I did not consider it wise to hold any direct communication with the insurgent leader until I should be in possession of the city of Manila, especially as I would not until then be in a position to issue a proclamation and enforce my authority, in the event that his pretensions should clash with my designs.

"For these reasons the preparations for the attack on the city were pressed and military operations conducted without reference to the situation of the insurgent forces. The wisdom of this course was subsequently fully established by the fact that when the troops of my command carried the Spanish intrenchments, extending from the sea to the Pasay road on the extreme Spanish right, we were under no obligations, by prearranged plans of mutual attack, to turn to the right and clear the front still held against the insurgents, but were able to move forward at once and occupy the city and suburbs.

"To return to the situation of General Greene's brigade as I found it on my arrival, it will be seen that the difficulty in gaining an avenue of approach to the Spanish line lay in the fact of my disinclination to ask General Aguinaldo to withdraw from the beach and the 'Calle Real,' so that Greene could move forward. This was overcome by instructions to General Greene to arrange, if possible, with the insurgent brigade commander in his immediate vicinity to move to the right and allow the American forces unobstructed control of the roads in their immediate front. No objection was made, and accordingly General Greene's brigade threw forward a heavy outpost line on the 'Calle Real' and the beach and constructed a trench, in which a portion of the guns of the Utah batteries was placed.

"The Spanish, observing this activity on our part, made a very sharp attack with infantry and artillery on the night of July 31. The behavior of our troops during this night attack was all that could be desired, and I have, in cablegrams to the War Department, taken occasion to commend by name those who deserve special mention for good conduct in the affair. (For particulars

of the action see the appended reports of the brigade commander.) Our position was extended and strengthened after this and resisted successfully repeated night attacks, our forces suffering, however, considerable loss in wounded and killed, while the losses of the enemy, owing to the darkness, could not be ascertained.

"The strain of the night fighting and the heavy details for outpost duty made it imperative to reënforce General Greene's troops with General MacArthur's brigade, which had arrived in transports on the 31st of July. The difficulties of this operation can hardly be overestimated. The transports were at anchor off Cavite, five miles from a point on the beach where it was desired to disembark the men. Several squalls, accompanied by floods of rain, raged day after day, and the only way to get to the troops and supplies ashore was to load them from the ship's side into native lighters (called 'cascos') or small steamboats, move them to a point opposite the camp, and then disembark them through the surf in small boats, or by running the lighters head-on to the beach. The landing was finally accomplished, after days of hard work and hardship, and I desire here to express again my admiration for the fortitude and cheerful willingness of the men of all commands engaged in this operation.

"Upon the assembly of MacArthur's brigade in support of Greene's, I had about 8,500 men in position to attack, and I deemed the time had come for final action. During the time of the night attacks I had communicated my desire to Admiral Dewey that he would allow his ships to open fire on the right of the Spanish line of intrenchments, believing that such action would stop the night firing and loss of life, but the Admiral had declined to order it unless we were in danger of losing our position by the assaults of the Spanish, for the reason that, in his opinion, it would precipitate a general engagement, for which he was not ready. Now, however, the brigade of General MacArthur was in position and the Monterey had arrived, and under date of August 6, Admiral Dewey agreed to my suggestion that we should send a joint letter to the Captain-General notifying him that he should remove from the city all non-combatants within forty-eight hours, and that operations against the defences of Manila might begin at any time after the expiration of that period.

"This letter was sent August 7, and a reply was received the same date, to the effect that the Spanish were without places of refuge for the increased numbers of wounded, sick, women and children now lodged within the walls. On the 9th, a formal joint demand for the surrender of the city was sent in. This demand was based upon the hopelessness of the struggle on the part of the Spaniards, and that every consideration of humanity demanded that the city should not be subjected to bombardment under such circumstances. The Captain-General's reply, of the same date, stated that the council of defence had declared that the demand could not be granted; but the Captain-General offered to consult his government if we would allow him the time strictly necessary for the communications by way of Hong Kong.

"This was declined on our part for the reason that it could, in the opinion of the Admiral and myself, lead only to a continuance of the situation, with no immediate result favorable to us, and the necessity was apparent and very urgent that decisive action should be taken at once to compel the enemy to give up the town, in order to relieve our troops from the trenches and from the great exposure to unhealthy conditions which were unavoidable in bivouac during the rainy season. The seacoast batteries in defence of Manila are so situated that it is impossible for ships to engage them without firing into the town, and as the bombardment of a city filled with women and children, sick and wounded, and containing a large amount of neutral property, could only be justified as a last resort, it was agreed between Admiral Dewey and myself that an attempt should be made to carry the extreme right of the Spanish line of intrenchments in front of the positions at that time occupied by our troops, which, with its flank on the seashore, was entirely open to the fire of the navy.

"It was not my intention to press the assault at this point, in case the enemy should hold it in strong force, until after the navy had made practicable breaches in the works and shaken the troops holding them, which could not be done by the army alone, owing to the absence of siege guns. This is indicated fully in the orders and memorandum of attack hereto appended. It was believed, however, as most desirable and in accordance with the principles of civilized warfare that the attempt should be made to drive the enemy out of his intrenchments before resorting to the bombardment of the city.

"By orders issued some time previously MacArthur's and Greene's brigades were organized as the Second Division of the Eighth Army Corps, Brigade General Thomas M. Anderson commanding, and in anticipation of the attack General Anderson moved his headquarters from Cavite to the brigade camps and assumed direct command in the field. Copies of the written and verbal instructions, referred to above and appended hereto, were given to the division and brigade commanders on the 12th, and all the troops were in position on the 13th at an early hour in the morning.

"About nine A. M. on that day our fleet steamed forward from Cavite and before ten A. M. opened a hot and accurate fire of heavy shells and rapid-fire projectiles on the sea flank of the Spanish intrenchments at the powder magazine fort, and at the same time the Utab batteries, in position in our trenches near the 'Calle Real,' began firing with great accuracy. At 10:25, on a prearranged signal from our trenches that it was believed that our troops could advance, the navy ceased firing, and immediately a light line of skirmishers from the Colorado regiment of Greene's brigade passed over our trenches and deployed rapidly forward, another line from the same regiment from the left flank of our earthworks advancing swiftly up the beach in open order. Both these lines found the powder magazine fort and the trenches flanking it deserted, but as they passed over the Spanish works they were met by a sharp fire from a

second line situated in the streets of Malate, by which a number of men were killed and wounded, among others the soldier who pulled down the Spanish colors still flying on the fort and raised our own.

"The works of the second line soon gave way to the determined advance of Greene's troops, and that officer pushed his brigade rapidly through Malate and over the bridges to occupy Binondo and San Miguel, as contemplated in his instructions. In the meantime the brigade of General MacArthur, advancing simultaneously on the Pasay road, encountered a very sharp fire, coming from the blockhouses, trenches, and woods in his front, positions which it was very difficult to carry, owing to the swampy condition of the ground on both sides of the roads and the heavy undergrowth concealing the enemy. With much gallantry and excellent judgment on the part of the brigade commander and the troops engaged, these difficulties were overcome with a minimum loss, and MacArthur advanced and held the bridges and the town of Malate, as was contemplated in his instructions.

"The city of Manila was now in our possession, excepting the walled town, but shortly after the entry of our troops into Malate a white flag was displayed on the walls, whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, of my staff, and Lieutenant Brumby, United States Navy, representing Admiral Dewey, were sent ashore to communicate with the Captain-General. I soon personally followed these officers into the town, going at once to the palace of the Governor-General, and there, after a conversation with the Spanish authorities, a preliminary agreement of the terms of capitulation was signed by the Captain-General and myself. This agreement was subsequently incorporated into the formal terms of capitulation, as arranged by the officers representing the two forces, a copy of which is hereto appended and marked.

"Immediately after the surrender, the Spanish colors on the seafront were hauled down and the American flag displayed and saluted by the guns of the navy. The Second Oregon Regiment, which had proceeded by sea from Cavite, was disembarked and entered the walled town as a provost guard, and the Colonel was directed to receive the Spanish arms and deposit them in places of security. The town was filled with the troops of the enemy, driven in from the intrenchments, regiments formed and standing in line in the streets, but the work of disarming proceeded quietly and nothing unpleasant occurred.

"In leaving the subject of the operations of the 13th, I desire here to record my appreciation of the admirable manner in which the orders for attack and the plan for occupation of the city were carried out by the troops exactly as contemplated. I submit that for troops to enter under fire a town covering a wide area, to rapidly deploy and guard all principal points in the extensive suburbs, to keep out the insurgent forces pressing for admission, to quietly disarm an army of Spaniards, more than equal in numbers to the American troops, and finally by all this to prevent entirely all rapine, pillage, and disorder, and gain entire and complete possession of a city of 300,000 people filled with na-

tives hostile to the European interests, and stirred up by the knowledge that their own people were fighting in the outside trenches, was an act which only the law-abiding, temperate, resolute American soldier, well and skillfully handled by his regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish.

"Prior to the action on the 13th, general order No. 3, hereto appended, was issued, and a copy was sent to Aguinaldo's representative as an indication of the conduct that would be expected of them in the event that any bands of the insurgents should effect an entrance to the city. After the action, general order No. 6 was published to the troops as a sincere expression of my appreciation of their conduct.

"The amount of public funds and the numbers of the prisoners of war and small arms taken have been reported in detail by cable. It will be observed that the trophies of Manila were nearly \$900,000, 13,000 prisoners, and 22,000 arms.

"Immediately after the surrender my headquarters were established in the ayuntamiento or city office of the Governor-General, where steps were at once inaugurated to set up the government of military occupancy. A proclamation was issued and published in all the newspapers of the city in English, Spanish and native dialect, and one of my two very efficient brigade commanders, General MacArthur, was appointed Provost Marshal General and Civil Governor of the town, while the other, General Greene, was selected for the duties of Intendente General de Hacienda or director of financial affairs, the collectors of customs and internal revenue reporting to him. Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, United States Volunteers, of my staff, an efficient business man of long experience, was appointed collector of customs, and a bonded officer, Major Whipple, of the Pay Department, was announced as custodian of the public funds, to whom all Spanish money derived from any source was to be transmitted for safe keeping and disbursement under orders.

"On the 16th, a cablegram containing the text of the President's proclamation directing a cessation of hostilities was received by me, and at the same time an order to make the fact known to the Spanish authorities, which was done at once. This resulted in a formal protest from the Governor-General in regard to the transfer of public funds then taking place, on the ground that the proclamation was dated prior to the surrender. To this I replied that the status quo in which we were left with the cessation of hostilities was that existing at the time of the receipt by me of the official notice, and that I must insist upon the delivery of the funds. The delivery was made under protest.

"After the issue of my proclamation and the establishment of my office as Military Governor, I had direct written communication with General Aguinaldo on several occasions. He recognized my authority as Military Governor of the town of Manila and suburbs, and made professions of his willingness to withdraw his troops to a line which I might indicate, but at the same time asking certain favors for himself. The matters in this connection had not been settled

at the date of my departure. Doubtless much dissatisfaction is felt by the rank and file of the insurgents that they have not been permitted to enjoy the occupancy of Manila, and there is some ground for trouble with them owing to that fact, but notwithstanding many rumors to the contrary, I am of the opinion that the leaders will be able to prevent serious disturbances, as they are sufficiently intelligent and educated to know that to antagonize the United States would be to destroy their only chance of future political improvement.

"On the 28th instant I received a cablegram directing me to transfer my command to Major General Otis, United States Volunteers, and to proceed to Paris, France, for conference with the Peace Commissioners. I embarked on the steamer China on the 30th in obedience to these instructions.

"In view of my short occupancy of the office of Military Governor (sixteen days) I shall leave to my successor to report in detail and at length on the many important matters of administration and questions affecting trade and commerce, which it was not difficult to see would soon arise.

"I may add, however, that great changes for the better have taken place in Manila since the occupancy of the city by the American troops. The streets have been cleaned under the management of General MacArthur, and the police, under Colonel Reeve, Thirteenth Minnesota, were most proficient in preserving order. A stranger to the city might easily imagine that the American forces had been in control for months rather than days.

"In concluding this report, I wish formally to declare my indebtedness for the success of the expedition to the brigade commanders, the division commander, the members of my staff, and my personal aids. While we were still in San Francisco these latter were sent to me to report to the commanders of the different organizations in camp, and were busy assisting in instructing the newly arrived troops. That they did good service in this direction I have the assurance of all concerned."

THE ATTACK ON MANILA.

GENERAL ANDERSON'S REPORT.

The report of General Thomas M. Anderson, commanding the Second Division of the Eighth Army Corps was made public October 1. The subjoined is from that document:

"On the 1st day of July I had an interview with the insurgent chief, Aguinaldo, and learned from him that the Spanish forces had withdrawn, driven back by his army, as he claimed, to a line of defence immediately around the city and its suburbs. He estimated the Spanish forces at about 14,000 men, and his own about the same number. He did not seem pleased at the incoming

of our land forces, hoping, as I believe, that he could take the city with his own army, with the coöperation of the American fleet.

"Believing that, however successful the insurgents may have been in guerilla warfare against the Spaniards, they could not carry their lines by assault or reduce the city by siege, and suspecting, further, that a hearty and effective coöperation could not be expected, I had at once a series of reconnaissances made to exactly locate the enemy's lines of defence, and to ascertain their strength."

General Anderson then described the attack on Manila, which was under his immediate command, subject to orders from General Merritt, whose headquarters were on a dispatch boat :

"The fleet opened fire at 9:30 A. M. The first shots fell short; but the range was soon found, and then the fire became evidently effective. I at once telegraphed General MacArthur to open on Blockhouse No. 14 and begin his attack. At the same time seven of the guns of the Utah batteries opened fire on the enemy's works in front of the Second Brigade and two guns on the right of this brigade opened an oblique fire toward Blockhouse No. 14. Riding down to the beach, I saw two of our lighter draft vessels approach and open on the Polvorin, with rapid-fire guns, and observed at the same time some men of the Second Brigade start up the beach. I ordered the First California, which was the leading regiment of the reserve, to go forward and report to General Greene. Going to the reserve telegraph I received a message from MacArthur that his fire on the blockhouse was effective, but that he was enfiladed from the right. I knew from this that he wished to push the insurgents aside and put in the Astor Battery. I then authorized him to attack, which he did, and, soon after, the Twenty-Third Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota carried the advance line of the enemy in the most gallant manner, the one gun of the Utah Battery and the Astor Battery lending most effective assistance.

"In the meantime, the Colorado regiment had charged and carried the right of the enemy's line, and the Eighteenth Regular Infantry and the Third Heavy (regular) Artillery, acting as infantry, had advanced and passed over the enemy's works in their front without opposition. The reserve was ordered forward to follow the Second Brigade, and a battery of Hotchkiss guns was directed to follow the Eighteenth Infantry. Going to the telegraph station, on the left of our line on the beach, I found the operator starting forward in the rear of the First California, and I moved forward until the instrument was established in the first house in Malate. The first ticking of the sounder informed me that General MacArthur was heavily engaged at a second line of defence near Singalong.

"It was evident that the best way to assist him was to press our success on the left. I therefore, directed General Greene to connect, if possible, with General MacArthur by sending a regiment to the right. But the enemy

seemed determined, for a time, to give us a street fight, and the Colorado and California regiments were the only ones available. At this juncture the Eighteenth Infantry and the Hotchkiss Battery appeared to be stopped by a broken piece of a bridge, but the Engineer Corps brought forward a portable bridge, and in a few minutes these organizations pressed through for the Malate-Ermita redoubts. Soon the men from Nebraska and Wyoming came on, shouting, for the white flag could now be seen on the sea front, yet the firing did not cease, and the Spanish soldiers at the front did not seem to be notified of the surrender. In the meantime, the reserve had been ordered forward, except one regiment, which was ordered to remain in the Second Brigade trenches. The seven Utah guns were also ordered to the front, one infantry battalion being directed to assist the batteries in hauling the guns by hand.

"The field telegraph wires, extending in a wide circuit to the extreme right, for a time gave discouraging reports. The front was contracted, the enemy intrenched and the timber thick on both sides of the road. Only two regiments could be put on the firing line. The Fourteenth Infantry was brought forward, but could not fire a shot. Under these circumstances, I telegraphed MacArthur to countermarch and come to Malate by way of Greene's intrenchments and the beach. This was at 1:25 P. M., but soon after I learned that MacArthur was too far committed to retire. The guns of the Astor battery had been dragged to the front only after the utmost exertions, and were about being put into battery. At the same time I received a telegram stating that the insurgents were threatening to cross the bamboo bridge on our right; and to prevent this, and guard our ammunition at Pasay, I ordered an Idaho battalion to that point. It was evidently injudicious under these circumstances to withdraw the First Brigade, so the order was countermanded, and a dispatch sent announcing our success on the left.

"In answer, the report came that Singalong had been carried and that the brigade was advancing on Paco. At this point it was subsequently met by one of my aids and marched down to the Cuartel de Malate, by the Calzada de Paco. I had gone in the meantime to the south bridge of the walled city, and learning that the Second Oregon was within the walls, and that Colonel Whittier was in conference with the Spanish commandant, I directed General Greene to proceed at once with his brigade to the north side of the Pasig, retaining only the Wyoming battalion to remain with me to keep up the connection between the two brigades.

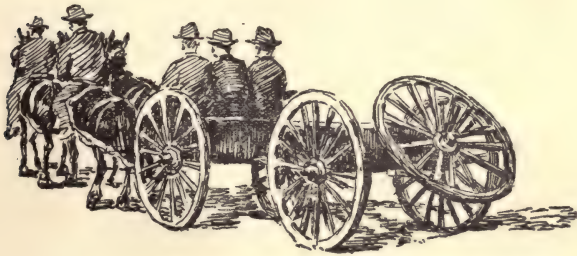
"A remarkable incident of the day was the experience of Captain Stephen O'Connor, of the Twenty-Third Infantry. With a detachment of fifteen skirmishers, he separated from his regiment and brigade at Blockhouse No. 14, and, striking a road, probably in rear of the enemy, marched into the city without opposition, until he came to the Calle Real, in Malate. Along this street he had some unimportant street fighting, until he came to the Paseo de la Calzada, where, learning that negotiations were going on for a surrender, he

took post at the bridge of the north sally port, and the whole outlying Spanish force south of Pasig passed by this small detachment, hurrying in, intramuros. Captain O'Connor deserves recognition for the coolness and bravery displayed in this remarkable adventure.

"Our loss in the First Brigade was three officers wounded, four enlisted men killed and thirty-five wounded. The loss in the Second Brigade was one enlisted man killed and five wounded, making a total of five killed and forty-three wounded. The antecedent loss in the trenches was fourteen killed and sixty wounded, making a total of 122 casualties in the taking of Manila. This is only part of the price we have paid and are paying for this success, for men are dying daily in our hospitals from disease contracted from exposure in camp and trenches. All hardships and privations have been borne by our soldiers with remarkable patience and cheerfulness.

"The opposition we met in battle was not sufficient to test the bravery of our soldiers, but all showed bravery and dash. The losses show that the leading regiments of the First Brigade—Thirteenth Minnesota, Twenty-Third Infantry and the Astor battery—met the most serious opposition and deserve credit for their success. The Colorado, California and Oregon regiments, the regulars, and all the batteries of the Second Brigade, showed such zeal that it seems a pity that they did not meet foemen worthy of their steel.

"My staff officers were active, zealous and intelligent in the performance of their duties, and the men and officers of the entire division showed the best qualities of American soldiers."



PART III. THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

To these foregoing official accounts of the campaigns, in order to make the narrative as exhaustively complete as human authentication by documents can do, controversial statements issued by the various leading actors are herewith added by way of supplemental evidence.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, JOHN D. LONG TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE WAR BOARD.

“HINGHAM, MASS., August 21, 1898.

“MY DEAR ADMIRAL: In view of the practical ending of the war with Spain, and the well-earned relief from further duty to which the Naval War Board is now entitled, I cannot, though absent from the department, forbear to express to you, and through you to your associates on the board—Commodore Crowninshield and Captain Mahan (retired)—the very high appreciation which the department has of the services it has rendered since the war began. That its members have been faithful and diligent in the highest measure goes without saying, for they are animated by the high professional spirit which distinguishes the navy and which they themselves have done much to stimulate and maintain. But from my personal knowledge and observation I desire to add to this that equally marked have been the intelligence, the wise judgment, the comprehensive forethought, and the unfailing competency to meet every exigency which have distinguished their deliberations and action. May it not be said that not one error has been made? Proper control by the department has been exercised over all movements in the field, and yet at the same time, commanding officers have been duly left to exercise discretion, and have never been hampered in their work. I do not know how your work, as member of that important board, could have been better done, or where in the arena of the war you could have rendered better service or deserved more honor.

“Very truly yours,

“JOHN D. LONG,

“Secretary of the Navy.

“To Rear Admiral Montgomery Sicard, United States Navy.”

A GENERAL OFFICER'S STATEMENT.

A wounded general officer who withheld his name, issued almost immediately after the battle of Santiago the first distinct criticism of the

conduct of the campaign. This was published universally and brought out responses from most of the persons in place made responsible for the shortcomings charged :

"My position as a subordinate of those who equipped General Shafter's army and sent it to Cuba, and of those who planned and conducted the campaign against Santiago, renders me reluctant to give to the public anything tending to be critical of my official military superiors. So intense, however, is my conviction that 'somebody blundered'—'somebody' meaning more than one person—and blundered monumentally ; so strong also is my persuasion that all the ventilation and light possible should be let into such blundering—that I feel I shall be doing nothing more than a public service in stating some general undeniable facts which ought to be, and I believe are, patent to every soldier who participated in the campaign—except possibly those whose peculiar interest requires that they shall be blind.

"There have been two colossal and criminal mistakes. The first and main one was the frightful lack of transportation facilities. To this deficiency alone can be traced nearly all the blood shed by our troops, and nearly all the disease which is now decimating our ranks more rapidly than did Spanish rifles and cannon. It was known by those who planned the invasion and attack, that the country was mountainous, practically roadless, and saturated with rain-floods ; that to move in such a country heavy ordnance, subsistence, stores, quartermaster's stores, hospital supplies, and all the other necessary equipment of a large army engaged in the investment of a hostile city miles away from the base of operations, required abundant means of transportation—vehicles and animals, but especially pack mules. Such knowledge, however, seems to have been of small utility to the responsible authorities ; for what happened ? When the army landed and the advance began, it was found that transportation facilities were cryingly, even ridiculously, inadequate to meet the demands of the situation. I know that for the use of one whole division there were less than sixty pack mules.

"What was the result ? None of the essential things which should have accompanied the troops in their forward movement could keep pace with them. The men, indeed, could be marched on ; but the food necessary to sustain their strength, health, and spirits, and fortify them against disease, the medical and hospital supplies to save their lives when wounded or fallen sick, the artillery essential to do artillery work and render it needless for infantry to go to slaughter against positions rendered almost as impregnable as nature and man together could do—these could not follow ; for there were no sufficient means to convey them. Some of all these things were got to the front, of course, but in miserably insufficient amount. Piled up at Siboney were the things we were perishing for and could not get.

"Let us trace the consequences of this lack of transportation. One was at

the army, undergoing such hardships from the weather, and fighting under disadvantages such as an army has seldom been called upon to encounter, was half-fed. To be half-fed in such circumstances meant, even in the comparatively short period of the siege, the undermining of the constitution of the hardiest men in the army and rendering them an easy prey to all the diseases with which the water, the air, and everything they touched were freighted. To be stricken in such condition has meant the slowest recovery; to suffer a relapse—which may be said to have waited beside the cot of each convalescent—has signified death. I have roughly estimated that already we have lost more men by disease than by battle. With the sustenance we ought to have had the merest fraction of these men would have succumbed to disease; and, with ample transportation facilities, and an intelligent use of them, that sustenance would have been ours.

“Another consequence of this omission to provide the needed transportation was that the artillery could not be promptly brought up. And this leads me to the second of the criminal blunders committed—giving battle without the artillery, which the circumstances imperatively demanded. I shall not undertake to pronounce whether an adequate equipment of guns was sent with the expedition, because I do not know the exact number. I regard it as very doubtful whether there was anything like the quantity needed. But what I do know is that the battle of July 1 and 2 was properly an artillery fight; that we fought it almost without artillery, and that infantry was required to do what every military man—every man of common sense—knows ought to have been done with numerous and powerful batteries. We might not have had enough guns, from the standpoint of military judgment, if we had had in position all the guns which the transports brought; but if we had had all that were lying on the beach at Baiquiri or remaining in the holds of the vessels, we should have been able, in time at least, to have shelled the Spanish from the San Juan hill and El Caney. And if we could have done that, our fighting before Santiago would have cost us something like 250 in killed and wounded, instead of 1,700.

“It is useless for any one to pretend that the state of the roads prevented the guns from being got to the front. Every man of experience knows that a corduroy road can be built through a swamp. With the force of men at the command of the General of the army, a corduroy road to the front could have been constructed in a comparatively short time, and then, even with our wretched lack of animals, we could in time have hauled the artillery forward. But no—McClellan waited until he was ready, Grant struck whether ready or not; and ours was a General who proposed to profit by their examples—he would ‘take Santiago in forty-eight hours.’ After many more than forty-eight hours, he found himself brought to a dead standstill, and forced to telegraph to Washington for reinforcements. If he had continued the assault, God only knows what our losses would have been.

"Other features of mismanagement were evidently the loading at Tampa, where the stores, as I am credibly informed, got mixed up, leading to confusion and mistakes when they were unloaded to be sent to the front. One of the greatest oversights was shown in the failure to provide enough hospital ships. There was only the old Olivette, most miserably fitted up at the last moment. The Relief did not arrive until five days after the battle of San Juan. There should have been four or five such ships at hand before the fighting began. It may throw some light on the responsibility for the disgraceful state in which a number of transports reached the North to say that I have personal knowledge that those vessels were loaded and despatched by members of the surgical staff themselves.

"To my mind, General Shafter and Surgeon-General Sternberg should have a heavy reckoning to make with public opinion."

SECRETARY ALGER'S STATEMENT.

In a letter to Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Secretary Alger said:

"WAR DEPARTMENT,

"WASHINGTON, Aug. 18, 1898.

"MY DEAR MR. DEPEW: The great pressure of business has up to now prevented me from sending to you the statement you were kind enough to ask for as to what had been accomplished in the way of outfitting the army for the field, the conduct of campaign, &c. Also, the chiefs of divisions have been too much driven with work to compile the data required. One not in the midst of the work can hardly realize what an undertaking it is to call 125,000 men into the field at one time, coming from all the states, and to have them mustered and gathered in camps on so short notice, and this, too, when we had scarce any camp outfit for their accommodation, all having to be provided for by the War Department. As you know, when war was declared there was no equipment whatever for the volunteers in store. That this was successfully accomplished, with very few accidents, is a matter of record. Subsequent calls, including the regular army (which numbered about 27,000 men when war was declared), made a total of 268,500 men. To accomplish all in so short a time has been a great work. Of course, gathering this vast number of men together, in a large measure under untrained regimental and company commanders—I mean in actual field duty—the lack of knowledge as to sanitary conditions to be observed, the carelessness in not observing instructions which were furnished as to proper care of the men, has added greatly to the work of the Medical Department. Thus from the homes of 216,000 volunteers has been constant and great anxiety as to what might happen to their soldiers, and hundreds of inquiries made by letters and telegrams have been received every day concerning individual soldiers.

"The feeling on the part of those individuals that the War Department is responsible for the care of their men individually has naturally aroused sympathy in case of sickness and death, and has created much sorrow. There is nothing young men in robust health are so prodigal of as their health, until it is gone. Men go into camp feeling that they can stand anything and everything, and cannot be made to believe to the contrary until stricken with disease. Every effort has been made from the beginning to furnish every camp with all appliances asked for, but of course the commanding officers in the field are the ones who have the direct charge of these men. For instance, one army corps commander has given orders and enforces them, respecting sanitary affairs, and he has to-day but a fraction over two per cent. on the sick list. Others have been less successful, and the consequence is typhoid and other fevers have been bred and spread to a considerable extent. One regiment in the Chickamauga camp has a Colonel who enforces sanitary rules in his regiment, obliging the men to boil all the water they drink, keeping the camp cleanly, and the result, less than twenty-five sick, and his camp, too, is as unfavorable a place as any in the command. Others more favorably situated have ten times that number on the sick list. One of the regiments of the last call, not yet removed from its state, sends bitter complaints of typhoid fever.

"Concerning the Santiago campaign, when the ships left Tampa they had on board three months' provisions and an abundance of hospital supplies. They had lighters to unload with at point of debarkation. These lighters were lost in a severe storm on the way. As soon as we were notified of the fact two tows of lighters were sent from Mobile and New Orleans, which were also overtaken by storm and lost. The navy supplied us with lighters, and one of these was wrecked. The army disembarked, getting off a portion of its supplies and medical stores, and immediately marched to the front to fight the Spaniards. The great difficulty of landing supplies subsequently was that wind sprang up every morning at ten and made a high surf, rendering almost impossible the use of small boats with one lighter, which was all they had left for this purpose. Of the packers who were employed, sixty per cent. soon fell sick, and heavy rains falling every day, the roads (if they could be called such) became impassable for vehicles. Pack animals had to be employed to carry food to the army, which, being extended to the right around Santiago, increased the distance from the coast every day and made the task more difficult. However, the result and the subsequent sickness that has broken out in the army showed the great wisdom of General Shafter in moving forward to make the attack while his men were in vigor. It was a movement bordering on audacity, but it succeeded, and the persistence of the attack, I have no doubt, greatly disheartened the Spaniards. The result was one of the greatest victories for the men engaged of modern warfare. The number of prisoners taken exceeded the attacking force by nearly two to one.

"When yellow fever broke out and the fever list increased into the thousand

it was for a time supposed that it was principally yellow fever. The bringing troops north at once after the surrender under such conditions would have been certain death to a vast number, but upon inquiry it was ascertained that very few of these cases comparatively were yellow fever, when it was at once decided to bring the army home as speedily as possible. Everything that human ingenuity could devise has been done to succor that army—not the ingenuity of the Secretary of War, but the result of the combined counsel of those who have had a lifelong experience in the field. That some men have been neglected on transports coming home there is no doubt—all against positive orders, due perhaps to carelessness and negligence, but largely on account of not having the medical force to spare (many of whom were sick) from the camp at Santiago. Many medical officers sent with transports were taken ill on the way home.”

Secretary Alger then detailed the work done by the departments of the Adjutant-General, the Chief of Engineers, the Surgeon-General, the Commissary-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Paymaster-General and the Chief Signal Officer; and concluded:

“If you had a day or two to spare I would like to sandwich in a little work for you. I would like to send you these statements in detail, which I think would bewilder you, if anything can.

“Hoping you are having an enjoyable summer, I am, sincerely yours,

“R. A. ALGER.

“Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, New York, N. Y.”

Major-General Joseph Wheeler issued a statement to controvert the clamors against the War Department:

GENERAL WHEELER'S STATEMENT.

“HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,

“CAMP WIKOFF, L. I., Sept. 2.

“The following is a sample of the letters we are constantly receiving regarding the soldiers in the camp:

“In regard to my stepson, we feel very uneasy about him on account of the newspaper reports of the privation and suffering inflicted on the private soldiers. Although he has never uttered a complaint since he has been in the army, we hear from other sources of the cruel and horrible treatment inflicted on our soldiers, under the pretense of humanity for our neighbors, and the whole country is in a state of terrible excitement. I should not be surprised if

the feeling should lead to a revolution of some kind, for I assure you I hear on all sides the most violent and bitter denunciations of the War Department and the administration. It is, indeed, a great pity that the glory of our triumphs should be dimmed by such a shameful thing as the ill-treatment and starvation of our own brave soldiers, while the Spanish prisoners have the best treatment that the country can afford.'

"It will be seen that this letter says that not a word of complaint has been received from this soldier, and so far as my investigation goes, no complaint has been made by any of the brave soldiers that have added glory to our arms in the Cuban campaign. A great many anxious fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters arrive here from all parts of the United States to look after their relatives, whom, they say, the papers tell them are suffering, and many of them have heard that their relatives are in a condition of starvation. Most of these people are little able to expend the money for such a journey, and they are surprised when they come here to find their relatives surrounded with everything to eat which can be procured by money; and if sick in the hospital, they are gratified and surprised to find they are given every possible care.

"In reply to a direct request that I will give the exact facts as I see them, I will state that every officer and soldier who went to Cuba regarded that he was given a great and special privilege in being permitted to engage in that campaign. They knew they were to encounter yellow fever and other diseases, as well as the torrid heat of the country, and they were proud and glad to do so. They knew that it was impossible for them to have the advantage of wagon transportation which usually accompanies armies, and yet officers and men were glad to go, to carry their blankets and their rations on their backs, and to be subjected, without any shelter, to the sun and rains by day and the heavy dews by night. They certainly knew that the Spaniards had spent years in erecting defences, and it was their pleasure to assault and their duty to capture the Spanish works. They were more than glad to incur the hardships and these dangers. They went there and did their duty, each man seeming to feel that American honor and prestige was to be measured by his conduct.

"The brave men who won the victories did not complain of the neglect of the government, but, on the contrary, they seemed grateful to the President and Secretary of War for giving them the opportunity to incur these dangers and hardships. They realized that in the hurried organization of an expedition by a government which had no one with any experience in such matters, it was impossible to have everything arranged to perfection, and they will testify that under the circumstances the conditions were much more perfect than any one would have reason to expect, and that the President and Secretary of War and others, who planned and despatched these expeditions, deserve high commendation.

"One reason why our army was lacking in some respects in equipage was

that a telegram was received from Admiral Sampson stating that if the army reached there immediately they could take the city at once, but if there should be delay, the fortifications of the Spaniards would be so perfected that there might be great difficulty in taking it. On receiving this dispatch from Admiral Sampson the War Department directed the army to move at once, and as all connected with the army will recall, the orders were received after dark, and the army was in motion, had traveled nine miles, and was on the ships at daylight.

"When the expedition sailed for Cuba it went there escorted by a large fleet of warships. At that time it was regarded as impossible for a merchant ship to sail on the ocean safely from any American port for Santiago, but as soon as the Spanish fleet was destroyed so that it was possible for unarmed ships to sail safely to Santiago, the generous people of the United States subscribed money without limit and despatched ship after ship loaded with luxuries and delicacies for the Santiago army, and everything that could be accomplished for their comfort was done by the President and Secretary of War.

"After the surrender had been completed and arrangements perfected for transporting the Spanish Army to Spain, the President and Secretary of War sent shipping to Santiago and transported our army to one of the most healthful localities in the United States. The point selected by the Secretary of War was so situated that thorough protection was given the people of the United States from the danger of yellow fever contagion. The soldiers upon their arrival at this place received every care and bounty which could be procured by money. The President and Secretary of War directed that their health and comfort should be cared for, without reference to expense, and in addition the people within a circle of 100 miles vied with each other in shipping to them carloads and steamboat loads of luxuries of all kinds.

"I have just finished my daily inspection of the hospitals. With rare exceptions the sick are cheerful and improving. I have nurses and doctors to care for them, and in all my many tours I have not found a single patient who made the slightest complaint. It is true there has been suffering, and great suffering. The climate of Cuba was very severe upon all our soldiers, but instead of complaining, the hearts of those brave men are filled with gratitude to the people for the bounteous generosity which has been extended to them.

"There is no doubt that there has been individual cases of suffering and possibly neglect among the soldiers, not only in Cuba, but since their arrival at this place. Nearly 20,000 men were brought from a yellow fever district to the United States. It would have been criminal to have landed them and allowed them to go promiscuously among the people. It has been stated by physicians that if it had been done, yellow fever would have spread through many of our states.

"To avoid such a catastrophe, a point which is more thoroughly isolated from the people than any other locality which could be found, was selected.

By these wise means the country has been saved from a scourge of this fearful disease. Every one will realize that to land 18,000 men and put them on bare fields without any buildings whatever could not be done without some hardships. Over 5,000 very sick men have been received in the general hospital, and as many more sick have been cared for in the camps, and yet only about sixty deaths have occurred in these hospitals.

"Tents had to be erected and hospitals constructed and preparations to supply those 18,000 men with wholesome water, food, medicines, physicians, nurses, cooks, hospital furniture, wagons, ambulances, and other needs essential to caring for 18,000 men, fully half of whom are very sick or in a feeble physical condition. In addition to this, most of the bedding and much of the clothing was left in Santiago to prevent yellow fever infection. All of these deficiencies have had to be supplied. We had but one line of railroad to bring these supplies, and sometimes there have been delays."

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG'S STATEMENT.

The Surgeon-General in defence of his department, made public this document, which contains the whole case :

"When the regular troops were ordered into the field, commanding officers of regiments were directed to take with them a complete field outfit and medical supplies for three months. I enclose herewith a memorandum showing the medical supplies which have been sent to the Fifth Army Corps at Tampa and at Santiago. The only requisition for medical supplies received from the Chief Surgeon of the Fifth Army Corps at Santiago is one dated July 23, 1898, by cable, as follows :

"SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 23, 1898.

"Surgeon-General United States Army, Washington :

"July 23.—Wanted urgently: Quinine tablets, 1,000 bottles; strychnine tablets, 100 bottles; calomel and soda tablets, 100 bottles; calomel, 200 grammes; nitric acid in two-ounce vials, 100; test tubes, 1,000; Fowler's solution, 1,000.

"V. HAVARD,

"Major-Surgeon, United States Army,

"Acting Chief Surgeon.

"The supplies asked for were sent by the Olivette, in addition to a large quantity of medical supplies of various kinds, which I had ordered to be put on board that ship and delivered at Santiago.

"I beg to remark that recent advices indicate that a majority of the cases of fever now occurring among the troops at Santiago are malarial in character.

and that there has been an ample supply of quinine, which is the principal remedy required in this form of fever. I have made every effort to anticipate the wants of our sick and wounded soldiers in Cuba without waiting for requisitions; but, as we have had communication by cable, the fault does not rest with me if, owing to the failure on the part of the Chief Surgeon of General Shafter's army to ask for necessary supplies, there has been a failure to meet the requirements of the sick.

"The hospital ship Relief, which arrived at Siboney on July 8, had on board medicines for twenty regiments for six months, calculated upon the basis of the field supply table, and large supplies in addition of the more important medicines, hospital stores, dressings, &c. If these supplies were inadequate there was ample time to inform me of the fact before the sailing of the Olivette on July 26.

"I inclose a copy of a letter just received from Captain Edward L. Munson, Assistant Surgeon United States Army, which fully accounts for any deficiency of medical supplies at Santiago."

The report of Dr. Munson is as follows:

"TAMPA HEIGHTS, Fla., July 29, 1898.

"To the Surgeon-General United States Army, Washington:

"SIR: In view of the recent charges affecting efficiency of the army Medical Department at Santiago, and especially with reference to the conditions prevailing on the hospital transports sent north with wounded, I have the honor to submit the following facts, believing that my position as Adjutant to the Chief Surgeon, Fifth Corps, and as the officer in charge of the outfitting of the hospital transports Iroquois, Cherokee and Breakwater, may possibly give value to such report.

"Drugs, medicines, dressings, instruments, hospital tentage and supplies were loaded on the transports at Tampa in quantities sufficient to meet the needs of the Santiago expedition. These supplies were divided up on the various vessels,*each organization having its own equipment. While the bulk of the supplies was with the organized hospital, the regimental equipment was largely in excess of its needs, and was intended to be called in to supplement, if necessary, the equipment of these hospitals.

"The landing on Cuban soil was made as rapidly as possible, each organization accompanied by the medical attendance assigned to it, and troops were pushed forward with no other equipment and supplies than could be carried by the soldiers. Having no means of transportation for even their field chests, the regimental medical officers had absolutely no resources at their command except such as were provided by the orderly and ship corps pouches and the first-aid packets carried by the soldiers.

"Having only left their ships, the latter were promptly ordered out of the small bays at Siboney and Baiquiri to permit the unloading of other ships.

These partially unloaded ships, in obedience to their orders, then proceeded to sea from five to fifteen miles, where they remained, hove to indefinitely. Such orders were given the transports carrying the reserve and the first divisional hospitals. The one carrying the reserve hospital, in obedience to its orders, proceeded to join the naval blockading squadron off Morro Castle, where it remained five days and nights, the other transports disappearing, if I was correctly informed, for an entire week.

"During this time the fight at Quasina had occurred, and large numbers of sick and wounded were requiring treatment. In the meantime a report of the conditions prevailing on shore was made to the chief surgeon, who promptly laid the case before the commanding General, requesting that a launch be placed under the control of the Medical Department for the collection of medical supplies from the various transports. It was also requested that a pack train be organized, in the proportion of one pack mule to each regiment, to transport supplies, especially the field chests, to the front for proper distribution, and it was suggested by the chief surgeon as available for the performance of these duties.

"The exigency of the situation did not apparently appeal to the commanding General, and for two days the Medical Department was unable to get transportation of any kind to the other ships or to the shore, although there were a large number of naval launches and other boats employed on various other duties.

"On the third day, by order of the Adjutant-General, one boat was turned over to the Medical Department for the purposes above named, and at the same time an order was issued for land transportation to carry medical supplies to the front 'not to exceed one six-mule team.'

"On getting into this boat with supplies from the headquarters' transport I was directed by sundry staff officers to take them on various errands. On my refusal to recognize their authority the commanding General, who had appeared on the scene, personally revoked the previous order and directed, after the landing of the supplies already in the boat, that it should return without delay."

"Presenting the order for land transportation to the Quartermaster on shore, I was informed that only pack mules had as yet been landed, that neither wagons nor harness had been brought ashore, and, finally, that the road was impassable for wagons.

"After this boat had been taken away the chief surgeon was without any means of communication with the medical officers on shore or transports, of finding out their wants or of remedying the many already known to him. This condition of things remained until after the fight at La Quasina, at which time there were absolutely no dressings, hospital tentage, or supplies of any kind on shore within reach of the surgeons already landed. The news of the Quasina fight being reported to the chief surgeon, he was finally able to go on board the *Olivette* and send her to Siboney, where she received the wounded.

" Within the following day or so the transports carrying the reserve and first divisional hospitals were found and unloaded of their hospital contents, the latter hospital finally obtaining limited transportation to the front. After a couple of days' duty on board the Olivette I was directed to put the Iroquois in condition to receive patients and to take the full capacity of the ship on board. While doing this I was able to set ashore considerable hospital tentage and supplies found aboard of her, and, having control of her boats, I was able to visit other transports in the harbor and land medical supplies from them. While subsequently outfitting the Cherokee and Breakwater this work was continued as well as opportunity and limited facilities permitted, getting supplies from perhaps a third of the transports composing the fleet. Outside of this, it is believed that no other regimental medical property was ever unloaded up to the time of my departure with wounded on July 10.

" Appealing on several occasions for the use of a lighter or small steamer to collect and land medical supplies, I was informed by the Quartermaster's Department that they could render no assistance in that way, and the Medical Department was compelled to rely entirely upon its own energies and improvise its own transportation.

" I feel justified in saying that at the time of my departure large quantities of medical supplies urgently needed on shore still remained on transports, a number of which were under orders to return to the United States. Had the Medical Department carried along double the amount of supplies, it is difficult to see how, with the totally inadequate land and water transportation provided by the Quartermaster's Department, the lamentable conditions on shore could have been in any way improved.

" The outfitting of transports for the reception of sick and wounded is a duty demanding thought and experience, and should never be intrusted to any one but a regular medical officer. It includes the proper policing of the portions of the ship to be used by the wounded, the removal of bunks and partitions to give space and air, the utilization of the ship's blankets, doormats, rugs and carpets to render the bunks more comfortable, the securing of extra supplies, such as canned soups and fruits, lime juice and oatmeal, the establishment of a mess and laundry, and the assignment of convalescents to specific light duties which materially relieve the overworked hospital corps.

" Usually it is necessary to overcome passive resistance and opposition on the part of the crews and a tendency on the part of the Captains to disregard or modify orders. In several instances in my own experience this action of the crew amounted almost to mutiny, and was only to be dealt with by threats, a show of force, and in one instance by the use of the irons.

" While executive officer at the general hospital of Fort Monroe, I learned officially that the Captain of the steamship Seneca positively refused to obey the orders emanating from your office, given him by the contract surgeon in charge, to proceed to New York—he remaining nearly an additional day at

Hampton Roads with sick and wounded, and asserting that he would obey no orders given by the Medical Department. A similar experience of my own at Baiquiri, which had to be settled by force, emphasizes the fact that no one should be placed in charge of such a ship who is not accustomed to command men and enforce obedience.

"With regard to the Red Cross Society, it would seem as if the lofty purposes of this organization were on the Santiago expedition subverted to individual interests. While at Tampa the Red Cross ship State of Texas was formally placed under the control of the Chief Surgeon, Fifth Corps, by Doctor Eagan, the representative of the society, he acting under telegraphic instructions to that effect. Colonel Pope accepted this offer and directed that the State of Texas accompany the expedition of General Shafter to its destination.

"Although this order was fully understood by Doctor Eagan, the State of Texas did not accompany the expedition, nor did it arrive at Siboney until the forces had been landed, a battle fought, and our hospitals established and in working order. The first offers of aid made by this society dealt largely in generalities and manifested reluctance to subordinate the organization to the Medical Department. Too much praise cannot be given to the individual efforts of Doctor Lesser and the Red Cross nurses. Their work was untiring and unselfish, and the assistance rendered by them was of great value.

"In conclusion it is desired to emphasize the fact that the lamentable conditions prevailing in the army before Santiago were due to the military necessity which threw troops on shore and away from the possibility of supply without medicines, instruments, dressings, or hospital stores of any kind.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"EDWARD L. MUNSON,

"Captain and Assistant Surgeon, commanding Res. Amb. Co."

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